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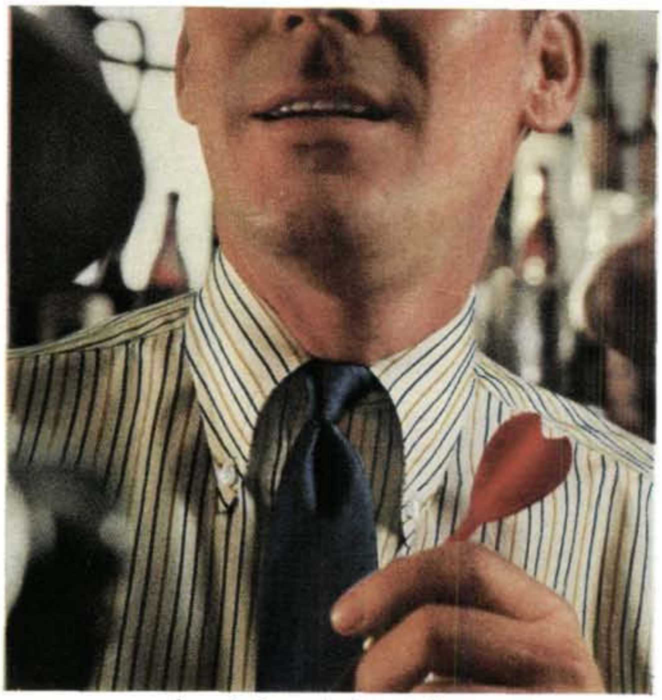

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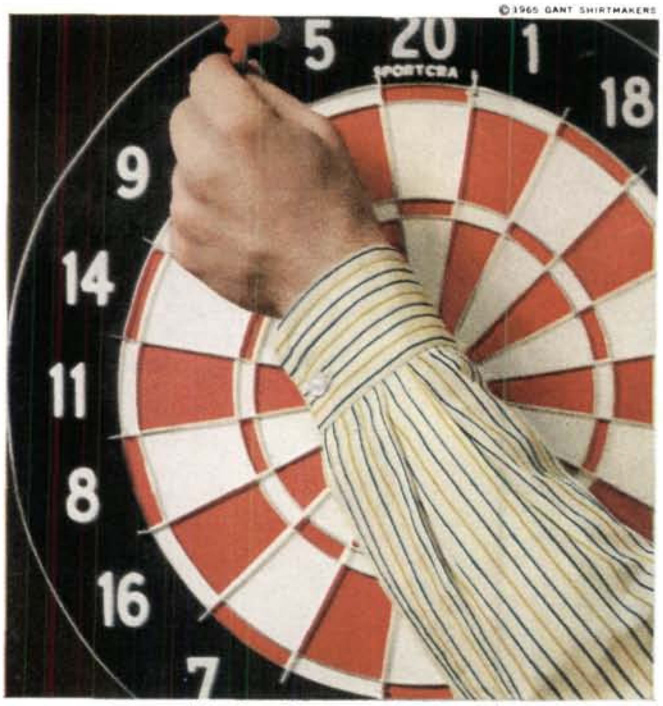

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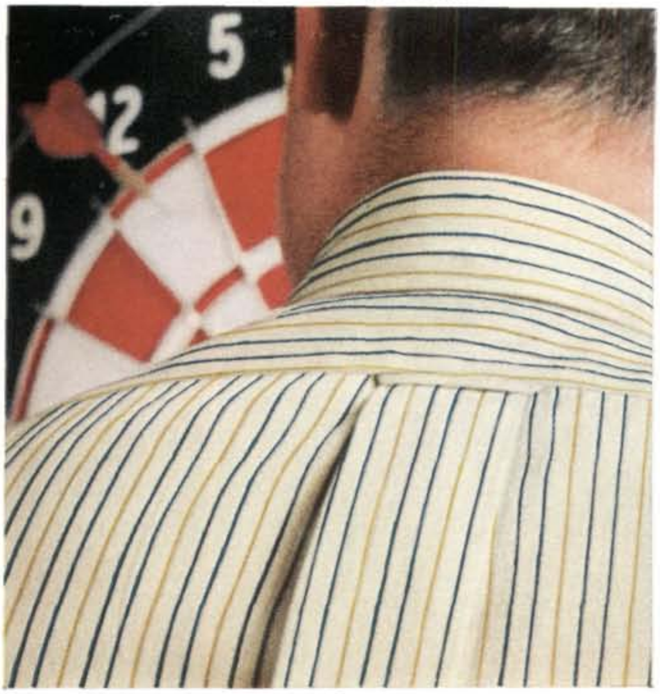

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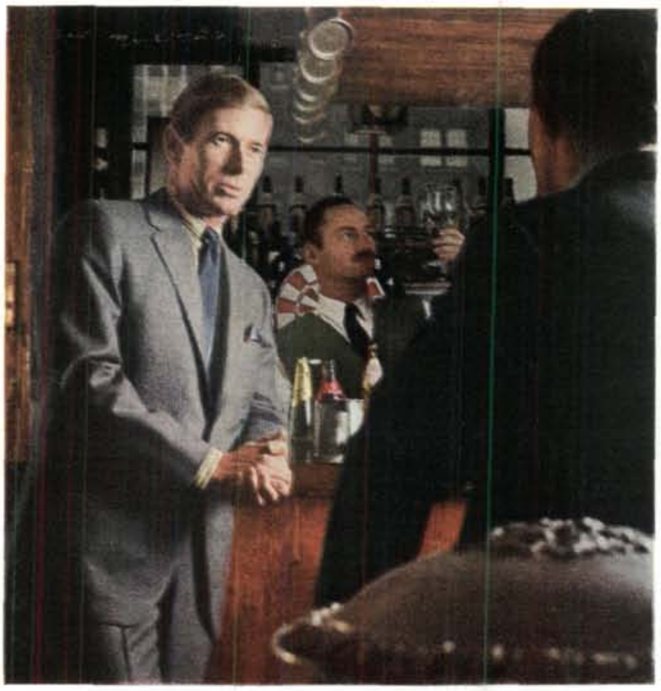

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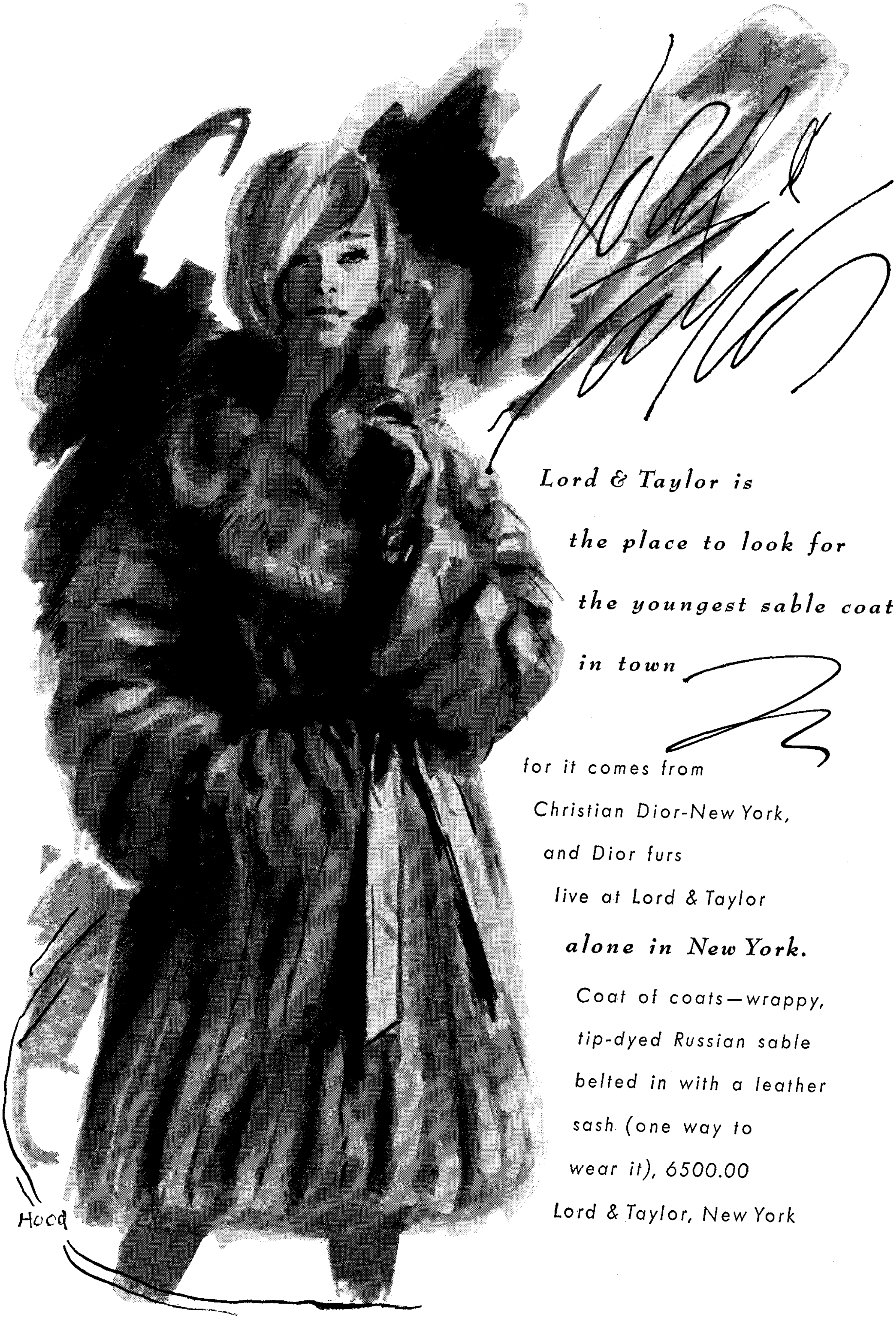

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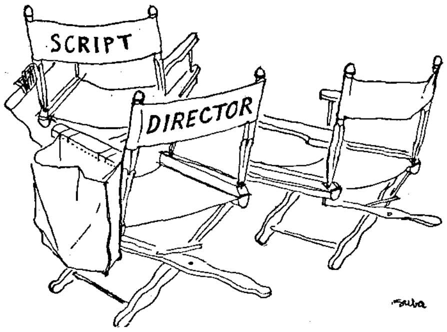
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King functioning to no particular purpose in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some brattish adolescents whose customs he finds it hard to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television veterans, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St. E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. Dally—Arlene Francis as a woman of sensibility (she's crazy about John Donne and Sigmund Freud) has a terrible time with her uncouth lover and her boorish husband. William Hanley developed this drama from a one-act play he wrote a couple of years ago. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 6.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment is by long odds the funniest thing around. Mike Nichols directed it, and the cast is headed by Walter Matthau and Eddie Bracken. Jack Klugman will succeed Mr. Matthau on Monday, Nov. 8. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A play that never raises its voice but holds attention nevertheless. It has to do with some concupiscent capers in governmental circles of Victorian London, and was written by Michael Dyne. Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel are in the competent cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and highly satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller and Anthony Roberts are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Larry Blyden, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A pedantic would-be author (Alan Alda) meets up with a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mating Dance—Van Johnson, J. D. Cannon, and Marian Winters in a comedy by Eleanor Harris Howard and Helen McAvity. Staged by Ronny Graham. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Postmark Zero—A dramatization by Robert Nemiroff of "Last Letters from Stalingrad," with Viveca Lindfors, Hardy Kruger, John Heffernan, and Alvin Epstein. Peter Kass is the director. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes vs. Professor Moriarty in a musical bout that is only fitfully worthwhile. Fritz Weaver is Sherlock, and Inga Swenson a girl who loves him. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in a rather lumpy confection in this musical by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pickwick—This musical interpretation of the Dickens masterwork is long on production numbers but short on comic substance. The music, by Cyril Ornadel, and the lyrics, by Leslie Bricusse, are by no means memorable, but the cast, headed by Harry Secombe, is occasionally entertaining. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd—Orson Bean, a small, put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, a big Establishment bully. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Luther Adler in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Herschel Bernardi will replace Mr. Adler starting Monday, Nov. 8. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLY, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Miss Nightingale. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Xmas in Las Vegas—Jack Richardson's new play, starring Tom Ewell and directed by Fred Coe. Opens Thursday, Nov. 4. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik, Ossie Davis, Louis Gossett, and Joe Silver in a play by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, with songs by Harold Rome. Dore Schary is the director. Previews through Monday, Nov. 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 9. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Skyscraper—A musical with lyrics by Sammy Cahn, music by James Van Heusen, book by Peter Stone, and a cast headed by Julie Harris, Peter L. Marshall, and Charles Nelson Reilly. Staged by Cy Feuer. Previews through Friday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Satur-

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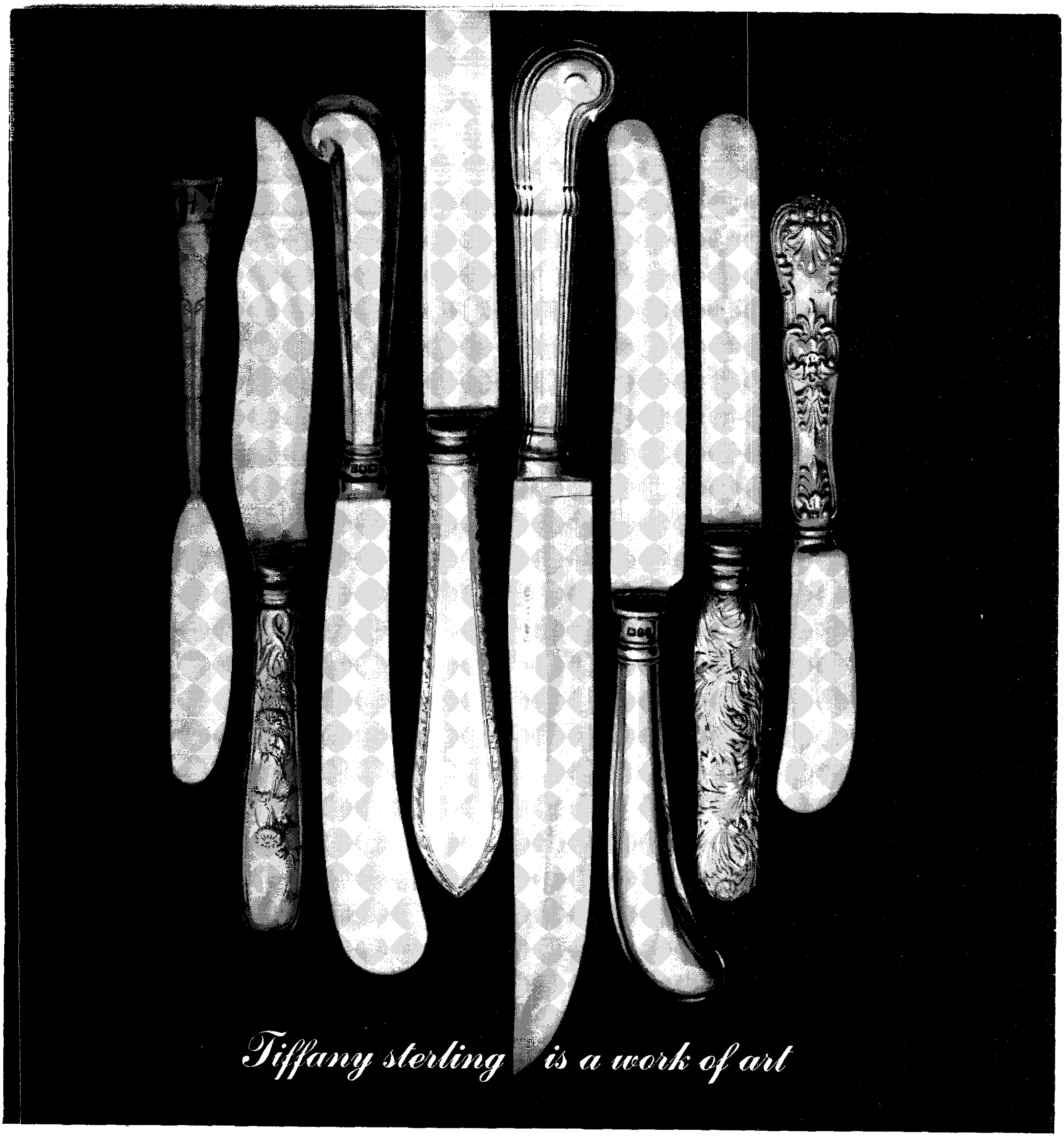

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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day, Nov. 13. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The first play in the company's inaugural season in its new home is **DANTON'S DEATH**, by Georg Buechner. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 28.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Nov. 6: **DON GIOVANNI**. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 12: **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 4-5, at 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 3 and 8:40: **THE GONDOLIERS**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3 and 7:30: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 9-10, at 8:40: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 11-12, at 8:40: **RUDDIGORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 3 and 8:40: **THE MIKADO**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

An Evening's Frost—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love and **Good Day**—In "The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love," Stephen Strimpell is funny as a nervous fellow who tries to shake some sense into his tense, addled Jewish family. "Good Day," the curtain-raiser, is a solemn and portentous work, involving an odd young man and an odd old woman. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trigon—This synthetic British import—part farce, part Pinterish torment—is notable only for the amusing performances of the four members of its cast. They are Jeremy Geidt, Geoffrey Webb, Michael Lipton, and Veronica Castang. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Cave of the Heart," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Phaedra.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Clytemnestra.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Appalachian Spring," and "Seraphic Dialogue.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Embattled Garden," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 7: "Cave of the Heart," "Circe," and "The Witch of Endor.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 7: "Secular Games," "Diversion of Angels," and "Phaedra.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 9: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Legend of Judith.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "Embattled Garden," "Diversion of Angels," and "The Witch of Endor.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Cave of the Heart," and "Legend of Judith.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Acrobats of God," "Circe," and "Phaedra.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Secular Games," "Part Real—Part Dream," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Diversion of Angels," "Appalachian Spring," and "The Witch of Endor." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 20.)

Dance Theatre Workshop—A second performance of a program of modern dance presented on Nov. 1 by the companies of Valerie Bettis, Anna Sokolow, and Deborah Jowitt. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Monday, Nov. 8, at 9.)

Alba-Reyes Spanish Dance Company—Maria Alba and Ramon de los Reyes with their company of dancers and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The World of Charles Aznavour—The French singer, actor, and composer in a solo show of his songs. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

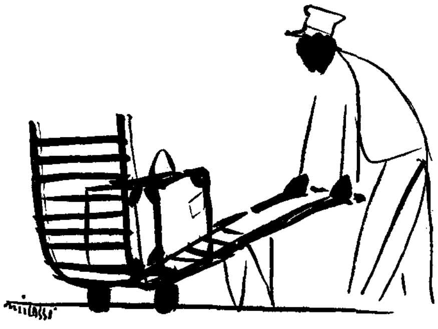
(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Among the pleasures of the night is Caterina Valente, a slim and trim figurine who blends the best attributes of modest violet and meadow lark, and who walks onstage at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The dance music comes mostly from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which always knows what it is doing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Marquis of Queensberry rules govern the dancing that takes place between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the requisite athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The fashion show must go on. Two non-stop bands make sure that it does. So much for the main hall; in the Champagne Room, the trio (Ernest Schoen's dream of Vienna) is solely for listeners, if such there are in this establishment. Closed Sundays.



Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Jazz of various sorts comes up the river in a night boat as Victorian as the Queen herself. Lionel Hampton's scatterbrained clamorers are making the music now; Monday through Thursday, Nov. 8-11, the current revival of the Jimmy Dorsey band, led by Lee Castle, will be on the quarterdeck; on Friday, Nov. 12, Art Mooney's orchestra will operate; and on Saturday, Nov. 13, Si Zentner's elaborate West Coast band takes over. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room at dinner and supper, there is Abbe Lane, who stands with unreluctant feet where Salome and Mae West meet. She sings and prances, too. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are there almost all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Tall enough to play Gulliver to the millions of Lilliputians—i.e., the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. Michael Longo's orchestra, an easy, *en-famille* group, does the dance tunes in the second of these cubicles from eight to one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose vanished dreamworld landscaping will remain forever in the memories of the elder inmates of midtown, is offering a new and wealthy *mise en scène* this fall and two tried-and-true midtown bands—Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, *there are Thursday and Saturday matinées*, from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Youth springs eternal, and so do the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre. Older fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry are also allowed in. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Franco Pagani is the principal architect of this particular sound of music, and of music from as far away as New York. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk and buoyant and never, never fancy Dan. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **FREY'S**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): The population of the small bar-and-grill is scions of our times, whose sibling rivalry is concerned solely with who can bring along the neatest young lady. Ralph Strain, for years the court musician for this crew, plays piano in one corner. The hours run late; Sundays are his holi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—a new one, Steve Iles, who wraps his musings in all sorts of scenic effects—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but it is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. A guitar dwells, from eight until one, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our best antique shops, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (José Luis Franco) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—in the bar. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): In the best sense, a theatrical boarding house. We civilians are there, too, and so (after nine) is a full-of-beans guitarist and singer (and they are Mexican jumping beans, at that) named Frankie Ray. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small empire of Mabel Mercer, whose voice may have grown old in the service of the lovelorn but whose spirit still moves. Her *chansons d'amour* never occur before half-past ten. Sam Hamilton is her permanent pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, with its René Bouché murals (Rome at the end of a perfect day), is cheered by the ageless (b. 1826) bandonion of Mario Peralta from seven to nine. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy Piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, world traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and pastoral bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mittel-europa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-world Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Where everyone but the cashier auditions as he works, on the assumption that Rudolf Bing is in the house. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This comforting old refectory has just acquired George Rudolph, new pianist in town, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Gustavo Lopez, carrying a guitar that delights in its native Andalusia, is in this correct little bar-and-sitting-room. His hours are nine-thirty until one, except Mondays. No dining on any night.

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NOTE—The discothèque, a fever that has not yet run its course, can best be studied by epidemiologists if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? The music is issued by I.B.M., which runs from seven-thirty to three or four during the week and from seven-thirty until one on Sundays. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need *people*) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers (especially when Linda Benter is one of them) are little masterpieces of wile and wit. Billy Prophet, a rocker and a roller, does the chanting. A vestigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course; there are one-to-six Saturday and Sunday matinées. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): An erstwhile private enclosure that is now in the public domain. The décor is clubhouse-den, the music (all of it direct from a pipeline) is mercifully less assertive than it is in most such establishments. The sound begins at nine and lasts until four; nothing doing Sundays and Mondays. Supper is entirely possible; dinner is not.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The doors open again on Friday, Nov. 5, for "French Dressing," an aptly named new extravaganza devoted mainly to *les girls.* Among the belles who will be having a ball are ballerinas, apache dancers, and just plain fun-lovers, all costumed in the bare necessities. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Billy Daniels, the Personality Kid (well, Fellow by now), seethes like pep pills as he does his punchy ballads; Rich Little, rescued from television, shows his gratitude by doing cogent parodies of folk who have become famous by design or accident. On Thursday, Nov. 11, Peggy Lee will take over, in a fashion that can be matched by almost no one else. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, rumpus music begins at ten and does not cease until four. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Astrud Gilberto's cool, even voice makes Portuguese/Brazilian passion sound like heaven; Tijuana Brass, an assortment of blowhards, makes Basin Street sound like a discothèque. There are further contributions by George Carlin, who has his moments of humor. The shop shuts down on Saturday, Nov. 6, but revives once more on Friday, Nov. 12, to admit Duke Ellington's band, Mel Tormé and his eerie but musicianly balladry, and Joan Rivers, that festive flower of wit.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Rex Robbins, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest standing (and marching) army, has a few new faces, new voices, this year; the vigor of its carolling and the fire power of its brass band do not diminish. The daughter of the regiment is Luisita Sevilla, who kicks up an extremely vivacious and pretty pair of heels. These players give their vast all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Freddy Alonso offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The revue called "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen

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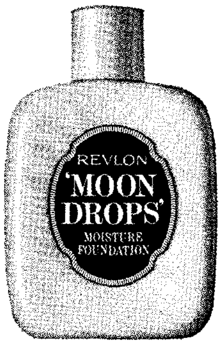

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Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is the Rise and Shine of Kaye Ballard, Queen of the May, *who makes the most of the lifework of* the great littérateur. (The producers make rather less of it.) She is ably abetted by the voice and feet of sturdy Harold Lang. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and on Saturdays at eleven as well, is the deal. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," a new portmanteau revue, is making test runs at nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. Appreciators of high style in humor will wish to *know that R. G. Brown is principal boy*. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): An outpost of Cuba Libre, which tells what one needs to know about the chanting and the cuisine. At dinner and supper during the week, and three times Saturdays and Sundays, Olga Guillot does a whirlwind recital of songs that are apt to glow in the dark. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Horace Silver's quintet, querulously seeking who knows what, winds up its tenure on Sunday, Nov. 7. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, the absolutely perpetual and life-giving Earl Hines will bring a trio back to town. Every Sunday, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session; on Monday, Nov. 8, at nine-thirty, another "speakout," this one on folk and rock music, will be staged. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Carmen McRae is disclosing all the secret passages she uses to get through her ballads, yet it's still hard to guess where she is going to come out; John Coltrane's dour quartet will also be in action as of Tuesday, Nov. 9. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 5-6, Dick Gregory will be added, to discuss, not entirely without humor, his experiences up in the front lines. Mondays are given over to a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the below-stairs showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant and sidewalk café from five to two every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of the Village coffee plantations, assigned largely to folk music, which is currently represented by the Tarriers, a larricking lot. A set of humorists, the Uncalled-For 3, have also found a home here. On Wednesday, Nov. 10, Mike Settle's folk songs replace the Tarriers' arias. Tuesdays are, as is the custom, allotted to visitors. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used *to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good* as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery and Wynton Kelly are the principals of the new-thought group on the stand. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Max Roach's quintet is taking the status quo apart. Jorge Morel, an Iberian guitarist, broods now and then. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, whose missive is all in capital letters, succeeds the Roaches and Señor Morel. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, and Marshall Brown dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven is rock when it isn't roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées at four-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Geometric abstractions; through Nov. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Aaron Bohrod—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alik Cavaliere—Floral and vegetal bronzes by an Italian sculptor; through Nov. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antonio Frasconi—Lettering in woodcut and relief, plus illustrated books; through Nov. 20. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Figures and landscapes; through Nov. 27. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 *Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.*)

Cleve Gray—Abstract oils and cast aluminum and stone sculptures; through Nov. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margaret Carter Hayden—*Paintings; through* Nov. 16. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Ives—Paintings, collages, and constructions; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Jacobs—Welded-aluminum sculptures; through Friday, Nov. 12. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Kienbusch—Oils and caseins; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Karl Knaths—Abstract oils; through Dec. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Leon Kroll—Representational paintings; through Nov. 20. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Oskar Laske (1874-1951)—Oil paintings and graphic works by this Austrian artist; through Nov. 20. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Mangione—Figure paintings; through Thursday, Nov. 11. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Joan Miró—New paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nathan Oliveira—Figure paintings and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A retrospective of paintings (1909-63); through Nov. 20. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—"Objects of My Affection," a showing of objects and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Alex Redein—Nudes, landscapes, cityscapes, seascapes, and florals; through Nov. 20. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Odilon Redon—Lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Mexico; through Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Soulages—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shinkichi Tajiri—Sculptures; through Nov. 20. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Tobey—Recent paintings; through Dec. 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Reva Urban—Shaped canvases, 1960-65; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Grippi & Wad-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dell, 15 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Pastels, drawings, and graphics; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St.)

Olympia's Progeny—A benefit loan exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings by Manet, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and six other French masters, celebrating the centenary of Manet's "Olympia;" through Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Synchromism and Color Principles in American Painting 1910-1930—Works by Synchromists Stanton Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russell and by representatives of parallel movements, among them Robert Delaunay and Joseph Stella; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Sculptures—By the **SCULPTORS GUILD**, Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: Their annual exhibit, comprising items by sixty-three members (including Robert Laurent, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 21. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A showing entitled "Sculpture from All Directions," with pieces by David Smith, George Rickey, David Weinrib, and others; through Nov. 27.

Drawings—Examples by such artists as David, Delacroix, and Tiepolo; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—"Style Regions in African Art," an exhibit of statues, masks, and utensils in wood, brass, and ivory, from Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, and so on; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ACA HERITAGE**, 63 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including George Luks, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, Jackson Pollock, and Barnett Newman, along with constructions by Joseph Cornell; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Kupka, Klee, and Tobey are among the artists represented in an exhibit of paintings; through Nov. 20. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Flower paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, from Boudin to Braque; through Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Four Spanish painters—Antonio Lopez-García, Lucio Muñoz, Manuel Rivera, and Xavier Corberó—plus two Peruvians; through Saturday, Nov. 6.

Israelis; Group Show—Paintings by Arikha, Lea Nikel, Tamir, and others; through Nov. 30. (Sheskin, 119 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Femme Fatale," an exhibition of about fifty lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and drawings by Edvard Munch and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; through Dec. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Veterans' Day, until 9; Sundays and Veterans' Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of the landscapes, portraits, and figure studies of Edwin Dickinson; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Paintings by John Quidor (1801-81), including "Icabod Crane Pursued by the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow;" through Dec. 5. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," an exhibition of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of graphics by Alexander Archipenko; through Sunday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ "Energy sculptures," which turn out to be painted objects transfigured by music and colored light, created by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle; through Sunday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Corot, Degas, Signac, and other French landscape painters from the seventeenth to the twentieth century; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"About New York: Night and Day, 1915-65," a loan display of paintings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by, among others, Mark Tobey, David Smith, and Edward Steichen), not to mention memorabilia from the past half century; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective (1950-65) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Larry Rivers; through Sunday, Nov. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Cesare Siepi, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Falstaff," with Mary Costa, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 6: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Heidi Krall, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Justino Diaz, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. A benefit performance. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 8: "Faust," with Jean Fenn, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 9: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Flaviano Labò, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "Don Carlo," with Martina Arroyo, Biserka Cvejic, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Beverly Bower, Gianni Raimondi, Frank Guarrera, Justino Diaz, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Mirella Freni, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Fernando Corena, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 13: "Manon Lescaut," with Raina Kabaivanska, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Elfego Esparza. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, Gianni Raimondi, and John Robert Dunlap. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8: The première of Ned Rorem's "Miss Julie," with a libretto by Kenward Elmslie. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30: "The Barber of Seville."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:30: "Die Fledermaus" (in English).... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "La Traviata."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "Miss Julie."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "Capriccio" (in English).... ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30: "La Bohème."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:30: "Don Giovanni" (in English).... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Metropolitan Opera National Company—Thursday evening, Nov. 4: "Madame Butterfly," in Italian. (*A benefit performance.*)... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5: "Carmen," in French.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6: Rossini's "Cinderella," in English.... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 7: "Cinderella," in English.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 9: "Madame Butterfly," in English.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 10: "Carmen," in French.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11: Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah."... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12: "Madame Butterfly," in Italian.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13: "Carmen," in English. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Nov. 20.)

Mozart Opera Festival—"The Marriage of Figaro," performed in English by the North Shore Opera Company. The third in a series of four productions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—George Szell conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program on Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 5, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 8, at 7:30 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano); and a program of French music on Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 12, at 2:15; and Monday, Nov. 15, at 7:30 (all with Grant Johannesen, piano, and William Lincer, viola).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a varied program on Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30 (with Flor Garcia, soprano).

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—Kiril Kondrashin and Evgeni Svetlanov conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with David Oistrakh, violin; Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; and Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—Izler Solomon conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Schoenberg program, with Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; William Ball, narrator; and Michael Oelbaum, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Philharmonia of New York—Edward Gerber conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 5:15.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:40.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting Bach's B-Minor Mass Cantatas, with Saramae Endich, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3.)

Bach Festival—The third in a series of five concerts, this one a program of piano concertos by the New York Chamber Orchestra conducted by Jörg Demus, who will also act as soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Clarion Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Dittersdorf's opera "Arcifanfaro, King of Fools," in concert form and in English, with Eleanor Steber and Anna Russell, sopranos, and other soloists. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Joseph Rosenstock conducting a symphony orchestra, with Robert Merrill, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Boys Town Choir—Msgr. Francis P. Schmitt directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Nicolai Petrov—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Stephen Manes—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Narciso Yepes—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30: With Alexander Schneider, viola.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: With Boris Kroyt, viola, and Mischa Schneider, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.... ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Albert Ferber—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Music From Marlboro—The first in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Festival, this one with Florence Kopleff, contralto; Ruth Laredo, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; and Madeline Foley, cello. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Hyman Bress—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Vinko Globokar, Bo Nilsson, Elliott Carter, Michael von Biel, and Arnold Schoenberg. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Christian Ferras—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Tong Il Han—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in a Mozart-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Leo Smit—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Note—The Netherlands String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 8, in the order that written applications are received on that day (*not before*). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Edward Steuermann Memorial Concert—A benefit concert of music by Mr. Steuermann, performed by the Camerata Singers and members of the Orchestra of America, directed by Abraham Kaplan, with pianists Lorin Hollander, Russell Sherman, Howard Lebow, and Jacob Maxin. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 4, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. San Francisco and Knicks vs. Baltimore.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 6 (all at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Maryland, at Annapolis. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, at Ohio Field (University Ave. and 181st St.). . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 13: Army vs. University of Wyoming, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Georgetown, at Ohio Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Show—Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Thursday through Tuesday, Nov. 4-9.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 6.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 13.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Dec. 11. Through Saturday, Nov. 6, post time will be 12:30; after that, it will be noon. The Ladies' Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6; the Vosburgh Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 11; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 20. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 6, and the Trenton Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 11. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Nov. 12. The Washington, D.C., International, Thursday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:30).

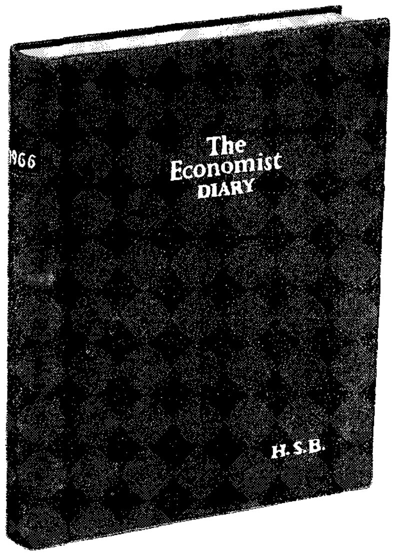
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera and Operettas—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "La Bohème," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30.) . . . AMERICAN SAVOYARDS: "The Gondoliers," Saturday, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Sunday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Nov. 13. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Pecos Bill, King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . MARA AND HER COMPANY: "Princess Qua-Qua." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Ostrich Feathers." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS: "Treasure Island." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Puss in Boots." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Robin Hood." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth



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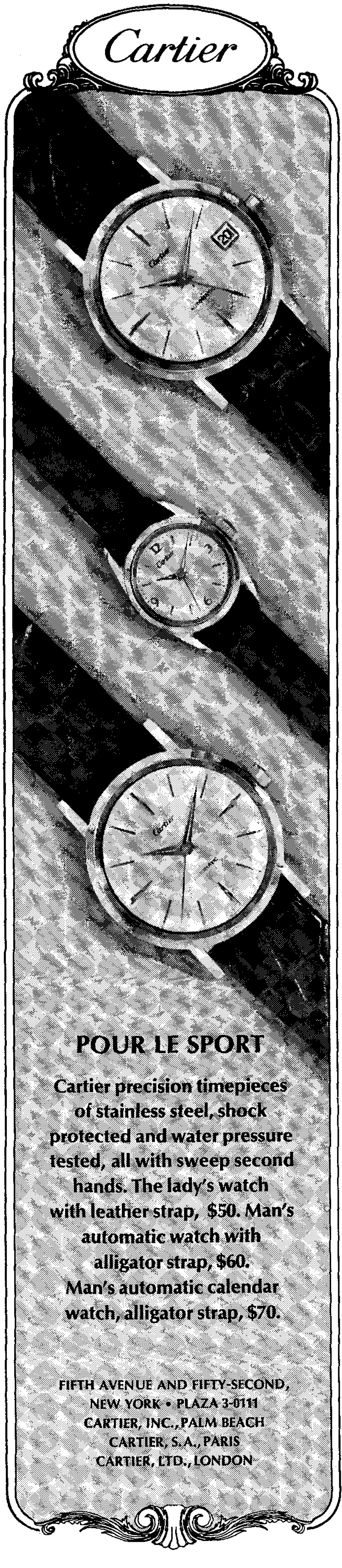

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans' Day, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Paintings by children of Hawaii; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Watchers of the Sky;" through Nov. 22. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Veterans' Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Veterans' Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, *Mondays through Fridays. (General* Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ John Barth and John Hawkes reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Sunday, Nov. 7, through Sunday, Nov. 21. Daily, 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Nov. 4-5, at 1:45: Oriental art, including Chinese bronzes, early dynastic pottery, jade and other semiprecious-mineral carvings, and Ming and Ch'ing paintings; the property of Raymond Bushell and others. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:45: French furniture and decorations, from several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6, at about 3:15: Aubusson, Bessarabian, Oriental, and other rugs; owned by Ohan Berberyan.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Bernard Buffet, Kay Sage, Arthur Szyk, and José de Creeft; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Nov. 16, 20, 23, 27, and 30, and Dec. 4, 7, 11, and 14.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 11.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY NOV. 20:** Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, and Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.... **THANKSGIVING DAY:** Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia.... **SATURDAY, NOV. 27:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Nov. 28.... ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Dec. 5.... **SHEA STADIUM:** Jets vs. Houston Oilers, Nov. 21.... ¶ Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Nov. 28.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 17, 21, 24, 27, and 28, and Dec. 1, 5, 11, and 12.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Nov. 27-28.)

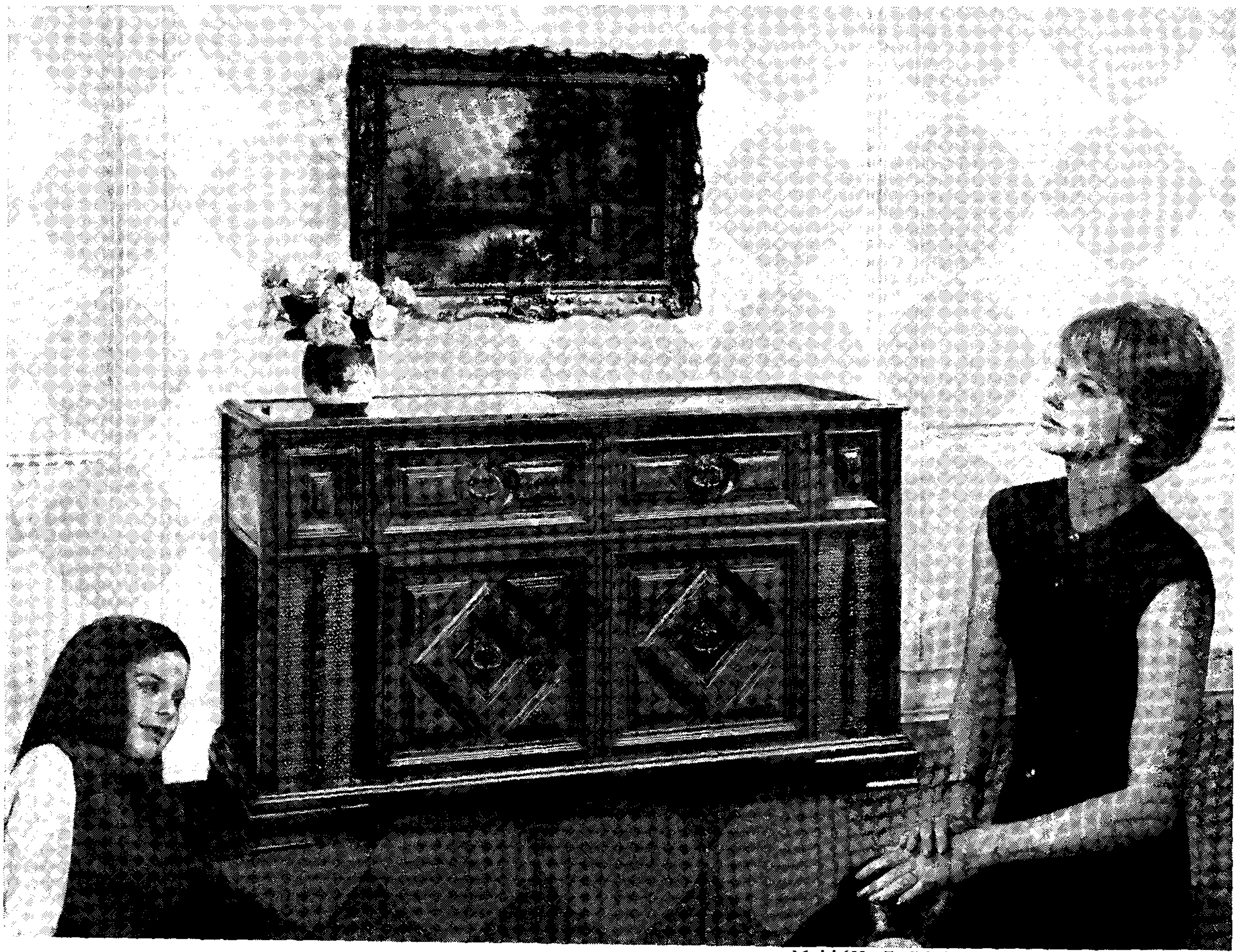
MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 16.... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 21.... ¶ Washington National Symphony, Nov. 14.... ¶ Gold and Fizdale, duo piano, Nov. 17.... ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Nov. 19 and Dec. 5.... ¶ Poznan Choir, Nov. 21.... ¶ Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 21.... ¶ Karl Richter, organ, Nov. 22.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 23 and Dec. 7.... ¶ New York Choral Society, Nov. 26.... ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Maurice Gendron, 'cello; and Hephzibah Menuhin, piano, Nov. 28.... ¶ Mantovani and an orchestra, Nov. 28.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 8 and 10.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Friends of French Opera, Nov. 14.... ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 15.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 16.... ¶ Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, Nov. 17 and 19.... ¶ Grace Bumbry, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 20.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 21-22 and Dec. 5-6.... ¶ Olegna Fuschi, piano, Nov. 21. ... ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Nov. 28.... ¶ David Oistrakh, violin, Nov. 29.... ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, Nov. 30.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 3.... ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 7.... ¶ Helsinki University Chorus, Dec. 8.... ¶ Wilhelm Kempff, piano, Dec. 10.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 11.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Esterhazy Orchestra, Nov. 18.... ¶ Vivian Rivkin, piano, Nov. 19.... ¶ Sabicas, flamenco guitarist, Nov. 20.... ¶ Richard Tucker, tenor, Nov. 21.... ¶ Raymond Lewenthal, piano, Nov. 23.... ¶ Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra, Nov. 24.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 1.... ¶ Collegiate Chorale, Dec. 3.... ¶ Judith Raskin, soprano, Dec. 5.... ¶ Clarion Orchestra, Dec. 7.... **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (737-3570): Mirella Freni, soprano, Nov. 20.... ¶ Eileen Farrell, soprano, Dec. 4.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): American Concert Choir and Orchestra, Dec. 3.... ¶ Edward Auer, piano, Dec. 10.

BALLET—The Royal Danish Ballet, at the New York State Theater, Nov. 23-Dec. 19.

THEATRE—Some productions *scheduled to open* during the next several weeks: "The Devils," a play by John Whiting (based on "The Devils of Loudun" by Aldous Huxley), with Jason Robards and Anne Bancroft.... ¶ Barbara Bel Geddes, Arthur Hill, and Martin Balsam in "The Porcelain Year," a play by Reginald Rose.... ¶ An APA Repertory Company production of the Kaufman-Hart 1936 comedy "You Can't Take It With You." ... ¶ A four-week engagement by Marcel Marceau, the French pantomimist, at the City Center.... ¶ A musical, "Anya," with a book by George Abbott and Guy Bolton (taken from the play "Anastasia," by Marcelle Maurett and Mr. Bolton). The music and lyrics are by Robert Wright and George Forrest, and the cast includes Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, Lillian Gish, and Irra Petina.... ¶ John Osborne's play "Inadmissible Evidence," imported from London and starring Nicol Williamson.... ¶ A thriller by Mary Drayton called "The Playroom," in which Marge Champion and Tom Helmore will appear.... ¶ Ronald Fraser and Victor Spinetti in Robert Dhéry's Paris musical "La Grosse Valise" (the English adaptation is by Joseph Fields). Gérard Calvi wrote the music and Harold Rome the lyrics.... ¶ A comedy, "Me and Thee," by Charles Horine; Durward Kirby and Barbara Britton head the cast.... ¶ "Cactus Flower," a comedy by Abe Burrows derived from a French original, with Lauren Bacall and Joseph Campanella in the leading roles.... ¶ The second production of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center will be William Wycherley's Restoration drama "The Country Wife."... ¶ "The Yearling," a musical version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel, with David Wayne, Dolores *Wilson, Carmen Mathews, and* Steve Sanders. Herbert Martin and Lore Noto turned out the book, Michael Leonard composed the score, and Mr. Martin did the lyrics.

POETRY READINGS—Robert Lowell. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium. YU 8-6783. Dec. 9.)

OTHER DATES—Thanksgiving Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 17.... ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 19-21.... ¶ Elephant Round-Up, at Surin, Thailand, Nov. 20-21.... ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 25.



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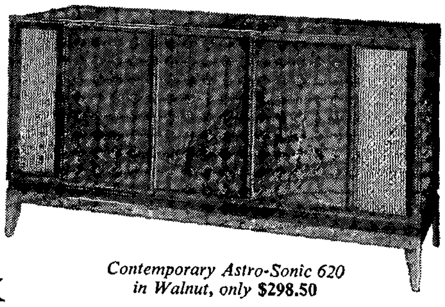

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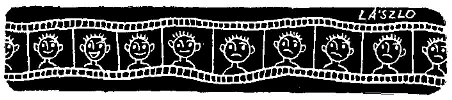
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Bunny Lake Is Missing—A thriller from the cunning hand of Otto Preminger. With Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, Laurence Olivier, and Noël Coward. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 10.)

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (In Italian at the Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting Nov. 10. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 10.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Help!—The Beatles are shown, travelling roughly as fast as sound, on skis, in tropical waters, in a London wine cellar, and, at irregular intervals, on stages and in studios, belting out songs. A joyous mess, directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 9.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Loved One—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Love Goddesses—A parade of screen heroines and vampires, fascinating in their unlikeness. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 8.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger in the title role makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 9.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 10, tentative.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Nov. 9.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Nov. 10, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 4.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 9.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 6-7.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 10.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Nov. 5.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Nov. 9.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 9.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 5.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Nov. 6-7.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 5-8.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 5-8.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 6.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 6-7.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 10, tentative.)

The Organizer (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; Nov. 5-9.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical soundtrack. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 4.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 6-7.)

Romeo and Juliet (1936)—The Montagues and the Capulets, played by Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and Basil Rathbone. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 8-9.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small town society. With Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Nov. 5.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 9.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Nov. 5-8.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Nov. 7, last showing that day at 3:10.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—A musical with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Gracie Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 8-10.)

World Without Sun (1964)—Jacques-Yves Cousteau showing the beauty and oddity of life underwater. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 9.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." Through Nov. 6: "Underworld" (1927), with George Bancroft. . . . ¶ Nov. 7-10: "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." Nov. 4: "Those Love Pangs" (1914), "Dough and Dynamite" (1914), "The Bank" (1915), and "The Count" (1916). . . . ¶ Nov. 5-7: "His Trysting Place" (1914), "The Face on the Barroom Floor" (1914), "A Night at the Show" (1915), and "The Rink" (1916). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 9: "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (1914), "Triple Trouble" (1917), and "The Cure" (1917). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Nov. 9: **THE TRAIN**; and **HELP!**
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 9: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Nov. 10: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Nov. 4, at 2:15 and 8:15: "La Bohème" (in Italian), performed by the La Scala Opera Company.
Nov. 5-9: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.
From Nov. 10 (tentative): **ZORBA THE GREEK.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Railroad Man" (in Italian), Pietro Germi.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
NOTHING BUT A MAN, revival.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Nov. 5: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and **THE ENTERTAINER**, revival.
Nov. 6-7: **HENRY V**, revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
Nov. 8: **THE LOVE GODDESSES**; and "The Eagle" (silent), Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky.
Nov. 9: **L'AVVENTURA** and "Seduced and Abandoned" (both in Italian and both revivals).
Nov. 10: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"King Rat," George Segal, Tom Courtenay.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 9: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 9: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.
From Nov. 10 (tentative): **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 7: **SHIP OF FOOLS.**
From Nov. 8: "The Leather Boys," Rita Tushingham.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 9: "Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr; and "Murieta," Jeffrey Hunter.
From Nov. 10: **CASANOVA '70**; and "Blood and Black Lace," Cameron Mitchell.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Nanny," Bette Davis.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 4: "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance; "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Nov. 5-8: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
From Nov. 9: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 6: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.
Nov. 7-9: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
From Nov. 10: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 5: **HAMLET**, revival.
Nov. 6-7: **RICHARD III**, revival.
Nov. 8-9: **ROMEO AND JULIET**, revival.
From Nov. 10: **ZORBA THE GREEK**; and **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Salt of the Earth," revival, Will Geer.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 9: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and "Faces in the Dark," John Gregson.
From Nov. 10: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**; and "Backfire," Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Ecco," a documentary film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Madam White Snake" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Nov. 7: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian).
From Nov. 8: "The Leather Boys," Rita Tushingham.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 7 (last showing that day at 3:10): **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 7, at 8: "The Eleanor Roosevelt Story," a documentary film. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call LT 1-8990, Ext. 22.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

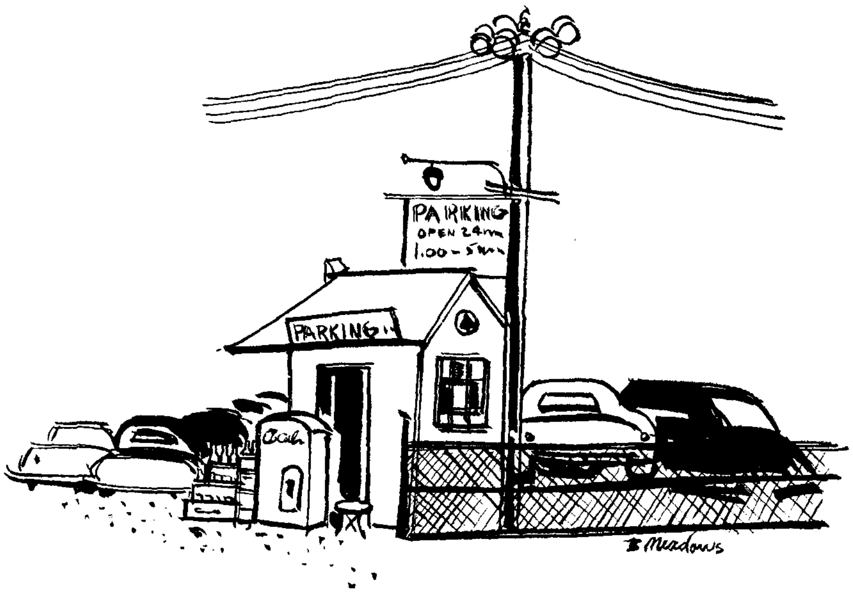
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Alphaville" (in French), Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.

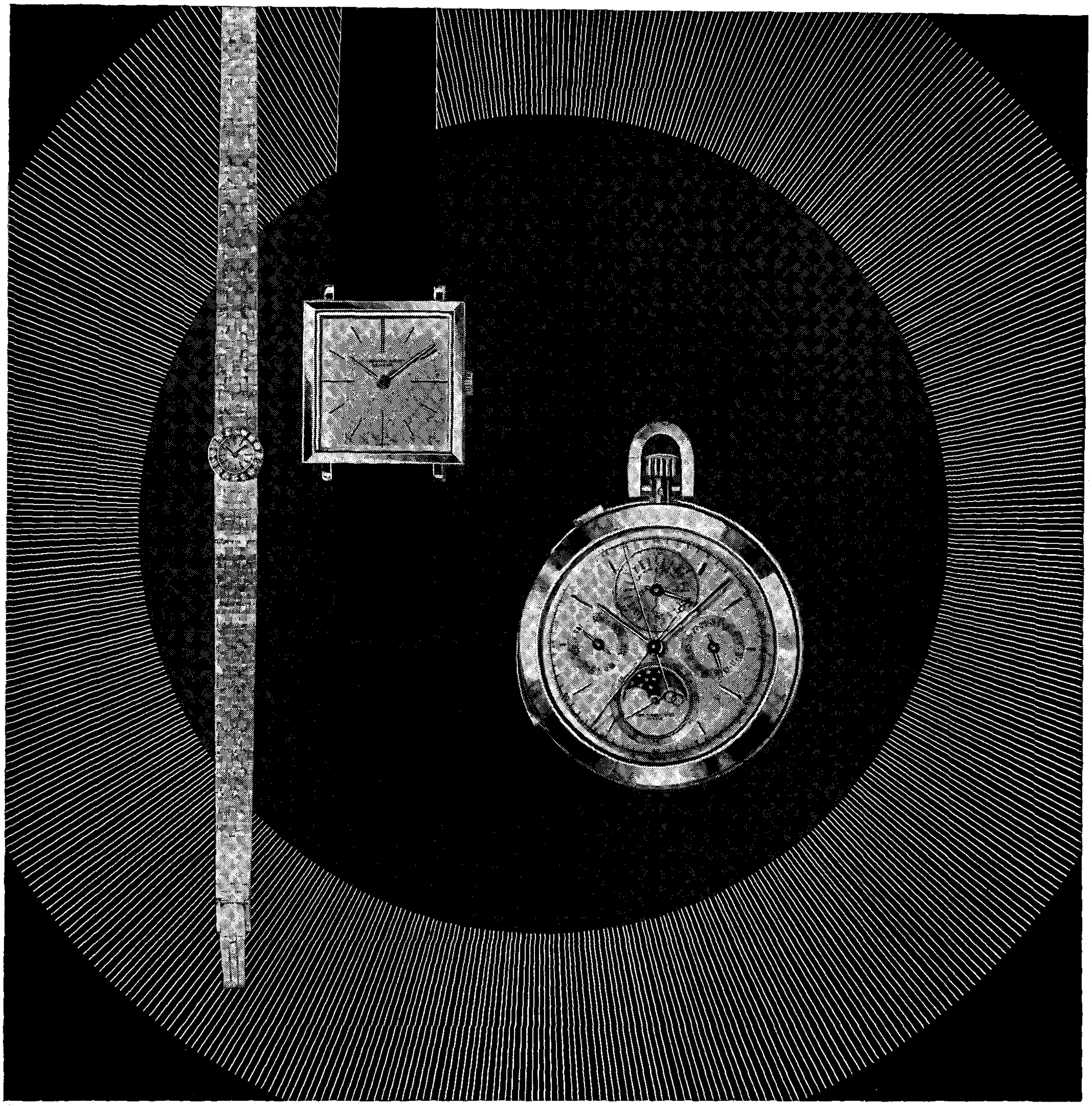
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 5: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival; and "Le Amiche" (in Italian), revival, Gabriele Ferzetti, Valentina Cortesa.
Nov. 6-7: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival; and **THE BANK DICK**, revival.
Nov. 8-10: **WE'RE NOT DRESSING**, revival; and "Trouble in Paradise," revival, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 9: **WORLD WITHOUT SUN**, revival; and "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," revival, Spencer Tracy.
From Nov. 10: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Blood and Black Lace," Cameron Mitchell.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 4: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
Nov. 5-8: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Nov. 9: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 9: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Nov. 10: "Bambole!" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer; and "Not on Your Life" (in Spanish), Nino Manfredi.





Left: *Ladies' watch in yellow gold studded with diamonds.* Centre: *The world's thinnest men's watch, in 18 kt. gold.* Right: *Perpetual Calendar: names the day and the month; remembers whether the month has 31, 30 or 28 days and in Leap Year also remembers that February has 29. Shows the moon phases. Chimes sweetly at hours, quarters and minutes on request. And acts as a stop watch as well.*

For those with the taste as well as the means — timepieces from Audemars Piguet

For generations Audemars Piguet craftsmen have been able to make masterpieces as complex as the perpetual calendar shown above. Today their traditional skill teams up with the latest techniques. The result: the most precious watches in the world.

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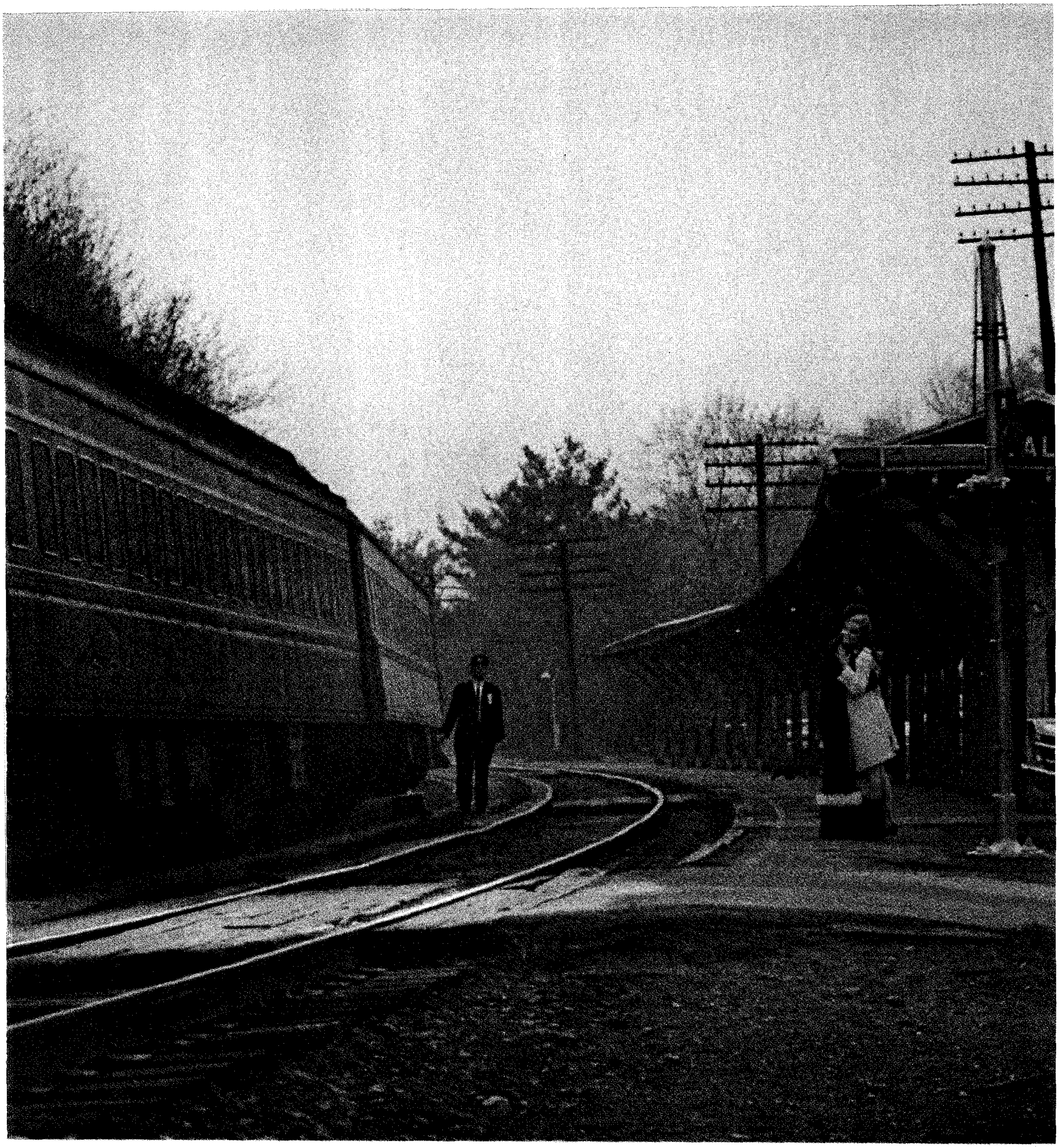
Even the next morning a little Taji still lingers



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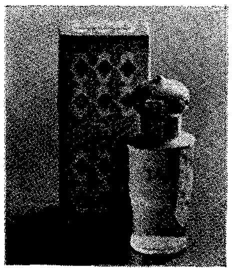
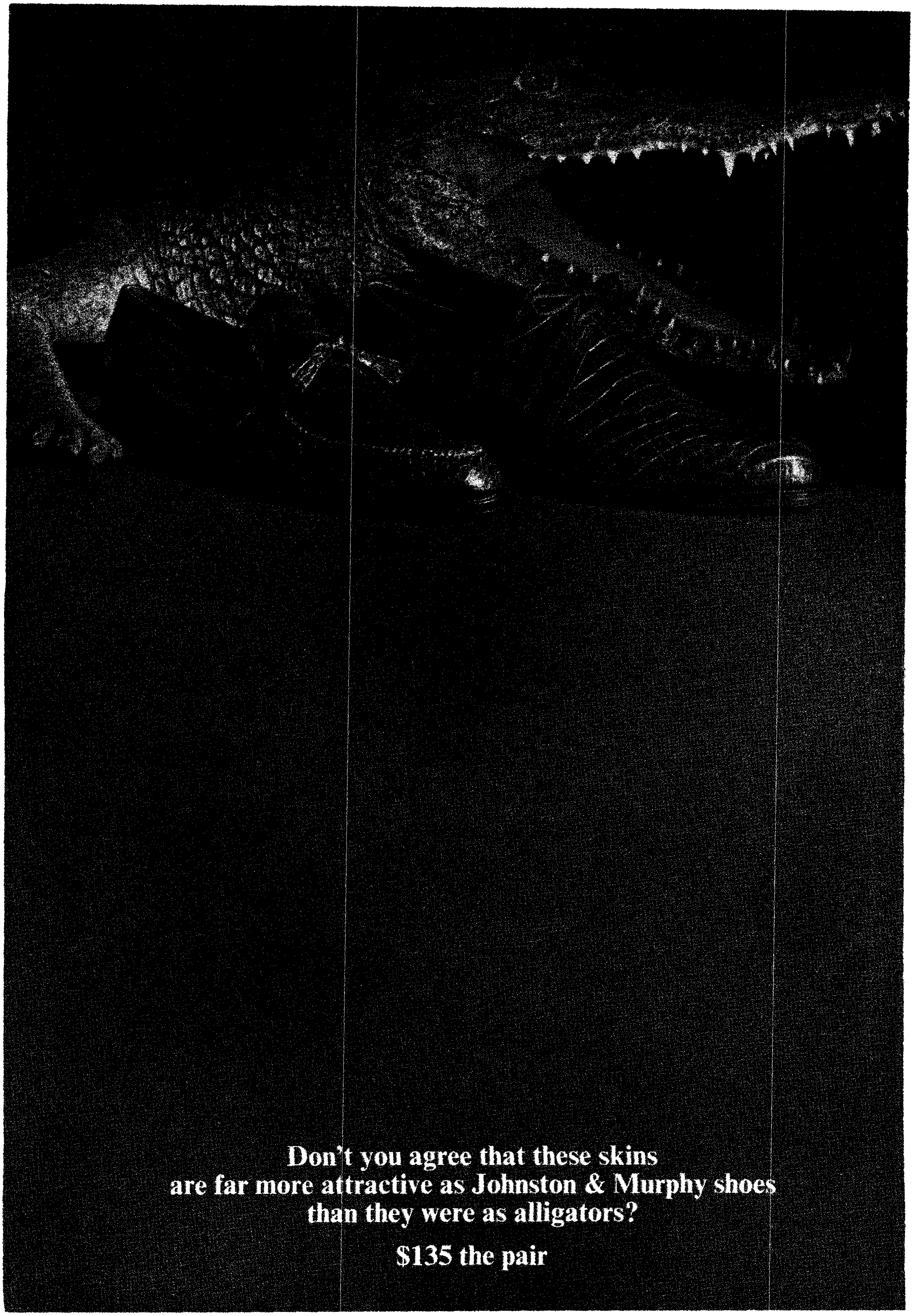
Taji is a hauntingly beautiful new fragrance in a totally new perfume form. All pure perfume oil, instead of the traditional blend of oil and volatile alcohol, a few drops of Taji touched to your skin will last throughout the day or night. Why, the Taji you wear when you go out in the evening will even still linger a little by morning. Taji in Perfume Oil 7.50, also in a Spray for bath and shower and a Soap.



TAJi

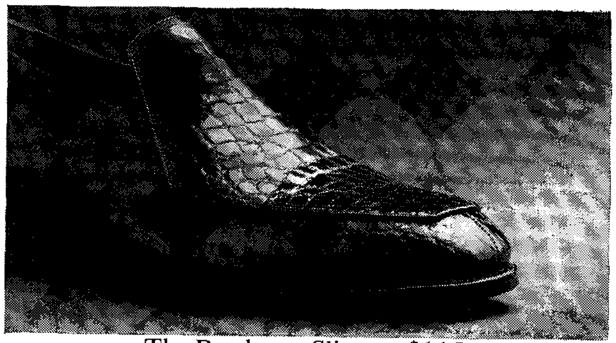
AT LAST A PERFUME THAT LASTS


Don't you agree that these skins
are far more attractive as Johnston & Murphy shoes
than they were as alligators?
$135 the pair

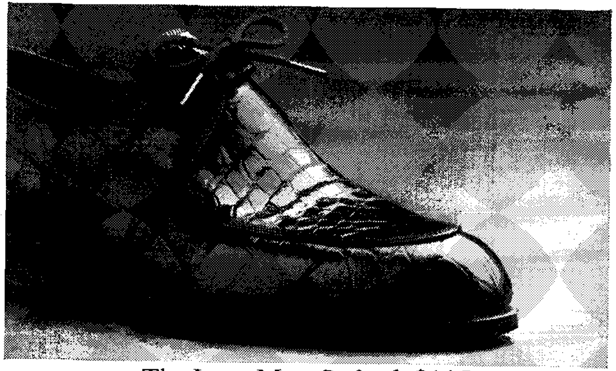
Here's more of the Johnston & Murphy Alligator Story

An alligator must be at least 50 years old before its skin is acceptable for Johnston & Murphy shoes. An entire prime hide of an alligator is required for the manufacture of a single pair.
Each alligator skin is as individual as your fingerprints; therefore, no pair of these shoes can ever be duplicated.

shown on opposite page:
The Chevy Chase Tassel Loafer, $135
The Granada Plain-toe Oxford, $135



The Bordeaux Slip-on, $115



The Leon Moc-Oxford, $115

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All are available in black or brown.

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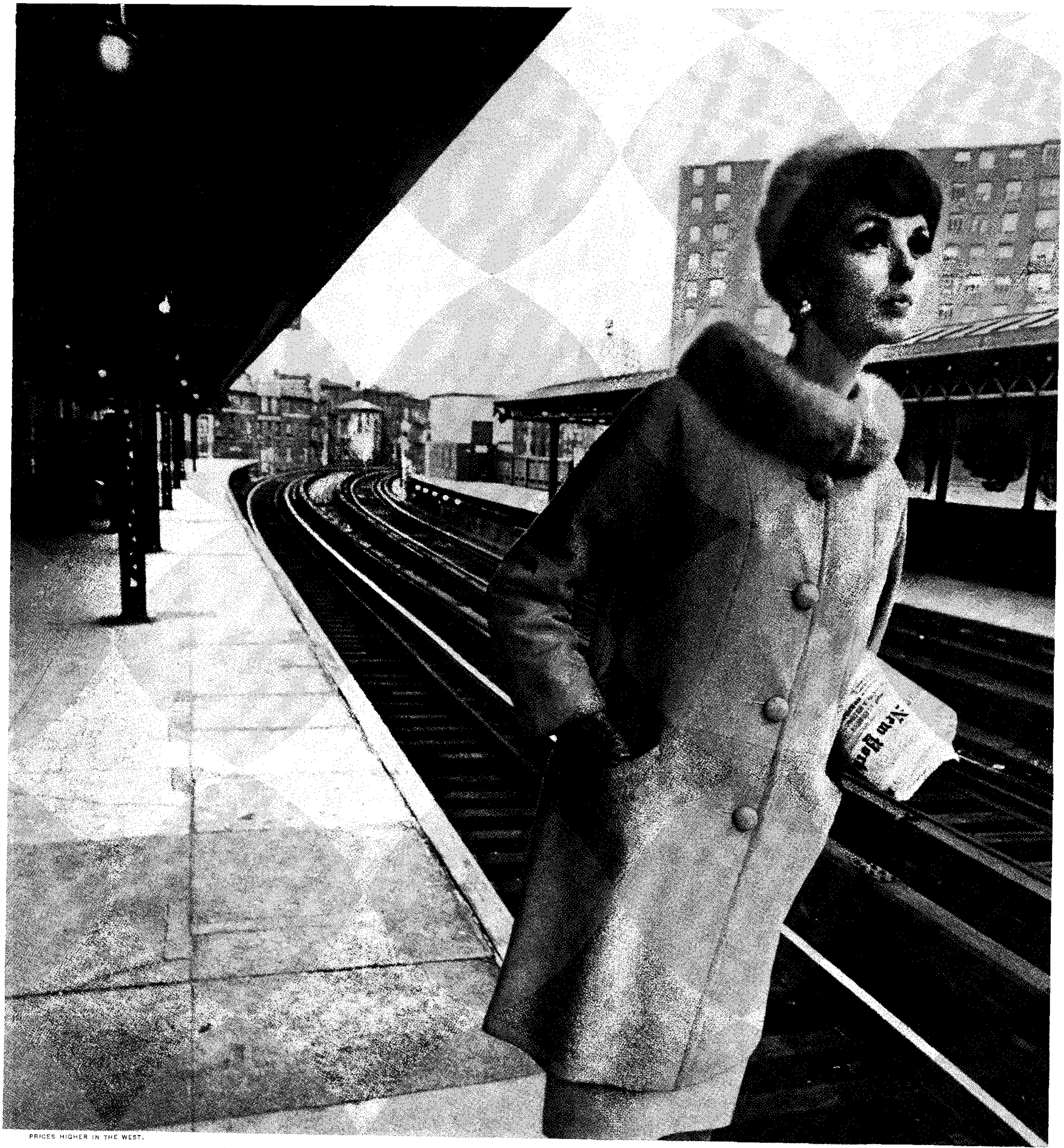
Does Highlander suede catch everything but the train?



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What with dirt that flies and spots that fall, will the next stop for this suede be the local cleaners? Highlander searches out choice, supple, young suede skins, then gives them the treatment. Tans and dyes them so they have the resiliency to be crushed and bounce back, to let you erase spots without harming suede. And because skins are deftly handcut and sewn by experts, the shape your Highlander is in now is the shape it will be in years from now. This Highlander suede bolstered with Mink goes seven-eighths of the way and comes in Silvermist, Teak or Taupe. Sizes 4 to 18, about 125.00 at Dayton Co., Woodward & Lothrop, John Wanamaker, Kaufmann's, Arnold Constable or, for the name of one close at hand and a booklet that makes you a suede care expert, write Highlander, 1407 Broadway, New York, New York 10018.

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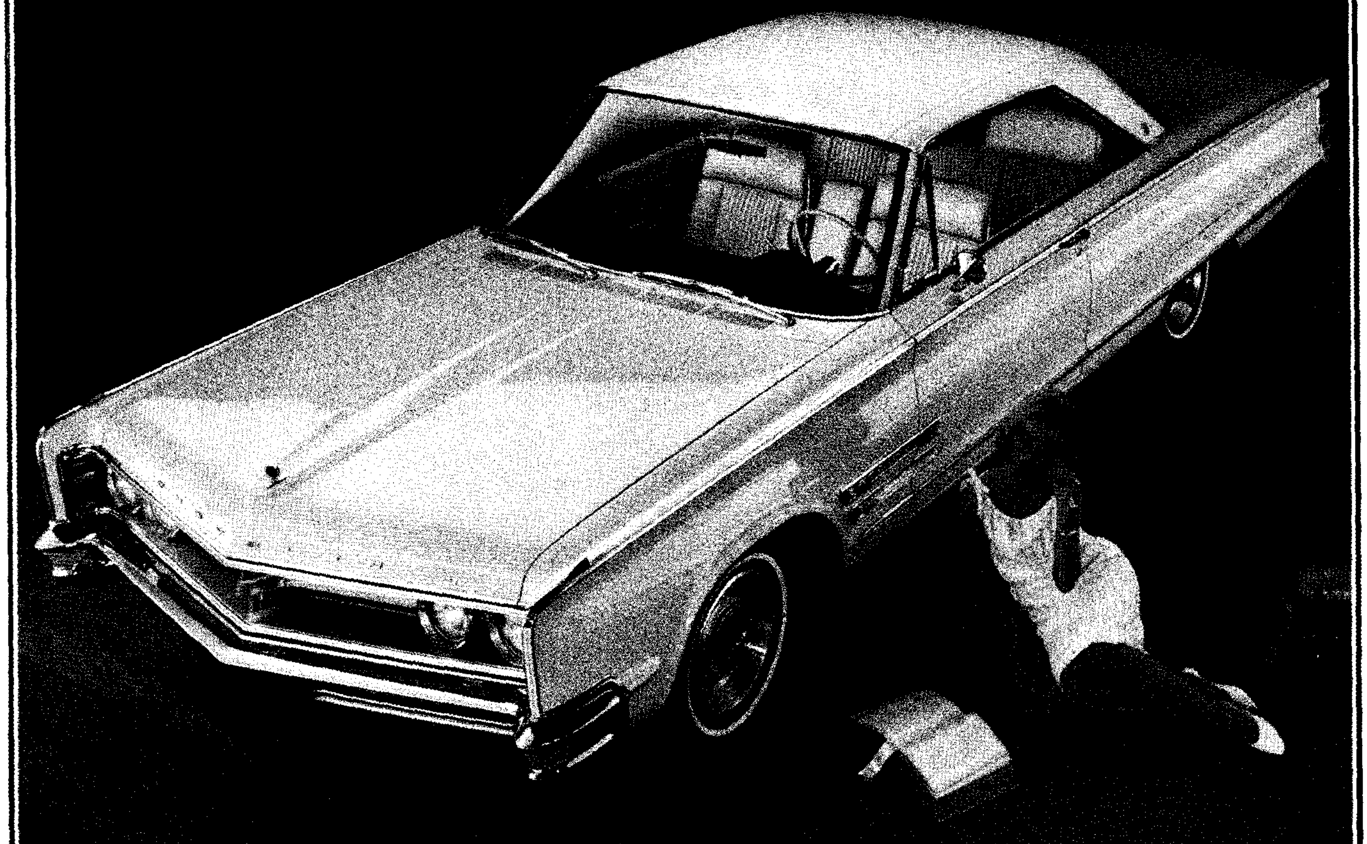
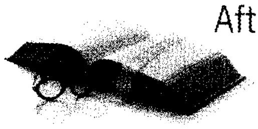
Towle has a wide range of silver-plated service pieces both in Old Master and other fine patterns.

CHRYSLER DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION



There are many logical reasons for buying a Chrysler. But if you feel great all over when you look at one, who cares about logic?



After all, did anyone ask whether Venus was a good cook? So if you buy a car strictly on looks . . . look.

After you've looked, read what follows.

Chrysler has had the reputation of being a big, expensive automobile.

It's still big.

But five (full-size) Chrysler Newports are priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped.

This includes the cost of power steering, power brakes, a big V-8, automatic transmission, radio and standard items like safety door handles and seat belts.

Now, how do you personalize this much car? Newport lets you pick from 376 color and trim combinations.

Move up to Chrysler. It's easy.

CHRYSLER

Illustrated above, the 300 2-Door Hardtop. Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre, NBC-TV, Wednesdays.

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Tia Maria

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(Maybe they haven't heard it's sold all over America)

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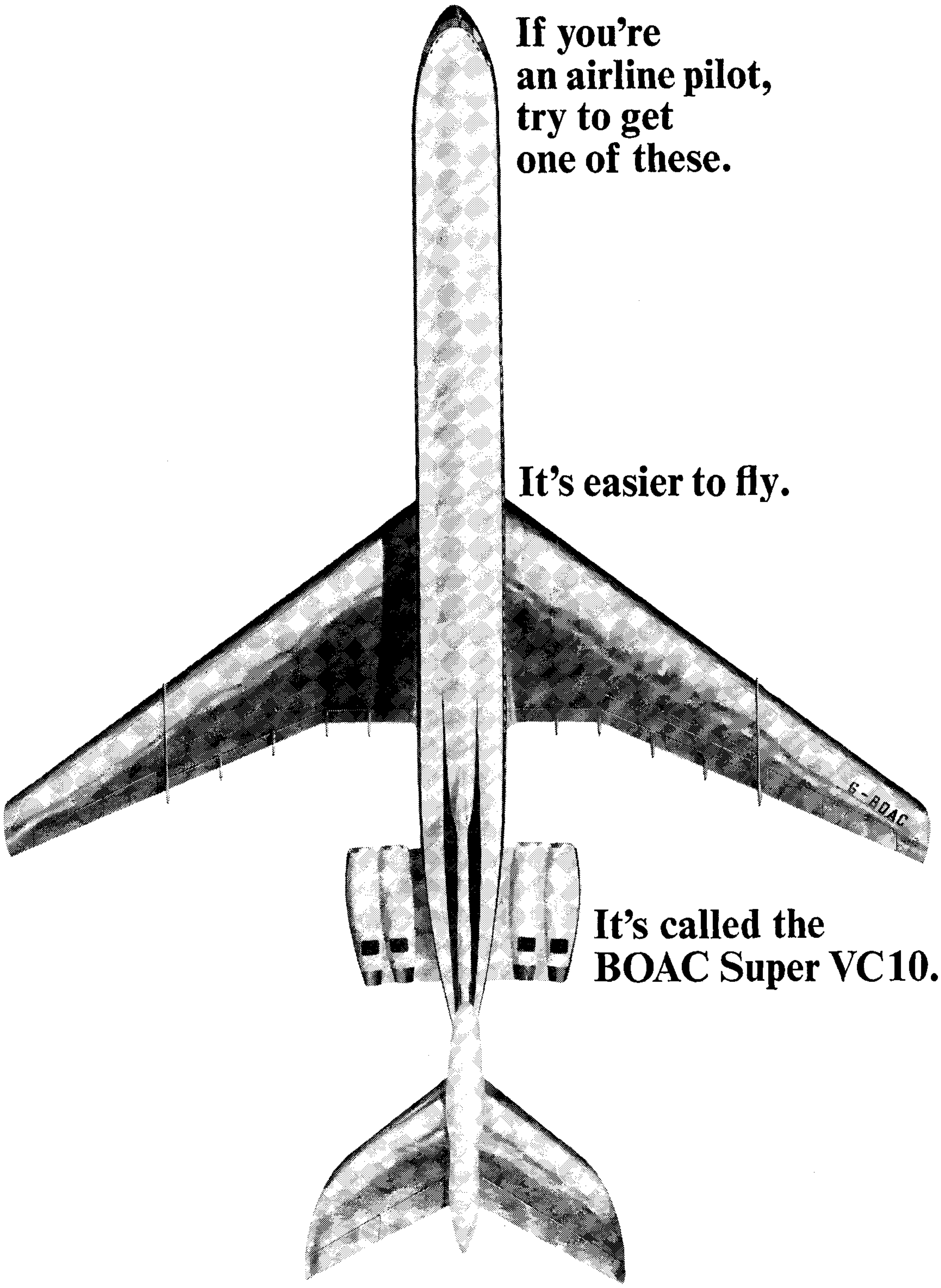
If you're an airline pilot, try to get one of these.



It's easier to fly.

It's called the BOAC Super VC10.

Up to now, every time an airline pilot has been handed a new big jet, he's had to get used to landing it at least 10 mph faster than the one he's been flying. And each time he's taken longer to get off the runway. Now the whole thing's been changed. The new BOAC Super VC 10 actually lands over 20 mph slower. Gets off the ground sooner. And is much easier to fly. What's made the big difference? For one thing, we took the engines off the wings. By putting them in the tail, we were able to design a clean, uncluttered wing that is much more efficient. But we didn't stop there. With the engines out of the way, we could design better high-lift devices (they're like flaps) along the front and back edges of the wing. These make the wing even more efficient, especially at slow speeds. Then we took a look at where the pilot does his work; the flight deck. We gave him more room. (That's a big change in itself.) Then we built in all kinds of other aids. Two automatic pilots; not just one. Two automatic speed controls. All sorts of things pilots have wanted for years. Now, what's all this got to do with you when you're sitting there in the comfort of the BOAC Super VC 10's almost soundless cabin? Not much. Except that a relaxed, contented pilot is a nice thing to have around.

Fly the BOAC Super VC 10 daily from New York to Bermuda or London. Or direct to London from Boston and Detroit. Also to Nassau and Jamaica* from New York. Pay no more than on ordinary jets. For details, see your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation. Offices in all principal cities.

*One plane thru service via Nassau.

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AND BOAC CUNARD
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The gentle sun,
the chalky soil of
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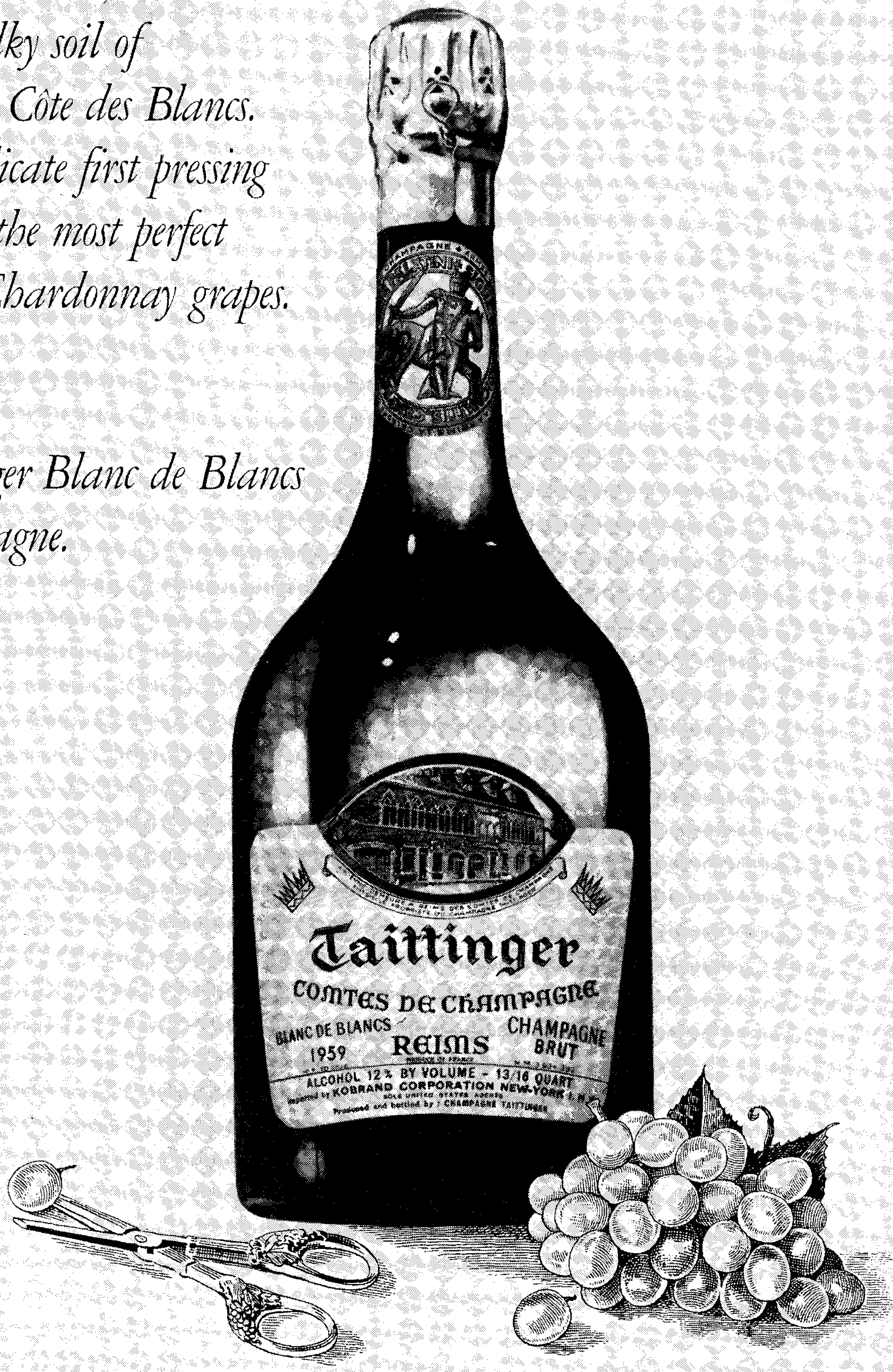
The delicate first pressing
of only the most perfect
white Chardonnay grapes.

This is
Taittinger Blanc de Blancs
Champagne.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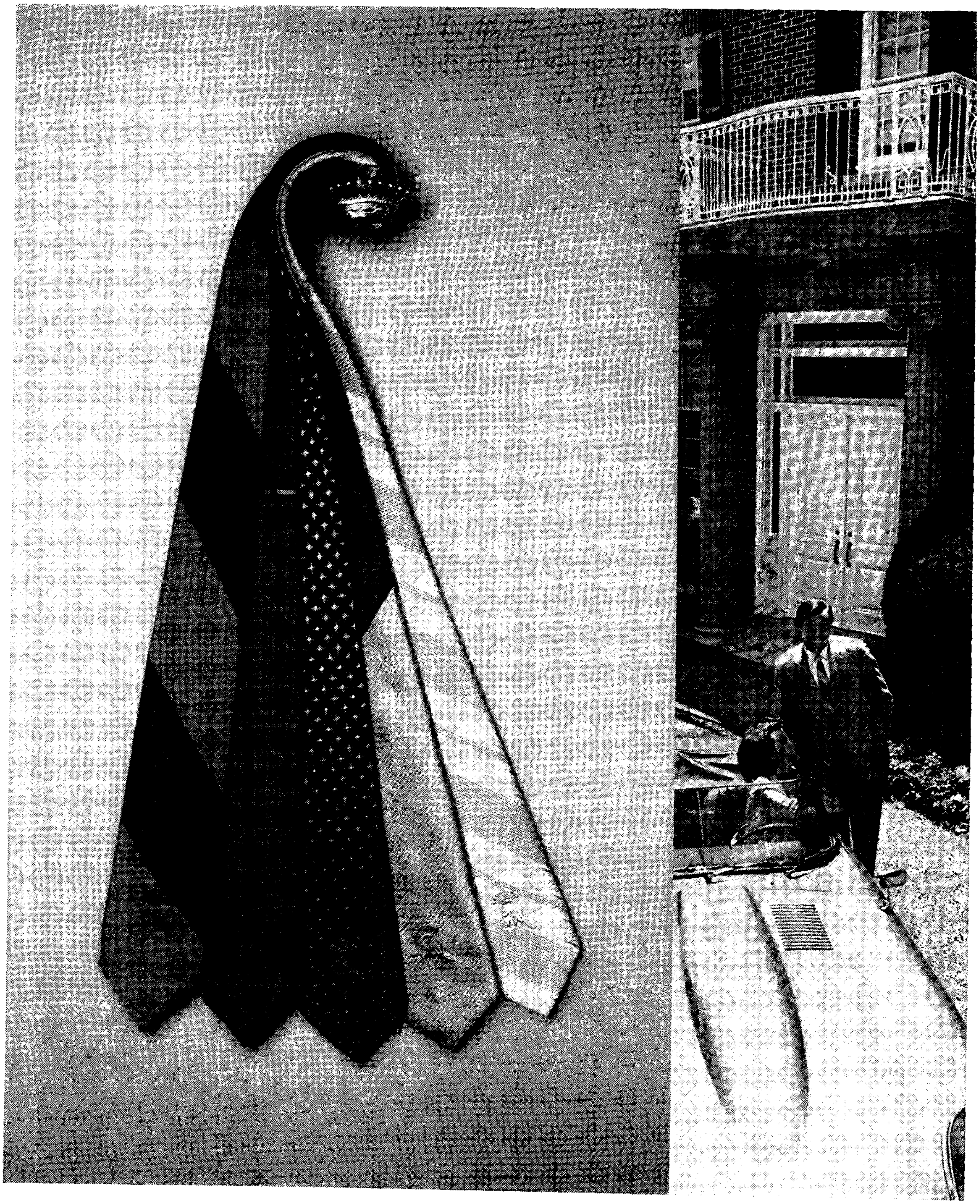

Countess Mara designs for one man in a million

The Countess' capacity for tasteful innovation in ties is virtually endless. As will be your pleasure in wearing and collecting them, whether you choose from among those selling for $7.50 to $25 or from the one-of-a-kind Countess Mara masterpieces priced at $100. Each tie is identified by the famous CM monogram... and by its good taste.

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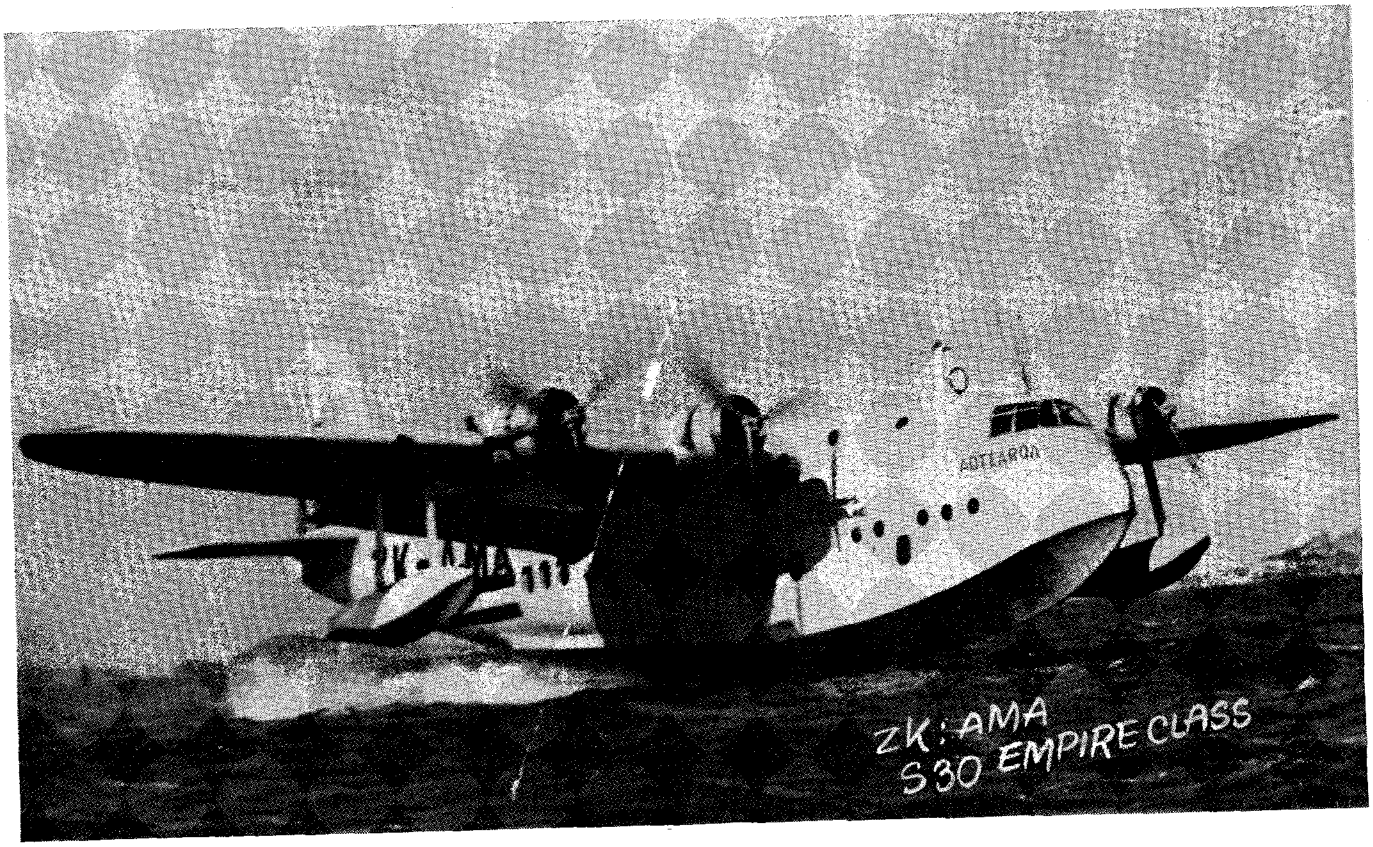
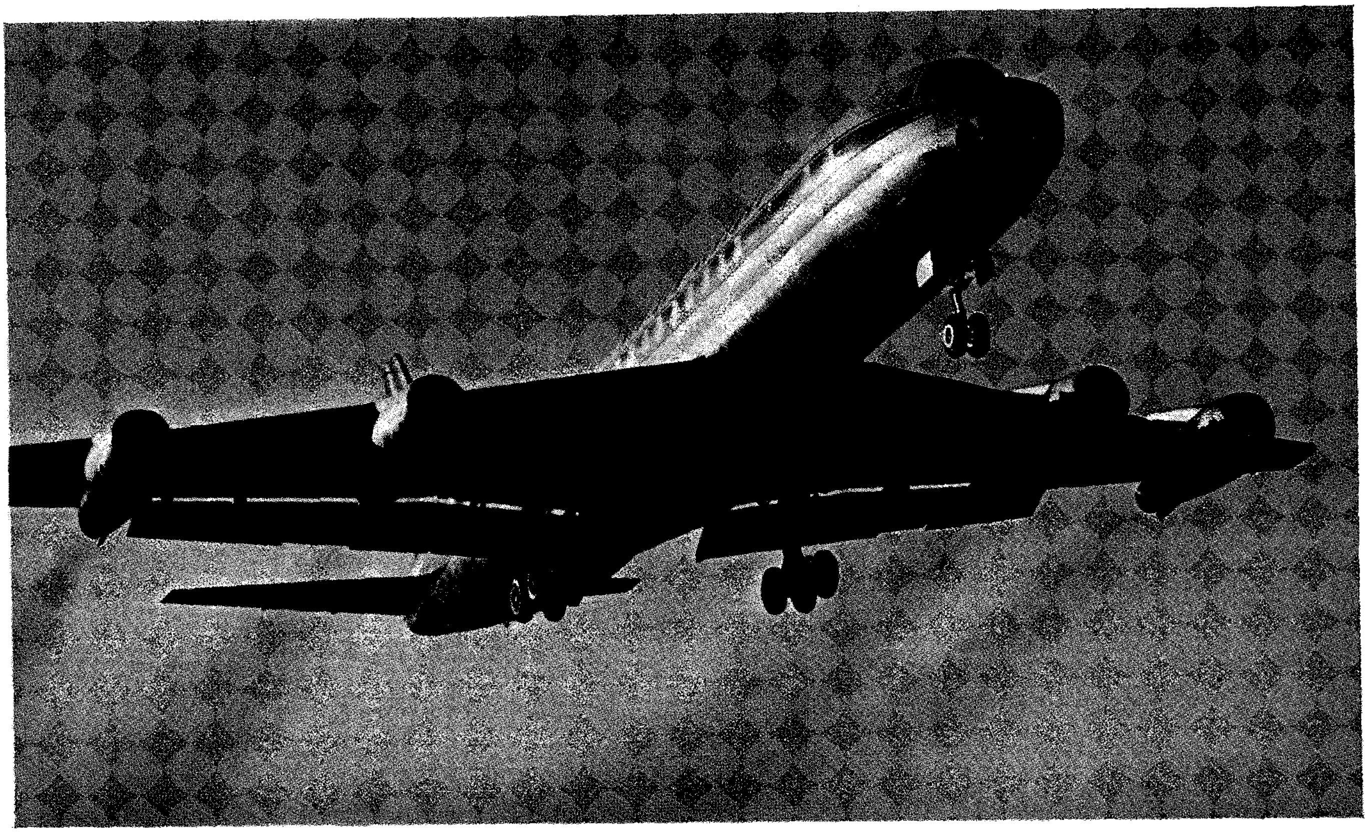
Countess Mara

Our first inaugural flight was such a success,


AOTEAROA
ZK-AMA
ZK : AMA
S30 EMPIRE CLASS

we're having another, Dec. 14



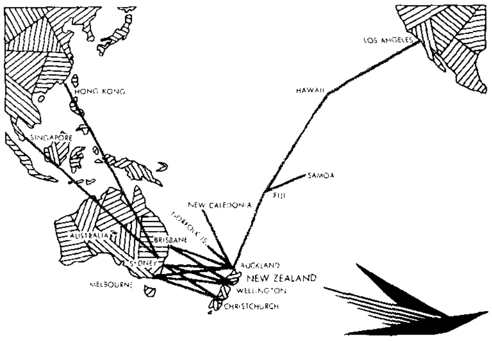
From Los Angeles International Airport, December 14, an Air New Zealand jet will take off for Hawaii, Fiji and New Zealand.

It may not be as romantic as our first inaugural, twenty-five years ago, when a beautiful flying boat taxied through the water at Auckland and took off to travel the South Pacific. Or as exciting as our first DC-6 across the Tasman Sea; or our first Electra flight to Sydney. But it will be the most dramatic inaugural of all. When the great DC-8 jet roars down the runway, it will be one of the most powerful new jets in the sky.

It will also be very romantic. The decor and food are both deliciously Polynesian. And traditional Air New Zealand Blue Ribbon Service is the most solicitous care you can get in the air.

Isn't it nice to know you can fly to the South Pacific with the airline that knows it best? Air New Zealand. For those who can't make it December 14, the same flight leaves every Tuesday and Saturday at 9:30 a.m. from Los Angeles.

To get aboard, see your travel agent, or our associates, BOAC or Qantas.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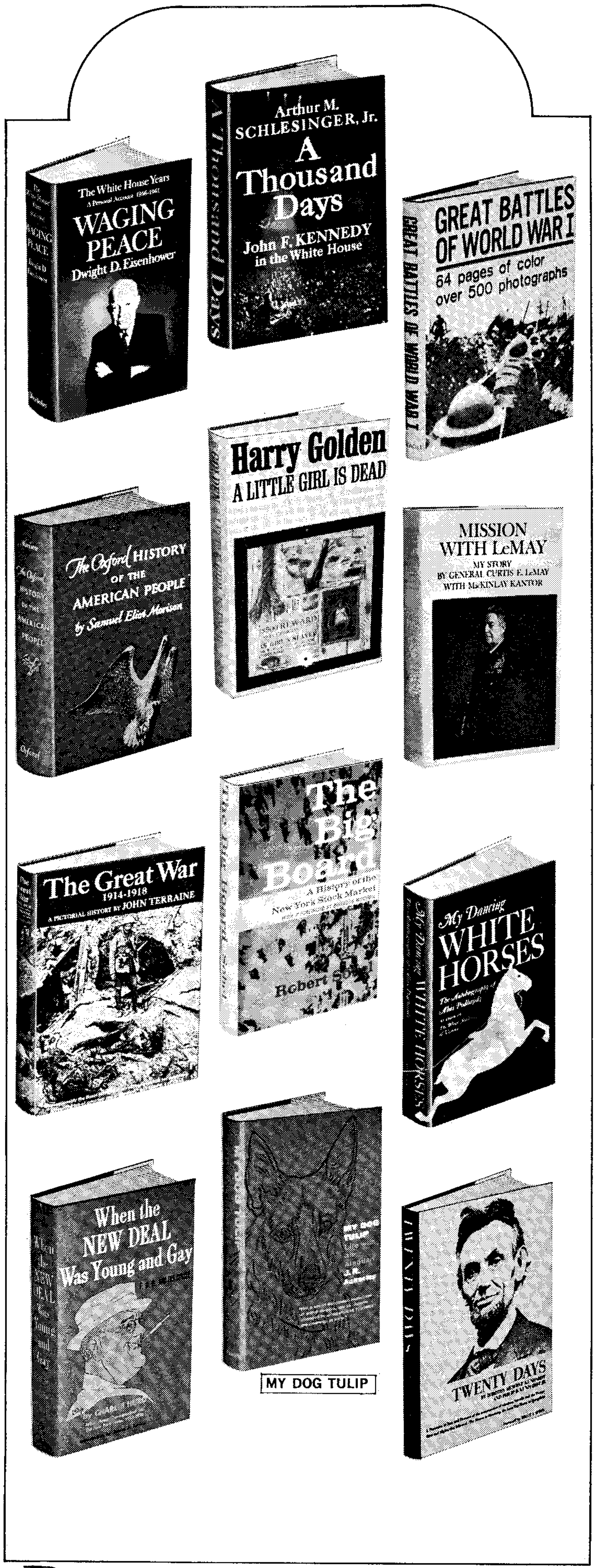
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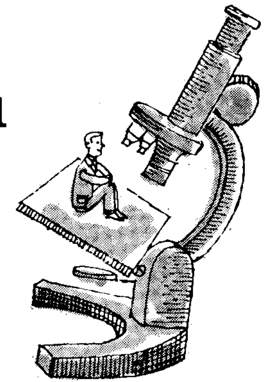
MY DOG TULIP
TWENTY DAYS

Decisive Men, Crises and Some Intriguing Animals



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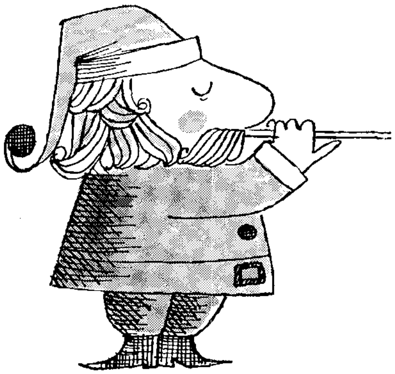
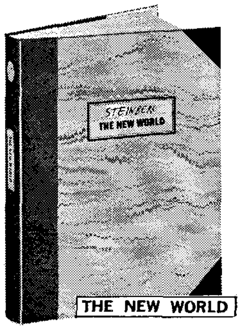


Rib-Ticklers And A Spine-Chiller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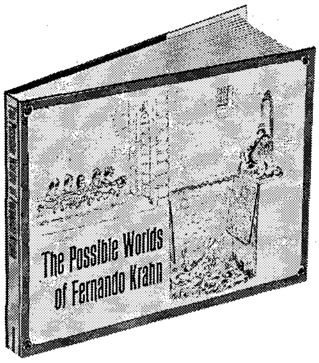
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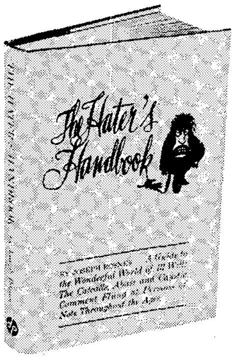
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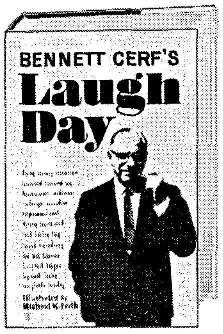
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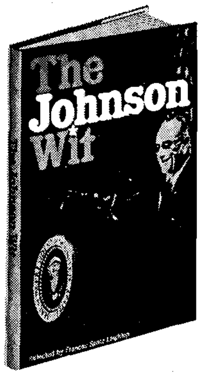
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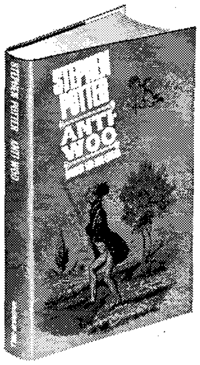
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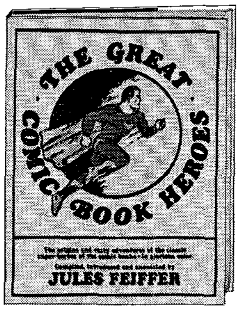
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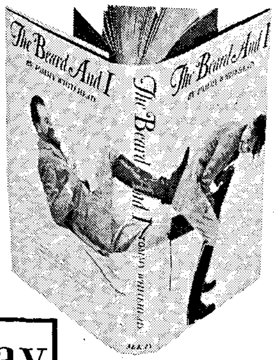
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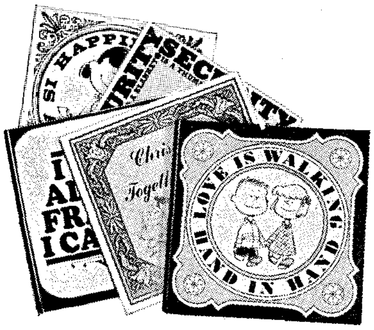
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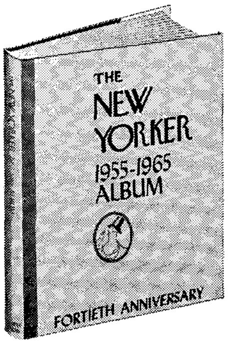
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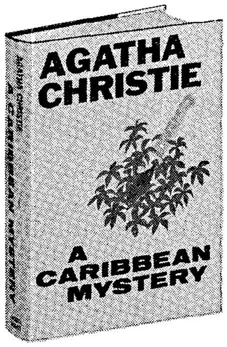
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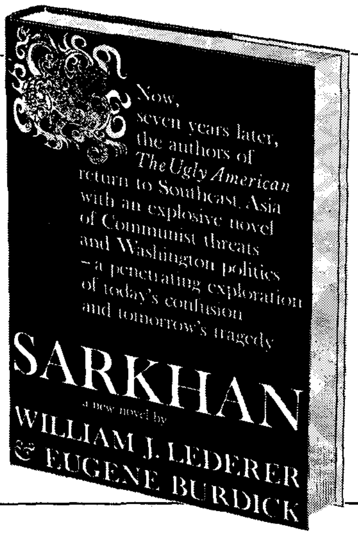
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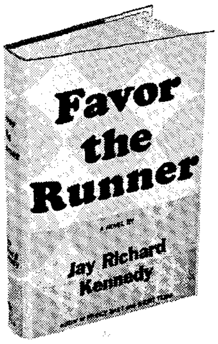
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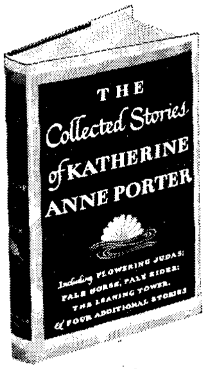
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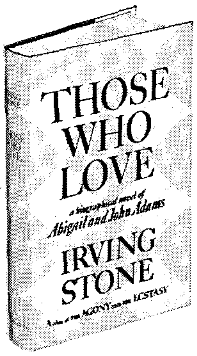
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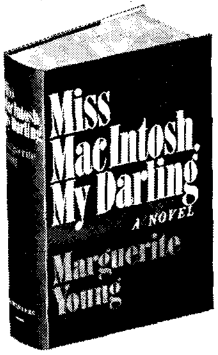
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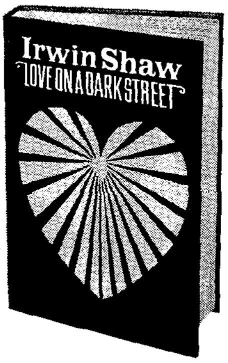
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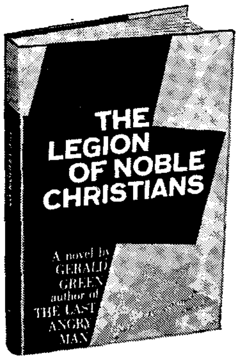
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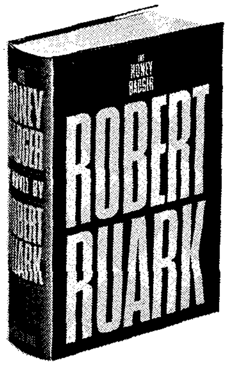
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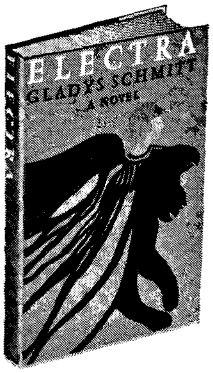
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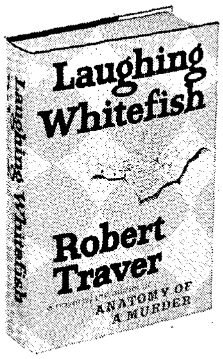
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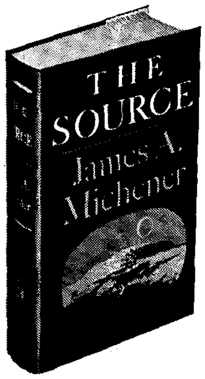
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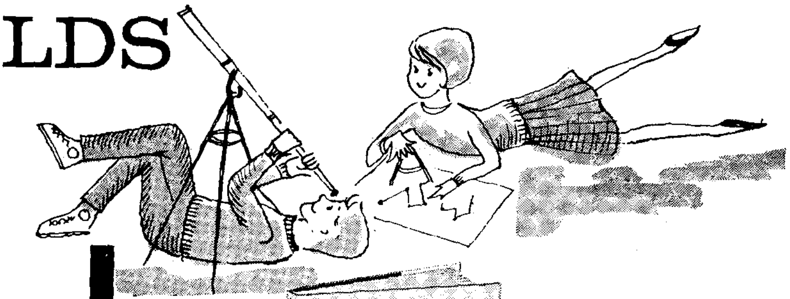

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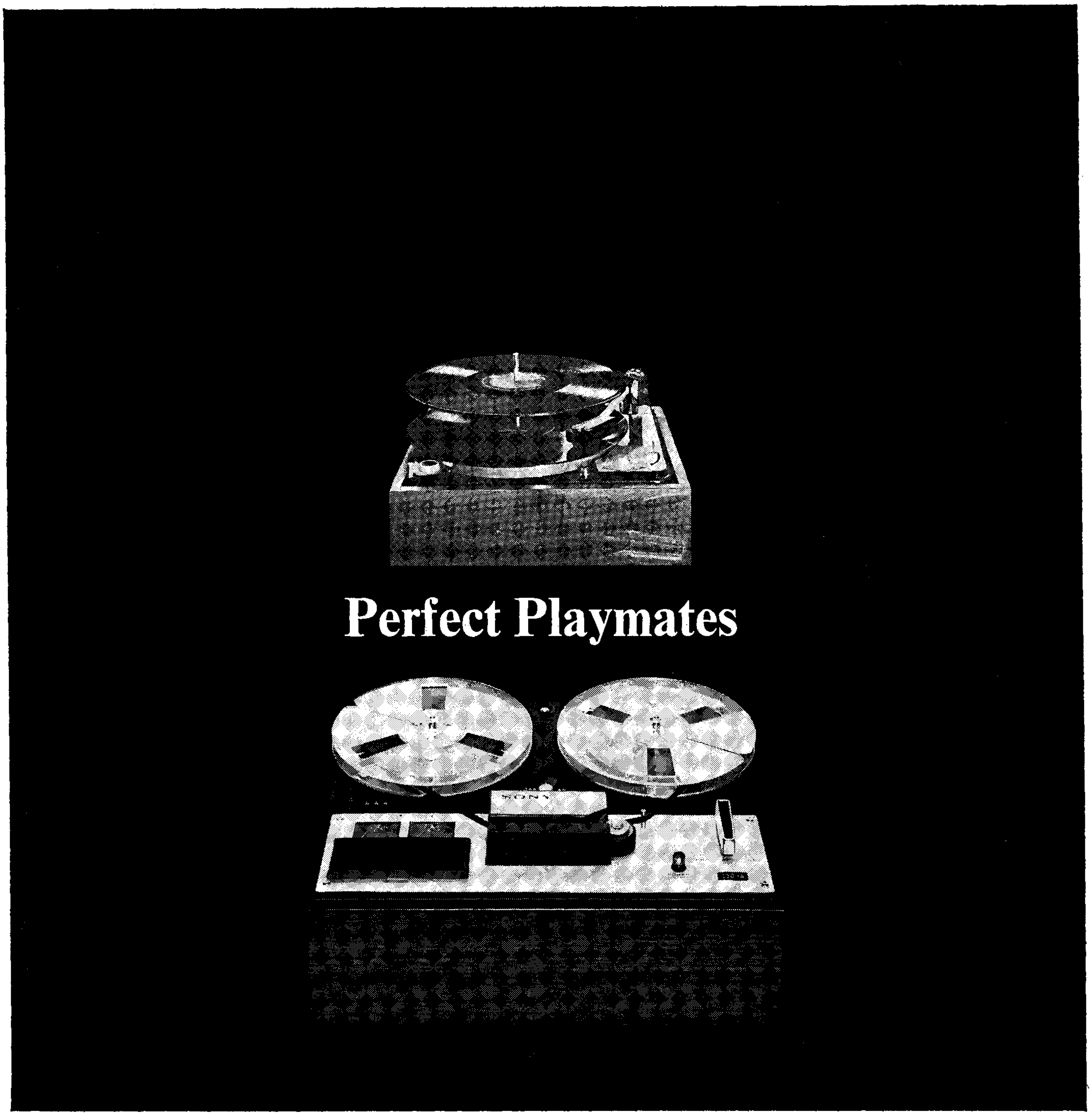

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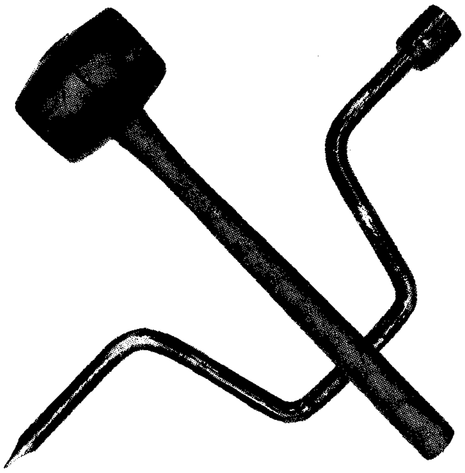

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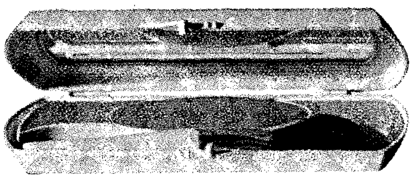

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

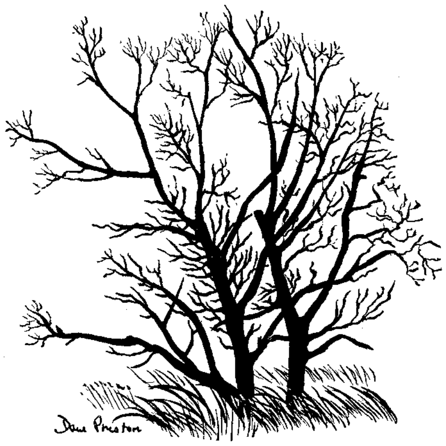
Notes and Comment

WHY is it, we asked ourself after viewing the paintings of Robert Motherwell at the Museum of Modern Art, that only black-and-white really satisfies us? What is there in the contemporary sensibility that gravitates toward the stark? Color strikes us, down deep, as gauche, and gray as despicably tentative. Is it that our nerves have so shrivelled, through successive shocks, that nothing but the biggest boom, the blaringest headline, the most blatant assault upon decorum can penetrate to the inner man? Or is it that civilization, in its quotidian routines, is so relativistic—so much a matter of fine gradations and imperfect alternatives—that we seek in art the relief of absolute contrasts? Looking at Motherwell's immense, cumbersomely calligraphic "Elegies to the Spanish Republic," we wondered if painting since Impressionism has not been one long reassertion of the edge. In Pop the edges become outlines, in Op they positively cut the eyes. Meanwhile, in life, edges melt and vanish. The edge between the free and the Communist worlds, never as distinct as some people thought, has blurred. The edge between Russia and China seems hard but jiggly. Vietnam is gray within gray within gray, an unfathomable impasto of blood and money and good intentions and jungle rot. Student protests double back on each other in a self-cancelling gumbo. Southern juries look at white and see black, or vice versa. The edge between earth and space is repeatedly nicked, and the outer edge of the universe, as we reach it with our telescopes, seems not to be an edge at all. Like people in photographs, we exist in a halftone world, composed of tiny dots, and perhaps what we secretly seek in art is our own magnification into huge dots, into stark splotches and blanknesses that can redeem from the enveloping muddle the black-and-white fact of our own existence.

Gourmet Botanist

HAVING been informed by the Museum of Natural History that there is a gourmet botanist on its premises, we went over and met Mr. Helmut Schiller, a young man who is an authority, according to the museum, on "the problems that people have been encountering in eating wild mushrooms" and who has been giving an evening course in "Plants of the Wetlands."

"I go on a lot of field trips," Mr. Schiller told us, "and I find it useful to pick up, or pick, things like mushrooms and vegetables, most of which spoil easily, rather than lay them in ahead of time. I take along canned meats in my pack and supplement them with wild plants and fruits. The truth of the matter is that whenever I'm out-of-doors and see a plant, I have the inclination to eat it. I eat rose hips raw. I eat buckets and buckets of berries—bunchberries are fine, but the nightshade-group berries are dangerous. Wild onions add to your sandwich. Violets make a very tasty salad substitute. And last summer, in Acadia National Park, near Bar Harbor, where I was taking photographs to get slides for my lectures—they cover the ground, so to speak, from the northern forests of Canada to subtropical areas in Florida—I must have eaten shadbush berries by the bushel. They're like blueberries, only purplish; they give some people an allergic reaction. The wild black cherry is one of my favorites, and I'm also partial to the pin cherry, which is a little *more* sour; the combination makes an acceptable macédoine. Dulse, a coarse, flat red seaweed, is commonly eaten raw in Nova Scotia; Irish moss, a crinkly red seaweed, needs to be boiled."



"How about the problems that people have been encountering in eating wild mushrooms?" we asked Mr. Schiller, who appeared to be in the pink of condition.

"People who aren't trained mycologists should stay away from *all* wild mushrooms," he said. "The only consistently deadly mushrooms are in the amanita group; the other poisonous ones are usually not fatal, but they're dangerous. Some generally harmless ones have a bad effect on certain people. On several occasions, a highly edible mushroom, such as the oyster mushroom, has given me an extreme upset. It's a very peculiar thing about mushrooms. A box turtle that eats a poisonous mushroom becomes inedible, but a rabbit that eats one does *not* become inedible. The rabbit apparently has something in its system that destroys the poison. Squirrels and deer like to nibble on mushrooms, and so do slugs and tunnelling fly larvae. Birds will eat poison-ivy berries—they're white and waxy, and very small—but if you did, you'd get a terrific inflammation *inside* yourself."

Mr. Schiller, who lives near Inwood Park, where he forages quite a bit, hopes to get to the tundra lands of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska next summer. "The terrain there is in a more natural state than it is around here, and very wild," he said. "There are enormous acreages of wild blueberries, with bears wading about in them, I'm told. I've never been to the tundra. The wetlands, which I've concentrated on, are the best places for edible plants. Brooks are lined with succulent little plants. No one takes much advantage of them today, but fifteen years ago, in a peat bog in Denmark, a corpse was found—perfectly preserved after close to two thousand years—of a man who had just finished a meal that had included at least ten different plants. Seeds, roots, and flowers."

"What do you suppose he died of?" we asked.

Mr. S. replied by clearing his throat, and we left.

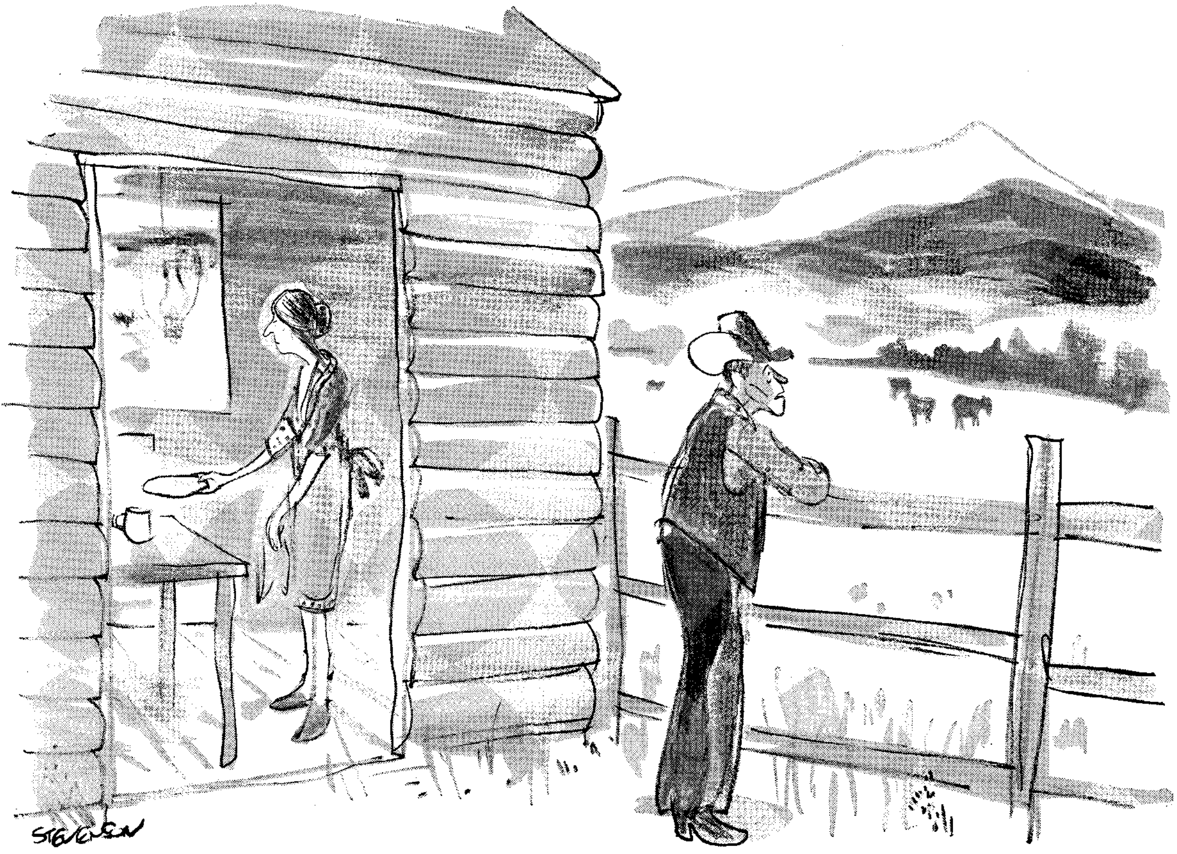
•

IN the original version of the novel "Hotel," by Arthur Hailey, the hero is described as being six and a half feet tall; in the *Reader's Digest* condensed version he is six feet three inches.

The Peace Prize

THE eighteenth floor of the Secretariat Building is known around the United Nations as UNICEF's floor. People getting off the elevator there see a long, narrow corridor, painted yellow, with an information office at one end, an executive director's office at the other end, and, in between, a row of smoky-glass doors leading to the desks of the men and women who direct the work of the hundred and eighty-four professional UNICEF field officers in thirty-three countries around the world. On the day after the Norwegian Parliament announced that the United Nations Children's Fund (it is still known as UNICEF, from the years in which it was called the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund) had won the Nobel Peace Prize for 1965, the corridor was empty and practically all the smoky-glass doors were closed. A secretary who was showing us to the information office, from which we planned to embark on a kind of pilgrimage down the corridor toward the office of UNICEF's new director, Henry R. Labouisse, told us, "Everybody is dug in trying to catch up on yesterday's work. Nobody could get a *thing* done yesterday. A lot of the women were crying—just because they were so happy. We're not usually very sentimental here. It's easy to feel sentimental about helping children, but sentiment doesn't get things done. I'd say that what we usually are is *busy*. Anyway, the women were crying, and you couldn't get down the corridor, what with all the news photographers. And the men—*they* were tied up answering the phones. The phones never stopped ringing after that telegram from Oslo came."

"She's right. What a day!" said a young man who was standing at the information-office door. He introduced himself as Jack Ling, the Assistant Chief of Public Information for UNICEF, and then showed us into a small gray cubicle piled high with congratulatory telegrams. We learned there that he is a former Hong Kong newsman, and that for a short period before he joined UNICEF, in 1951, he was a war correspondent in Korea, representing a news service called Pan Asia. He told us that war led many people to come to the U.N. to work. "There was no peace around here yesterday, though," he said. "The day began at seven-thirty for me, and it was wild. It was wild even before the telegram. You see, first there was Danny Kaye. Kaye had looked at his calendar one day last week, discovered that he had Monday and part of Tuesday of this week free, and called us up from Los Angeles to ask if that wasn't a good excuse for him to fly around the country and kick off the UNICEF Trick or Treat campaign. He said that Lear Aircraft had promised him a small jet, and that he'd fly it here himself—he loves to fly—on Sunday night. Asked us to arrange things so that he could fly it back to the Coast with stops at Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. We said 'Great!' Now, Mr. and Mrs. Labouisse live at the Dorset here, and at seven-thirty sharp yesterday morning Kaye arrived at the hotel for a breakfast meeting with them. Then we all drove out to the airport to see him off. Paul Edwards, our Chief of Public Information, went with him on the trip, and so did Lloyd Bailey, the Executive Director of the United States Committee for UNICEF, which sponsors the Trick or Treat campaign. Mr. Labouisse had to rush back to the U.N. for a Hammarskjöld memorial ceremony of some sort and a meeting with the S.-G.—



"*What I miss are the days when seldom was heard a discouraging word.*"

ESTA LINEA
PARA MIAMI

that's the Secretary-General—and when we got here the telegram from Oslo, saying that we'd won the prize, had arrived. My first thought was that some joker might have sent it—not the Norwegians at all. I was just so startled that I couldn't believe it. Well, Mr. Labouisse went off to his meetings, and we started drafting a statement for him. The telegram had said that we shouldn't announce the prize till 6 P.M. Oslo time, which is 1 P.M. our time, but somehow word got out, and some news agency broke the time ban, and before you knew it the place was crawling with photographers and reporters, and everybody with an afternoon deadline was screaming for pictures. Mr. Labouisse left his meeting to pose, and we decided to call a press conference for two-forty-five our time, because we had so many reporters on our hands. We had drafted the statement, and when Mr. Labouisse came back, he did a rewrite. Made it very human, very warm. He's like that. Anyway, not long after the press conference he called a senior staff meeting, to sort of tell everybody formally about the prize, and then he wrote telegrams to all the field officers, telling them. At six-thirty, he left for a dinner meeting, but he came back to the office a few minutes later. Said he wanted to add a few words to the telegrams. The words were 'Warmest congratulations to you all.' Well, Mr. Labouisse went off to dinner, and we went off to try to find a light-blue shirt for him, because he was going to appear on a Channel 13 news show that evening. We couldn't get hold of one in the right size, because all the stores were closed, so he wore a white shirt, and it worked out all right. We didn't deliver him home that night till after eleven, but nobody minded—we were all too euphoric to care."

Mr. Ling's secretary buzzed to say that five long-distance calls were backed up on his line. We thanked him for his heady monologue and started down the corridor.

Our next stop was the office of Newton Bowles, UNICEF's Senior Program Officer. Mr. Bowles is a Canadian with dark-red hair, and we asked him to tell us something of his history. He offered us a chair, and told us, "I've been here since 1948, and before that I was with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in China until the end of the program, in 1948. We had set up relief missions there. I'm *from* China—actually born there." Bowles pulled open the top drawer of his desk and showed us a Canadian passport that included the information "Place of Birth: Chengtu, China." "When I joined UNICEF, I worked in Asia, setting up field missions, and I eventually came to headquarters here to supervise the Asia program," he continued. "Then they gave me this job. It's my job, sort of, to ask why as well as how. You see, we've evolved, here at UNICEF, from an emergency-relief operation into an agency that tries to help countries work out their own solutions, develop their own human resources. It was easier in the beginning. A developing country can cope fairly well with mass campaigns, like milk distribution or vaccinations, but a long-range campaign, like educating a population in child nutrition, is another story. There are countries around where the various technical Ministries—Health and Education, for example—don't even talk to each other, and we have to try to get them together before we can *begin* to think of something like a child-nutrition campaign. People are just starting to discard the old steel-mill fallacy—the idea that if you put up a steel mill in the middle of the jungle, all the jungle's problems will be solved. And so our job has become more than just doling out a cup of milk to a child. Our job is to show a new country, somehow, that it's the child, not the steel, that is *the* most important resource for the country's economic, social, and political growth. And we've got to persuade countries to start self-perpetuating projects of their own. For instance, we used to send the Thais vitamins for their children. Then we decided to help them build and maintain a plant of their own for encapsulating shark-liver oil, which is incredibly rich in vitamins, and now they can produce enough vitamins for their entire child-health program. We do all we can to get local people to start planning for their own kids."

We left Mr. Bowles and continued down the corridor to the office of Mr. E. J. R. Heyward, who came to New York in 1947 with the Australian Mission to the U.N. and stayed on to become the Deputy Executive Director of UNICEF. Mr. Heyward was shuffling through a pile of reports on his desk. When we asked him about the Nobel Prize, he announced, in undiminished Australian, "I will tell you that the circumstances of a young child's life have more to do than most people realize with whether that child grows up peaceable or aggressive, and I think that is why UNICEF got the prize. That's also why UNICEF is looking right now at the total picture of a child's development. It's one thing to bring a child safely into the world. It's another to care about what happens to the child after that. What good are the vocational schools a country builds, for example, if there are no decent primary and secondary schools to prepare him for them? And, for that matter, what good is a primary school if life has broken down that child by the time he's six years old and should be ready to go to it? In so many places, children tend to get looked after at birth and then in school, but in between birth and school they're almost literally abandoned. The years between one and six—those are crucial years from the point of view of the development of a child, and UNICEF is going to try to do something about them. At the last meeting of our board, in June, we decided to study what could be done for children that age. We've got more than a hundred child-health services going, around the world, but they're only part of the total picture. By June of '67, we hope—that is, if we can support it—to have at least one project that will be representative of our new goal going in each of our field regions. We already have thirty-three field offices, scattered all over the world, and two-thirds of our professional staff is in the field. We make some plans here, do some purchasing, and handle the finances, but it's those workers in the field who do UNICEF's real work. For instance, in Chile they're working on a project dealing with what the Chileans call 'children in irregular situations'—that means kids in trouble with the courts. Chile wanted help in training its own personnel to carry out this program and perpetuate it, and we're there giving it to them."

While Mr. Heyward was talking about Chile, several men and women walked past his open door and into the room across the corridor, which is the UNICEF boardroom. We asked about them, and learned that they were members of the board of directors of the United States Committee for UNICEF, which was going to meet that afternoon. This committee is a volunteer organization of private individuals and has raised several million dollars for UNICEF every year through its greeting-card sales and its Halloween Trick or Treat collections. When we left Mr. Heyward's office, we looked into the boardroom and were invited in. We found a chair near Mrs. Guido Pantaleoni, Jr., the president of the committee. Mrs. Pantaleoni is a tall, striking woman of considerable charm, and at that particular moment she was beaming across a long wooden table at six men and seven women, who were beaming back at her. "I haven't seen such a cheery crew in this room in years," she said, laughing.

"If there's anything you want done today, just ask us. We'll do anything," one man said. "It's a good time to pin us down."

"What with the Nobel Prize, the Pope's visit, and the money that we expect to make this year on our greeting cards, this is going to be more of a celebration than a meeting," a woman sitting next to us whispered, smiling.

Mrs. Pantaleoni called the meeting to order and asked if anyone wanted to hear the minutes of the previous meeting read.

Everybody replied "No!" It was then moved and seconded that the board was much too keyed up to listen to minutes.

"Good!" Mrs. Pantaleoni said. "And now is there any other rapid piece of business we can dispose of before Mr. Labouisse gets here?"

"All our other business is much too controversial!" one of the committee directors called down the table, and everybody laughed.

"Well, how about the group who are revising the certificates of appreciation?" Mrs. Pantaleoni asked, and just then Mr. Labouisse walked in.

"I *could* come back later," Mr. Labouisse, who was our Ambassador to Greece before he took over UNICEF, last March, said diplomatically, but Mrs. Pantaleoni urged him to sit right down and meet the committee. Mr. Labouisse, sitting down next to Mrs. Pantaleoni, told the committee that the Nobel Prize was really a posthumous tribute to the work of Maurice Pate, who had directed UNICEF from its inception, in 1946, until his death, last January.

"People asked me yesterday why UNICEF got the prize," Mr. Labouisse went on, in a slow, easy Louisiana drawl. "Well, the Nobel Committee never will say, really, but *I* think it's their recognition of the importance of children to the peace of the world, their way of saying that until misery is removed you can never have the stability necessary for peace, and that the world's future is not just the sum total of its tangibles but the potential of its children. And people in this country will ask you why they should support UNICEF when it serves Communist children, along with all the others. Well, you tell them, when they ask you, that maybe it's *especially* important to help precisely those children. And, after all, a child's a child anywhere. We need to prod, and when we do, sometimes we make the crucial difference. Take Taiwan, where we've paid a group of teachers a stipend amounting to something like five dollars a year to take a refresher course that we've helped establish. Why, the difference between the children with teachers who have taken that one course and the children with teachers who haven't is astonishing."

TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to thirty-five cents. This change brings the price into line with the subscription rate, which was raised in 1963.

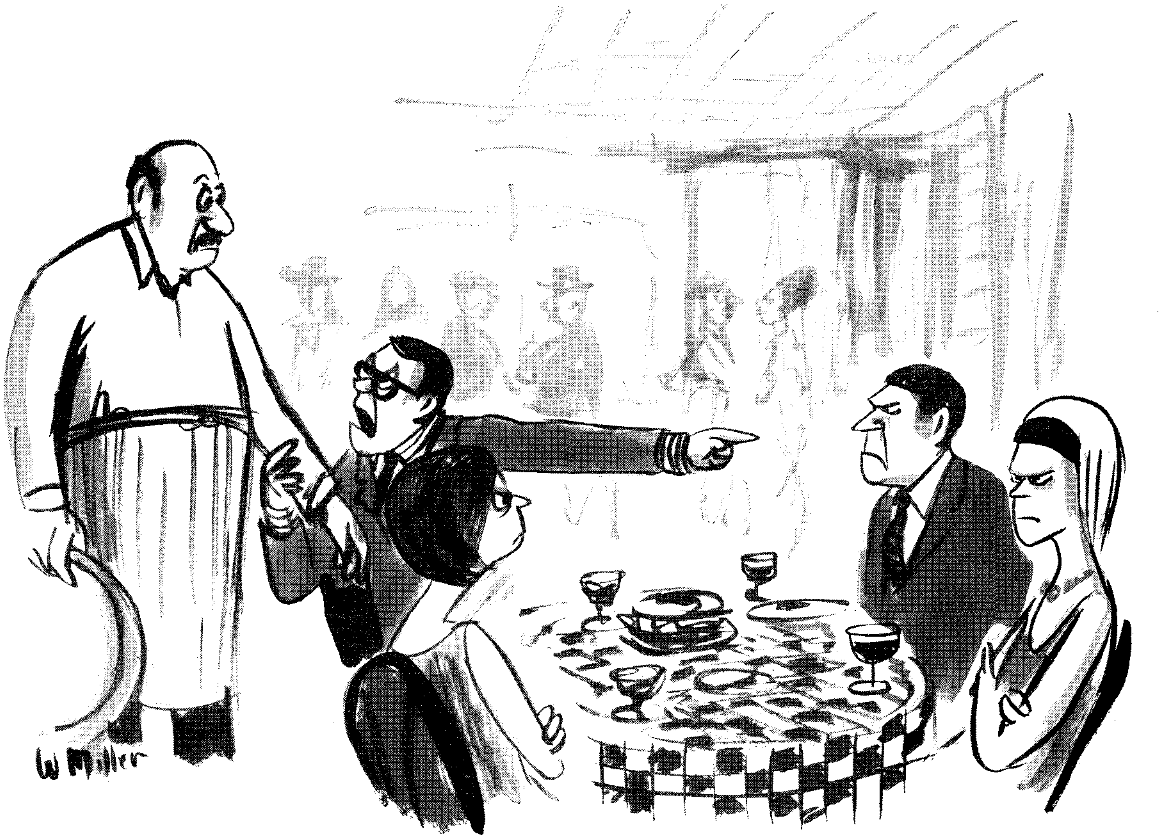
Mr. Labouisse then sat back to hear the reports of various subcommittee chairmen, and when they were finished he thanked Mrs. Pantaleoni and left. We followed him to his office, a large, simply furnished room, with an enormous desk, a few scattered chairs, and a painting of three zebras. Mr. Labouisse, a handsome man with sleek steely-gray hair and the last remnants of a UNICEF-field-trip tan, sat down behind the desk, leaned back, lit a long, fat, pungent cigar, and drew on it deeply. "I didn't dare smoke this with all those ladies around," he said, smiling. Before becoming Ambassador to Greece, Mr. Labouisse was the director of the International Coöperation Administration, a forerunner of A.I.D.; before that he was the special representative for Africa for the World Bank and the Special Adviser to the Secretary-General on U.N. Operations in the Congo; and before *that* he was director of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East (an institution known to most of us, although unpronounceably, as UNRWA).

We asked Mr. Labouisse about his first appointment at the U.N.

"I had met Dag Hammarskjöld years ago in Paris, when he was representing Sweden in the setting up of the Organization of European Economic Coöperation and I was there doing some work for the Marshall Plan," he said. "Later on, he asked if I'd go to the Middle East for UNRWA. I said I'd go for a year, and I ended up staying four. That was the beginning of my work for the U.N. I took *this* job partly because they wanted an American and partly because Washington supported the appointment, but *particularly* because this is exactly the kind of work I'm excited about and deeply interested in. Here in this country, we have the resources to handle the problem of needy children—the fact that we're often in a mess handling it is not a result of money troubles but of an insufficiently aroused citizenry—but most countries *don't* have the resources, let alone an aroused citizenry. UNICEF is operating on only thirty-five million dollars this year—we need and want more. They tell me that thirty-five million is what the world spends in two hours on arming itself. But even the comparatively small amount that we do have enables some of these countries to make a little headway for their kids. We're a catalyst, in a way. For instance, we've helped with a project in Thailand and other countries that is really a day-nursery service. Now, that sounds fancy, but it really isn't fancy. In most countries, it's vital. Mothers are out working the land, and if their children can just sit outside under a tree, as part of a group with a teacher, those children are on their way to an education. Children here are prepared for their education, but in most parts of the world a child reaches school age without knowing what a book is or what the word 'classroom' means. The cities, with their crowded shantytowns, are a real problem today, and we want to do more work there. But even when we just help in rural areas, and conditions improve because of our help, then we've prevented an awful lot of people from swarming into those city slums."

We asked Mr. Labouisse about his recent UNICEF field trip, and he said that he'd visited projects in Taiwan, Malaysia, the Philippines, Thailand, and Hong Kong.

"I made a short side trip to Japan to try and extract some more money from the Japanese Prime Minister," Mr. Labouisse said. "I want to go to Latin America next month and then to Africa in the spring. I want field knowledge of what we are doing and what we can do. Now, I know that each country has its priorities for spending, and that it's often easy not to think of the child at all but to think in terms of railroads, power, and higher education—things like that. But children don't just develop by themselves. You can't produce a really advanced and developed society without nurturing and drawing on your *human* resources, your *human* raw material. It's those human resources—those kids—that can give you a healthy and capable social base. You remove just a little bit more poverty and distress and ignorance from the world and your chances for peace will be just a little bit better."



"Edoardo, you tell them! Who discovered this place—them or us?"

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Equipment

FOR those who may have missed last week's Business Equipment Exposition at the Coliseum, we report the following items of general or particular interest: (1) An I.B.M. 360 computer system costs as much as $80,000 a month to rent, can store up to 256,000 "bytes" (I.B.M. storage units) of information internally, and comes in red and blue. (2) The Honeywell H-120 computer system contains automatic interrupt, automatic indexing, magnetic tape read backward, costs $2,000 a month to rent, but is smaller and comes in red. (3) The Victor 3900 Electronic Calculator possesses the following special features: full-floating decimal, automatic roundoff, four constants, two automatic grand totals, full recall flexibility, and no unnecessary zeros. The Victor 3900 Electronic Calculator is called the 3900 because the home office of the Victor Comptometer Corporation is at 3900 North Rockwell Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. (4) The Xerox 2400 Copier is called the 2400 because it makes 2,400 copies in an hour (if you want it to make 2,400 copies in an hour). (5) The I.B.M. 360 computer system is called the 360 because the I.B.M. 360 computer system is a complete computer system, and there are 360 degrees in a circle, which is also complete. (6) The Friden 2201 Flexowriter writes purchasing orders automatically. (7) On the other hand, the Pitney-Bowes M-7601 is an Automatic Document Feeder. (8) The National Cash Register Company has put the entire King James version of the Holy Bible on a piece of microfilm that can fit, and does, right into the palm of your hand. (9) The Stromberg-Carlson S-C 4400 is a high-speed document recorder that records alphanumeric output directly from a computer or from computer-generated tapes onto 16-mm. microfilm for use in automated or semiautomated storage and retrieval. The S-C 4400 is called the 4400 because 4400 sounds good. (10) The National Cash Register Company says that there are 773,746 words in the King James version of the Holy Bible.

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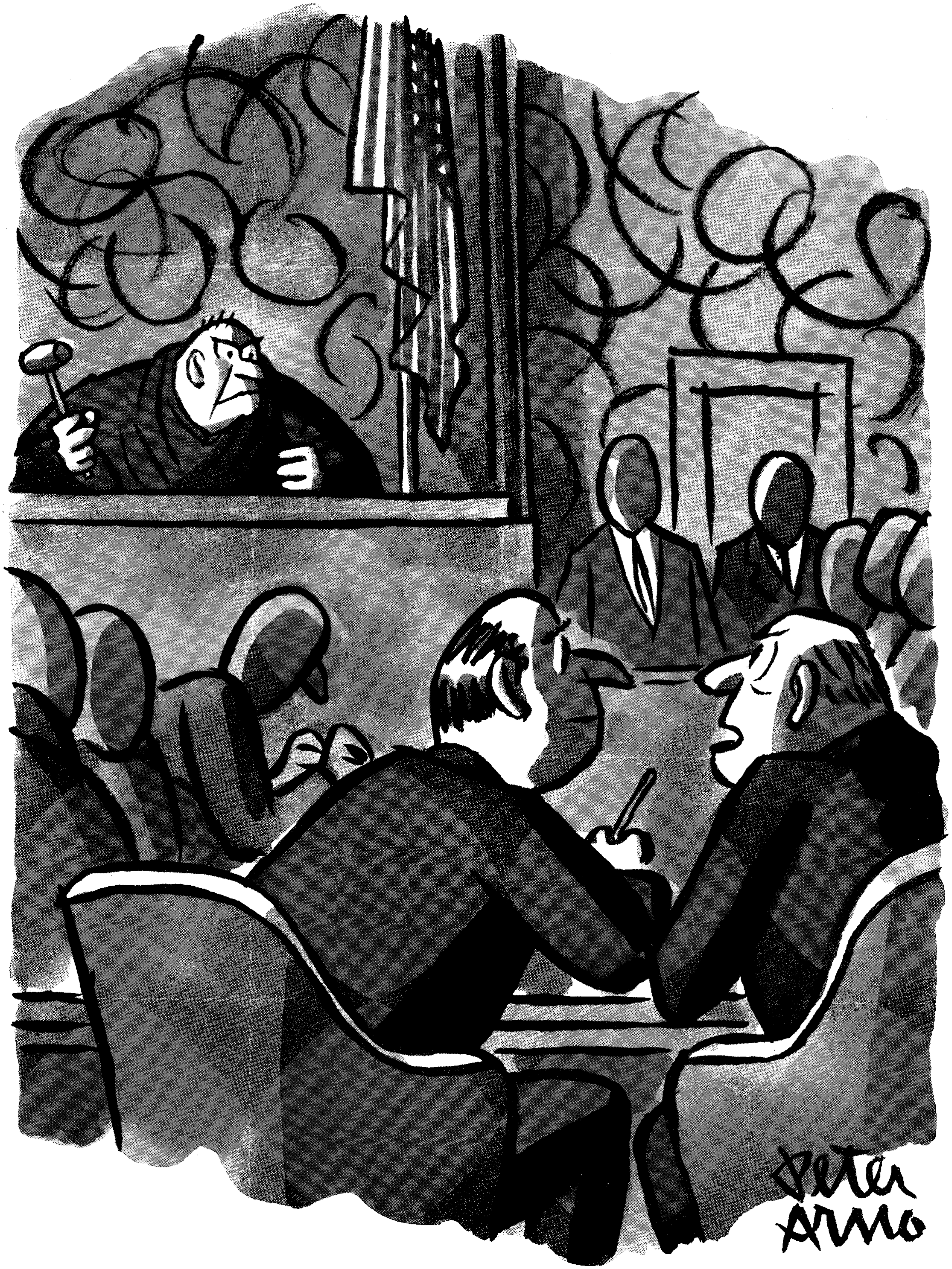
DIALOGUE on Fifth Avenue, between two men in topcoats:

FIRST TOPCOAT: "I'm glad to see you. The thing is, I couldn't associate your face with your name."

SECOND TOPCOAT: "Well, you know, they're really quite different."



"Fastest gavel on the Appellate bench!"

IN THE FAR-OFF LAND OF ENNUI, ETC.

SOMETIMES I wonder if I'm not running with the wrong social set. I gather that at most New York dinner parties the postprandial chitchat concerns itself with things like Vidal Sassoon haircuts, the novels of Günter Grass, Rhodesia, Godard films, folk rock, and Allie Sherman—all subjects on which, it so happens, I am enormously well informed. But at the dinner parties *my* crowd gives there is no postprandial chitchat. Indeed, the stewed pears, Oreos, and instant Maxwell House are scarcely cleared away before the host is on his feet and clapping his hands annoyingly to impose silence.

"Hey," he says, beaming, "let's get out the old paper and pencils. I've got some great new toughies!," and before you can say "*Scientific American*" we all sit down and spend the next three hours solving so-called brainteasers—problems in logic and mathematics that inevitably seem to involve cannibals and missionaries, shipboard murders, non-stop express trains, balancing cannonballs, and other unrelated trivia. At the last four dinner parties my wife and I have attended, we have run up a total of thirty-seven man-hours (man-and-*woman* hours) on brainteasers, not counting time out for Bufferin. This Friday, however, the crowd is coming to our place for dinner, and the past couple of evenings, while the little woman (4′ 3″) has been in the kitchen precooking her famous chicken à la king for the occasion, I have been preparing eight original brainteasers that I plan to spring on everybody right after the lime jello. As I see it, either these problems wipe out the brainteaser craze or I find a new set of friends.

By now, an eager gleam must be shining in the eyes of most of my readers, so let's get right to the problems themselves. Does everybody have a nice sharp pencil? Remember, now, no talking for the next three and a half hours. Have fun!

Problem 1: Yes or No?

In the far-off land of Ennui, the women *always* tell the truth and the men *always* lie. Moreover, in the curious language of the Ennuians the word for "yes" is "yes," while the word for "no" is also "yes." At a remote mountain crossroads, you meet an Ennuian husband and wife on their way home from a P.-T.A. meeting, and you ask them if you are headed north. "Yes!" they both answer at once. *Are* you headed north?

Answer: Frankly, it's difficult to say. The irritating fact is that the Ennuians, to the profound puzzlement of Margaret Mead, have never been able to grasp the concept of direction, north or otherwise, and it is not unusual, for instance, for an Ennuian to go down to the corner for a chocolate malted and not find his way home again for months. For those who wish to investigate this odd phenomenon further, cf. Dr. Carleton R. Hogaboom's "Seven Years of Circling" (*National Geographic*, October, 1924) and Mrs. Maude Bulcher Ward's definitive four-volume work "Ennui: Land of the Lost" (Longmans & Co., 1894). All in all, when visiting Ennui it's a good idea to carry a compass.

Problem 2: Expressly for You

Littleville and Gotham City are exactly four hundred and twenty-four railroad miles apart. On an August afternoon, at precisely 2:14 P.M. Central Standard Time, the non-stop Red Ball Express, travelling at an average speed of 72.3 miles per hour, left Littleville for Gotham City. Meanwhile, on the same afternoon, at precisely 2:16 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time, the non-stop Blue Dart Express, travelling at an average speed of 68.4 miles per hour, left Gotham City for Littleville. Now, read *very* carefully through the problem again, and then answer this question: At what point between Littleville and Gotham City did the two crack express trains meet?

Answer: According to survivors, about two miles east of Cranberry Junction.

Problem 3: Murder Ahoy!

Far out at sea on his ninety-eight-foot yawl, wealthy Wilbur W. Waterfall is found dead, a sterling-silver lobster fork protruding from his left ear. He is clad only in espadrilles and canary-yellow bathing trunks. On the yawl with him are three business associates, Smith, Jones, and Hockenlocker, about whom we know only these six facts:

1. The Bulgarian is left-handed.
2. Ralph is forty-seven years old.
3. Grace smokes Old Golds.
4. Smith is right-handed, while Jones, a switch-hitter, batted .387 in the Sally League last season.
5. Beatrice is prettier than Hockenlocker.
6. Lester told the Lithuanian that lobsters had been selling at $1.18 per pound in Halifax on July 18th, a Monday. Using *all* of these six facts, what can one conclude about the death of wealthy Wilbur W. Waterfall?

Answer: Never go in swimming until at least an hour after eating potato salad.

Problem 4: The Odd Ball

You are given twenty-seven cast-iron cannonballs, twenty-six of which weigh exactly eighty-five pounds and the twenty-seventh of which, although identical with the others in appearance, weighs exactly eighty-five pounds and one-quarter ounce. Using only an old set of baby scales that registers up to twenty-two pounds, two full buckets of water, an ordinary deck of cards, and a pair of rusty five-pound dumbbells, is there a way to discover the heavier ball after only *four* weighings?

Answer: No.

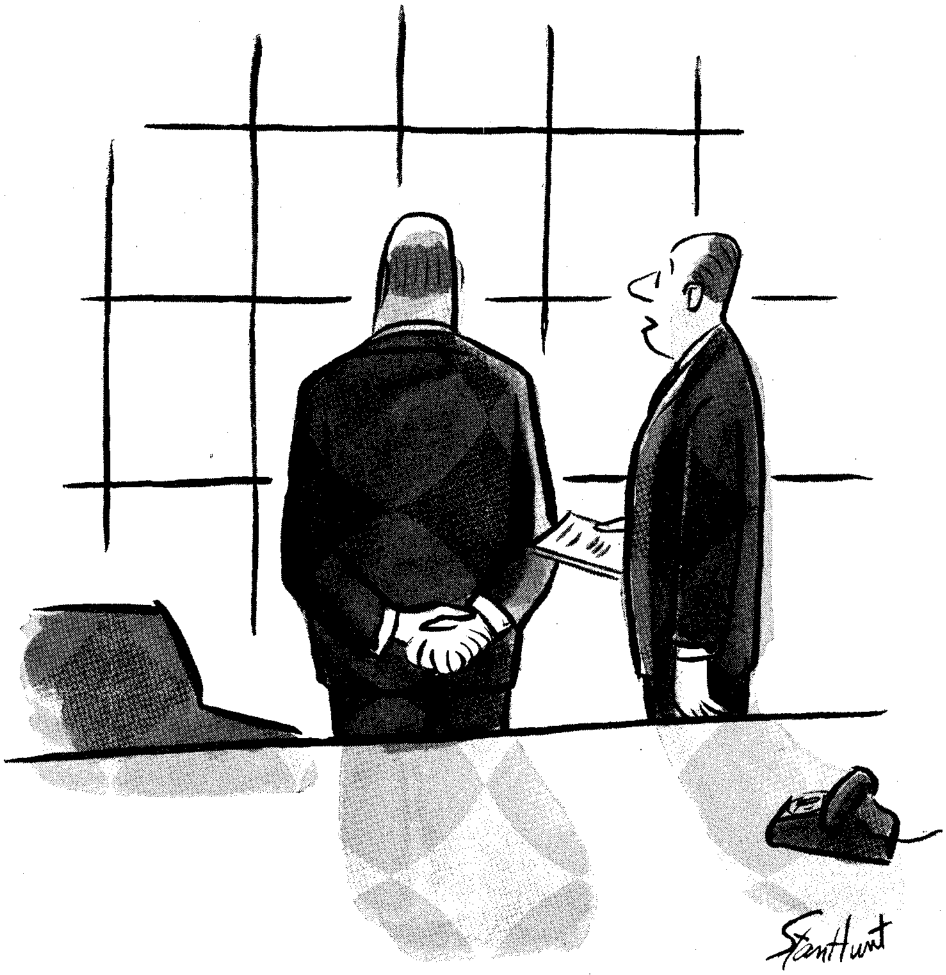
Problem 5: Safari

Three cannibals and three missionaries, carrying a two-man rowboat, are trekking through northeastern New Jersey when they come to a broad river that they wish to cross. All of the missionaries, being honor graduates of Mississippi Southern, know how to row, but none of the cannibals knows how to row, although two of them took a course in Water Safety at Camp Crowsfeet last summer. Now, if at any time the cannibals outnumber the missionaries, the savages will swiftly gobble up the defenseless Baptists. If, on the other hand, the missionaries are in the majority at any time, the cannibals will rapidly expire of acute boredom. How did they all get safely to the other side of the river?

Answer: They caught a No. 108 Public Service Bus in Jersey City, which took them through the Holland Tunnel and uptown to the Port Authority Bus Terminal, from where they walked east and had lunch at Toffenetti's. Later, still carrying their two-man rowboat, they took in the show at the Radio City Music Hall.

Problem 6: The 7:48 A.M. Choo-Choo for Grand Central

You are the engineer of an express-local that leaves White Plains for Grand Central Station at exactly 7:48 A.M. with fifty-nine passengers aboard. At Scarsdale, thirteen passengers get on the train and two get off; at Tuckahoe, eleven get on and one gets off; at Mount Vernon, nineteen get on and four get off. The train then continues non-stop into Grand Central. Now,



"May I speak to you, sir, as a human being?"

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without again reading through the problem, answer this question: What was the name of the passenger who got off at Tuckahoe?

Answer: Floyd J. (Tickets) Overmyer. Actually, Mr. Overmyer wasn't a passenger at all; he was the conductor. By the time the express-local reached Tuckahoe, it was already running two hours and nineteen minutes late. The air-conditioning had stopped working shortly after they'd pulled out of White Plains, and thirty-six passengers in a row had angrily asked Overmyer, "Just ex*act*ly when are we going to get to Grand Central?" In Tuckahoe, Mr. Overmyer stepped off the train, took a full Sandy Koufax windup and threw his ticket punch all the way across the parking lot, and then ambled cheerfully away. Thus, after forty-eight years with the New York Central, during which time he had not missed a single day of work, Tickets Overmyer permanently called it a day. He is now in the delicatessen business with his brother-in-law in Center Moriches.

Problem 7: It's All Relative

Lorna is strolling down the street when she is appalled to see Melvin run over by a steamroller. "Brothers and nephews have I none," cries Lorna, dogtrotting up to the scene of the tragedy, "but Melvin's mother's dentist's brother-in-law is my father's caddie's sister-in-law's son!" What relations had Lorna and the deceased, Melvin, in common?

Answer: Shamelessly illicit.

Problem 8: Cold Storage

This problem in simple logic is based on an actual incident that took place several years ago near Leesburg, Florida. Ottoway T. Smight, an aging butcher's apprentice, was working late in a frozen-foods-processing plant when a gust of wind blew a refrigerator door shut behind him, locking him in in a cubicle where the temperature was 120 degrees below zero. There was no way to open the door from the inside, nor was there an alarm system, and since all of Smight's co-workers had gone home, there was absolutely no chance that anyone would happen along to open the door from the outside. Shivering with the intense cold, Smight, who was wearing only a thin T shirt and a pair of chino pants, tried to call out for help, but, being afflicted with an acute case of laryngitis, he was unable to raise his voice above a whisper. The refrigerator, it should further be noted, was entirely empty except for Smight and twenty-nine dozen Polish sausages. Knowing that within a few minutes he would be a goner, Smight hurriedly fumbled through his pockets to see if there wasn't something on his person that might be of use. The refrigerator light, of course, had gone out when the door closed, but, feeling about in the dark, Smight discovered six objects in his pockets—a half-empty box of Clorets, a penknife, a roller-skate key, an American Express credit card, a paperback copy of Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought," and three ounces of lint. After thinking for several desperate minutes, Smight suddenly snapped his fingers. He had hit upon a course of action! What did Ottoway T. Smight do?

Answer: Smight used the penknife to commit hara-kiri. Did *you?*

—THOMAS MEEHAN

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THE COMPOST HEAP

Think from how many trees
Dead leaves are brought
To earth on seed or wing,
How many traceries
Their silence wrought
Before the stubborn spring.
The stuff of life made these;
It was not thought.

Then Earth, where spirits tread,
Turns in her sleep
And keeps a magic round.
Children of the dead
Run, run and leap,
Where all is common ground,
And the cunning thread
Of time they keep.

All that is fit to praise
Where twined limbs cross
Grows from such a bed.
Fear no dearth of days,
For life will toss
As many as are sped;
Only in other ways
We count our loss.

Think, where the dancers tread
And mourners weep,
All is common ground.
Where life and leaf are shed,
The rose will keep
Both light and substance sound,
That holy fire being fed
By the compost heap.

—VERNON WATKINS

GOODBYE, ADY, GOODBYE, JOE

THE low hill on which Joe's and Ady's old farmhouse stood lay in a loop of a little river, which had been growing bigger during three days of rain. In front of the house and a hundred yards below it, the banks were flat and covered with round stones, and there the river had been spreading into a shallow lake with ripples visible at its advancing edge. Since the rain stopped, shortly after noon, Joe had spent long periods at the kitchen window, watching. Where the river ran behind the hill, the banks were steep and the bed narrow; he knew the spot, out of sight five hundred yards away, where the water would spill over into the gully and run down to join the new lake, turning their hill into an island. This was the event that established a flood for him as a full-sized one with its modest place in history, so when the swimming water advanced round the side of the hill he called out to Ady with a note of satisfaction in his voice, "It's through the gully, Ma. Here it comes." Plenty of go in it still, he thought. He had had to wade through floodwater on his way back from seeing the cows onto high ground, and, feeling it clutch and drag at his high rubber boots, imperious and cold as death, he had been astonished at the force of it. The old woman came shuffling to stand beside him at the window. "Stay out of my garden, you devil," she said angrily to the advancing streak of water.

They stood then, staring while the new river ran down into the new lake, and Joe, who had lived for nearly seventy years on this farm at the center of the world, thought of the two miles that separated them from their neighbors across the river, the eight miles between the farm and the town where their daughter, Roslyn, lived with her husband and children, the hundred and ninety miles of railway that connected the town with the remote, humming and glittering city of Sydney, and saw himself and Ady at the edge of all that distance—not at the world's center but at its edge. He felt prompted to turn and speak to his wife, but idleness had made them shy with each other. They lived alone unless one of the grandchildren was spending a holiday at the farm, but they were always busy; now, with nothing to do, they were bashful, though full of good will, like young lovers.

"I'll put on a cup of tea," said Ady, "if you'll stay put to drink it."

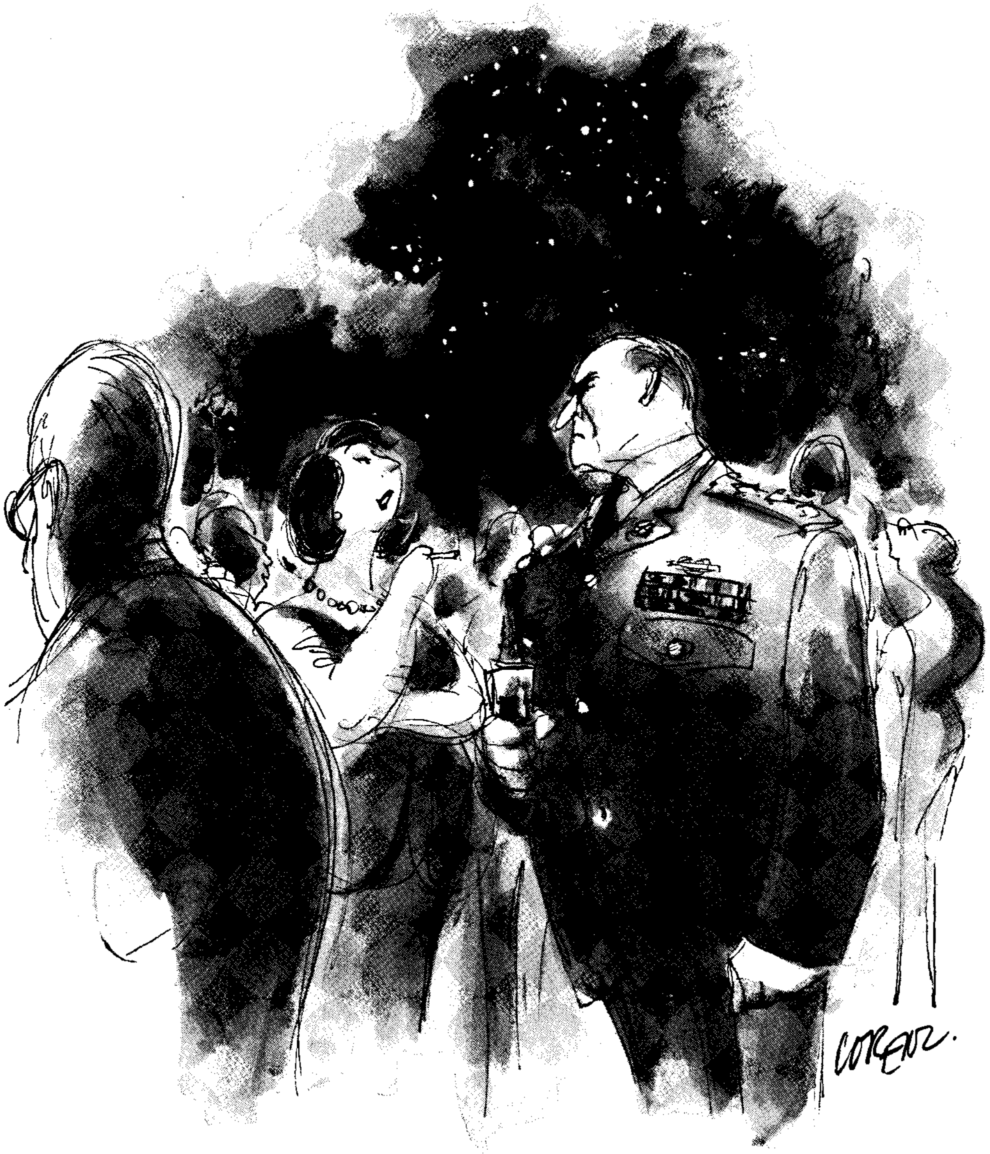
Joe grinned at the reproach. The flood attracted him constantly, so that he had left cups of tea standing to go cold and forgotten food on the table to walk down the hill and gaze at the sheet of water welling toward them.

"Looking won't help," she said. "You ought to take your chance to get a good rest"—as if the flood were a hostile neighbor against whom one must score what one could. She stoked the fire in the kitchen stove, lifted one of the stove lids, and dragged the kettle over the circle of flames. "It'll be in the town by this, I suppose."

"Ros and Arnold never need to worry, living on the hill. Highest it ever came in the town was the window sills of the Commercial Bank, and that was the big one in 1920."

Ady knew this as well as Joe, but, history being the man's province, she would have thought it unbecoming to mention it. She listened with respect while Joe talked, as he drank his tea, about the big 1920 flood and compared it with the flood of 1932, which they called their own, recalling, too, what he had been told about the flood of 1889. During the 1920 one, while they sat isolated in the farmhouse, the talk had been of the 1889, and of this talk Joe now told all that he remembered, Ady helping him with a question when he paused. Only the far-off, freakish deaths were passed over in silence.

The calamities they recalled were small ones—"Every plate in the cupboard broken." These were counterbalanced by marvellous lucky escapes—"But not a chip out of the cut glass in the sideboard. She picked it up and she put it down like a mother cat with its kittens." What they liked best were the comic stories of survival, and Joe was telling one of them as he finished his second cup of tea. "Rolled his clothes in a bundle, see, to swim it, and lost the



"Well, General, it looks as if they won't be beating you into plowshares for a while."

"Holy cow! We must be doing something right!"

bundle halfway. So, no help for it; in he come, mother naked, and there stood the Reverend's wife. Come over to help with the cleaning up, and she stood there with the mop and the bucket like she was turned to stone. I don't think she ever got over it." Blushing and grinning, he set down his cup and went across to the kitchen window, where his smile was extinguished.

"My word, she's moving, Mother. She'll be in your garden all right."

"Oh, the devil," Ady wailed with temper. "Oh, the dirty devil. My poor flowers."

"Flowers are tougher than you think. My mother said the first thing through the mud after the '89 were the sweet peas. The old lady never forgot those sweet peas, standing up there pink and white, with not a mark on them."

"Don't mention mud to me," said Ady.

"No use getting annoyed with it, Mother," he said, but, watching the water creep under the garden gate and wreathe around the gateposts, he thought it was easy to give it an evil character, and when it began to lick the walls of the small shed near the fence he nearly gave vent to an exclamation of temper, and only the thought of what he had just said to Ady made him suppress it.

They stood without moving and without noticing the passing of time, which the movement of the flood, in fact, replaced—the large, silent, reliable timekeeper that made clocks insignificant and the progress of daylight irrelevant. Joe thought of nothing as he stood there—watching was work enough—until Ady, in a thin, irritable voice, as if she were exasperated by a long argument, said, "It's never been into the house."

"There's always a first time. Reckon I might take up the carpet in the front room. Just in case."

This was intended only as a formal recognition of outside events, however. He did not believe the water would come in, but he had begun to need a little insurance against it—like taking an umbrella to scare away the rain. "You put a meal on, Ady, while I'm at it," he said.

It was hard work pushing and lifting the heavy old cedar furniture to free the carpet and then rolling the carpet up, but he worked off his nervous feeling doing it and took honest pleasure in the smell of eggs and bacon frying on the kitchen stove.

When Ady called him to eat, she did not mention the rising water until he started toward the window. Then she said, "It's past the old high-water mark."

"Only takes a minute to stop." He sat down at the table and began to eat slowly and steadily. "I'm going to curse myself for taking that carpet up. The old bookcase gets heavier every year, like a man's bones. I'll lay the carpet across the table here and put a couple of chairs under the ends."

"It's moving so fast," said Ady. "I never knew it move so fast before."

It had to be said sometime, of course, but Joe thought it could have been put off for a while yet.

"Always runs fast and runs away fast," he said, choosing with composure the losing side of the argument. "It's to do with the lie of the land. Not like the flat country, where it lies stinking for weeks."

"Not so fast as this," she said, stubborn and peevish.

"You be right and I'll be wrong," he answered with belittling good humor, intending to annoy her. She should have held her tongue in the first place. Pushing his empty plate away, he said, "Call me when the tea's made. I'll finish with the carpet."

Before he had finished, Ady was at the door, saying, "Joe . . ." in a timid voice. "Joe, come and look at it."

He would not hurry. He was pushing a chair under one end of the heavy roll of carpet and he finished what he was doing before he followed her to the back door, but, once there, he stared for a long time in the last of the daylight at the water sliding and caressing round the lowest step. There was plenty of go in it yet, that was certain, and the rain had come again as quietly as the dark.

"Could you manage a trip to the roof, Mother?" he said at last.

Immediately, Ady began to weep with innocent anguish. "I'll die in my bed," she said. "Get on the roof as soon as you like. I'll die in my bed."

"Now then, Mother," Joe said, and then he reflected. Ady, with her arthritic hip, would scarcely be able to get out on the roof; with her bronchitis, she would not survive a night there in the rain. "We'll bring the bed out of the spare bedroom and raise it on the table. You'll have to give me a hand. The rate she's coming, we'll have to move to keep our feet dry."

It was such a relief to begin hurrying that they rushed at the bed and scrambled around it, pulling off the bedclothes and the mattresses. They turned the bedstead on its side and tried to push it through the doorway into the hall, but they jammed it, blundering about like a couple of heavy old moths. Joe saw then that hurrying was a mistake, and he paused to get hold of himself.

"Better knock it to pieces. We're just wasting time," he said.

"We had it out before. When we laid the linoleum. We took it straight back up the hall, feet first like."

"So we did. Let me think now."

For a moment, he stood leaning against the tilted bedstead jammed in the doorway, and what he thought was how quickly they had gone to pieces, wasting their strength in a stupid struggle with the heavy iron frame and letting darkness fall without lighting the lamp, as if they had already given in to the water and the night.

"We'll have a bit of light and start again."

He made himself move steadily as he lit the pressure lamp. He would not forget again how easily panic started. To Ady, who stood watching him with scared eyes, he said, "Keep the fire up, Mother. We'll be needing our cup of tea."

Back in the hall, with the lamp set high on the hall stand, Joe talked to the bedstead as if it were a frightened horse. He was not going to admit anymore the existence of large, inanimate obstacles that reared up as if they had the devil in them. Somewhere in the situation there was a frightened horse to be soothed and talked into control. "This way, now. Give her a little push there, Mother. There you go, now." The heavy frame slid into the hall and the difficulty of the removal was over, but the work had begun to tell on them. Ady stood ready to push, wearing a sour and fretful look that showed she was calling on the last of her strength.

"What about stopping for that cup of tea?" he asked.

"We'll just finish this first, if you don't mind. You and your cups of tea!" She gave the bedstead an angry push that did not budge it.

"Give it the rough side of your tongue; it might trot along and hop up on the table by itself." He used the mean mildness of tone that always put her in a fury, and though in a way he was doing it for her, knowing her anger was all she had to drive her, it was a pleasure to him to be mean.

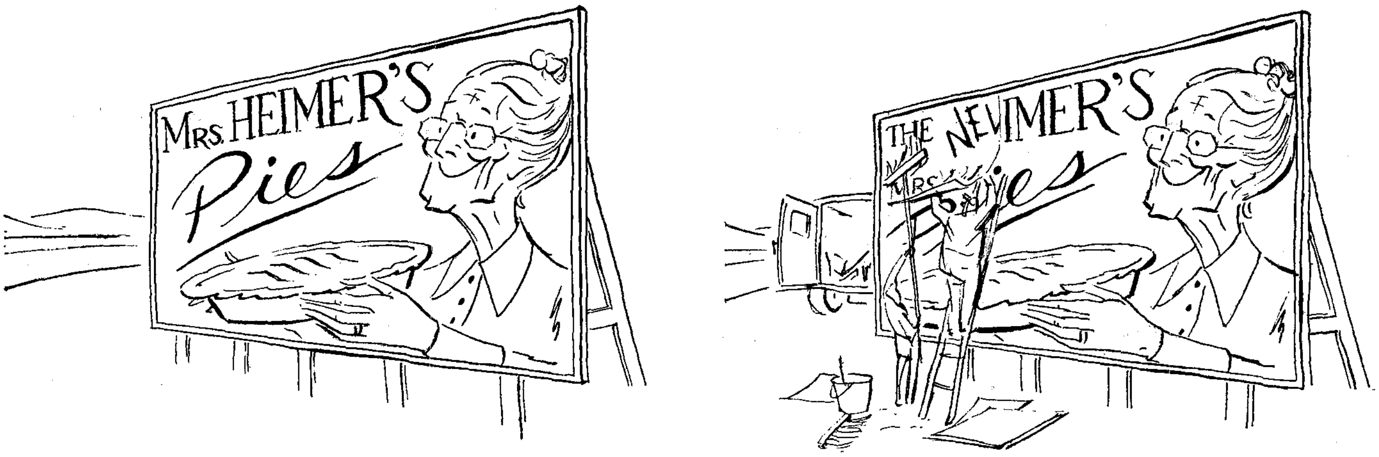
As soon as the bed was up on the table, Ady went down into the old leather chair in the kitchen. While Joe fetched the pressure lamp and put it on the mantelpiece, she sat there, staring at the boiling kettle as if she were trying to remember her connection with it. Joe had to make the tea, and when he took her a cup she accepted it as her right, like a bereaved person, saying only, "You better open the door and take a look." Even her weariness was nothing compared with her horror at the coming invasion of her house.

Joe was surprised the water wasn't in already, they seemed to have been so long moving the bed, but when he looked at his watch he saw it was just on seven o'clock, so it had taken them only thirty-five minutes after all. He opened the door. Looking into the outside world was like looking into a pitch-dark curtained room. The timekeeper there had been moving as steadily as a clock. The water was brimming up to the doorway, and Joe wondered with sudden alarm what he was about, sitting drinking tea, with the mattresses not on the bed yet. He had learned, however, how closely panic followed hurry.

"You make a thermos of tea and get something to eat ready to take up with us, and I'll bring the mattresses out," he said. "Don't get your feet wet. I'll put my boots on. If it comes in, you leave everything and get up on a chair, and I'll finish."

Though he told himself it was better to do a bit of wading than to get flustered, he couldn't help running for the mattresses, and to disguise his urgency he put on a wild good humor, hurling each one, saying, "Heave ho, here she goes." "We'll be snug as bugs," he said as he smoothed the blankets and stacked the pillows as the first long, dark ribbon of water sprang through the doorway and he felt for the first time that day the sudden general weakness of fear.

"Come along. Up with you, Moth-



er," he said gaily. His feelings were in such confusion that as he climbed onto the table to lift her up he felt an irrelevant flash of high spirits, like a twenty-year-old on holiday. As he poured into a thermos flask the tea Ady had made and put cake and biscuits into a basket, he experienced from time to time an extravagant delight at paddling about in the water on the kitchen floor, as if he were eight years old. He couldn't seem to keep hold of his mind, which went on bolting into childhood or the summer days of young manhood, and the water was over his instep, running cold and strong, when he handed the basket of supplies and a pocket torch up to Ady.

He put up the chairs, and on the seat of one of them he laid the hatchet from the woodbox, setting it down quietly so as not to draw her attention to it. If he climbed on a chair—Ady would have to steady it on the bed—he could knock a sheet of iron out of the roof, lift himself out, and somehow lift and drag her out, too. Otherwise, they were climbing into a hole with no way of escape.

As soon as he got up and settled himself beside her on the hill of mattresses, he began to grin. "Proper pair of fools we look, playing king of the castle," he said.

She did not answer, because she was absorbed in looking at the water, and once Joe began to look there was no room for thought in his mind, either. It was sensational news, the water inching up the kitchen walls, disarranging household goods on which a forgotten law had imposed places, making visible and extraordinary objects that custom had made invisible. Kindling lifted and began to float out of the woodbox; the boot-cleaning box tilted, swung sideways, and began to move; the hearthrug grew sodden and sank out of sight.

"Cows'll be up to their bellies in this," Joe grumbled. "We won't be milking for months."

Just then it occurred to him that cows were not the only perishable animals involved, that he might never milk again. The thought came as bold as nightmare and stayed, altering his breathing and making his skin tighten on his body. He looked at Ady and saw that she had had the thought for some time already, and was sitting subdued and frowning, her mouth moving all the time as one lip worried the other. He wanted to warn her, saying, "No, no. Don't speak," but it was too late for that.

As if he had been the first one to speak, Ady said, "I never wanted to be left." She would not look at him, and her uneasy, shifting glance as she watched the water gave her a look of insincerity. "That was the thing I never liked the idea of, you going first and leaving me alone."

Now it was said and there was no going back. Joe was so shocked that for a moment he could not think clearly. Trust Ady, trust Ady to open her mouth wide and say what ought never to be said.

"I always thought I'd have to go and live in town with Ros and Arnold. I never could live under the same roof with Arnold, or under any roof but my own."

It seemed to him that she got some relief from talking, and he was filled with envious anger at first, but he soon travelled through the thought of her relief to the thought of her fear, and then to the knowledge that she, too, had to die. This knowledge offered him no escape from his solitude—poor Ady on her separate precipice was no company—but it brought on a black sadness that steadied him in his own fear.

"You wouldn't ever need to do that," he said.

"You know what they'd be like—at you and at you to do it, and all the time thinking you a nuisance. They'd be worrying about how it looked to other people—that Arnold especially, always worrying about how things look."

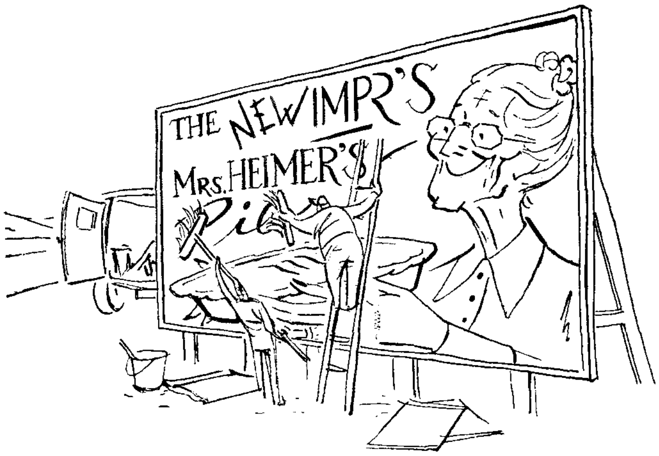
It seemed horrible to Joe that the prospect of death made no change in Ady. She thought of death, too, as a hostile neighbor against whom she must score small triumphs, and the expression on her face, superimposed on its look of trouble, was the ghost of an expression long familiar to him. That brought it home to him clearly that there would be no unknown resource in them to meet the moment. The people they were now must die. It horrified him, too, that he went on thinking about life, thinking new thoughts that were soon to be extinguished.

"It's bound to stop," he said, with such authority that he believed his own words; for a minute, his fear lay down like a dog. "It's got a long way to go yet. Nothing to get in a panic about."

Ady turned on him a look of morbid gentleness; it filled him with pity to see how fear had hold of her poor old sagging body. He ought to encourage her to talk, if it made her feel better. The trouble was that what seemed to help her was the very thing he couldn't stand—to have her soft, monotonous voice go on and on, not mentioning death but taking it for granted, not really facing it but thrusting the idea of it at him with sly, unconscious cruelty. For a moment, he looked at her, reflecting; then he swung off the bed and stepped down into the water.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

Without answering, he set off through calf-deep water toward the dining room. The current would have had him off his feet if he hadn't worked his way along the wall. Now the ruin and disorder of the furniture made him feel sick and angry; without looking round him, he worked his way to the corner cabinet, seized their two bottles of liquor, and turned back.



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The way back was difficult. The current running against him set him to a slow, wrenching dance that looked comic and made him sad. When he reached their fantastic temporary tower, he leaned against it with a feeling of affection, as if it were home and represented permanence and security. He handed up the bottles and paused a moment before he set off for the sink to fetch a bottle of drinking water and glasses. He had to control his movements so that Ady would not see how strong the current was. Hard as that was for him, as he came back holding the bottle and the glasses like a tightrope walker, concentrating on keeping his balance, he lived for a minute or two like a man in control of circumstances. It was a short release from the fear that had ceased to be terror and had become a straining of the mind at a thought it could not hold.

"Here you are, Ma," he said cheerfully. He handed up the bottle and the glasses, climbed onto the table, and pulled off his boots.

Ady was staring at the bottles with disappointment, as if she had been expecting something more like a miracle.

"Come on, have a drink. It'll warm you."

The bottle of whiskey was nearly full, and there was two-thirds of a bottle of the brandy Ady used for her Christmas cakes. The whiskey was most likely to do the trick, he thought, and he poured some into a glass, added water, and gave it to her.

Looking askance at the glass, she said, "I can't drink that stuff," and then turned to him with a shy, disturbed look that moved something in his memory.

"It'll do you good. Come on." He poured himself a drink and waited for her.

"Nasty stuff." She sipped and looked down into the glass with a sour grimace.

"Keep at it, now. You might get a real liking for it."

"That would be a nice thing."

At this, the absence of future pressed on them suddenly, the vast terminal brick wall of death reared in front of them, and they gulped down the whiskey. Then Joe poured them each a tumblerful and they gulped that, too—so open and shameful an action that each resented the presence of the other. In a moment, Joe put his hand over hers in remorse; her soft, shamed glance made him blush suddenly while it travelled in the dark lumber room of memory like a thin, hesitant beam of light. He poured her another drink and said, "Come on, down with it," sternly, to cover the shame of her willingness, and was all at once enveloped by a past day, as fresh as paint: cold sunlight and fine slippery grass growing on a steep bank like a wall behind them, Ady red and downcast as she straightened her dress, and himself saying miserably, "After all, we're getting married Saturday," and Ady—how astonishing it was, what a splendid present, to see that young face again—saying, "It won't be the same now," fretfully, so that he realized that what for him had been a sin against love was for her a domestic disaster in which her bridal finery had suffered. Being romantic, he had thought of love as a secret wonder Ady held in her keeping, and feared that his lust, which had sprung on him like a lion, had done it a mortal injury—but Ady did not understand his bitter remorse or his need for comfort. His disappointment was deep, but he bore it with patience and put his arm round her tenderly. Since then the lion had grown old and died, become a disregarded old lionskin warm to the feet in cold weather, but that mixture of tenderness and disappointment remained; it was the closest he had come to love.

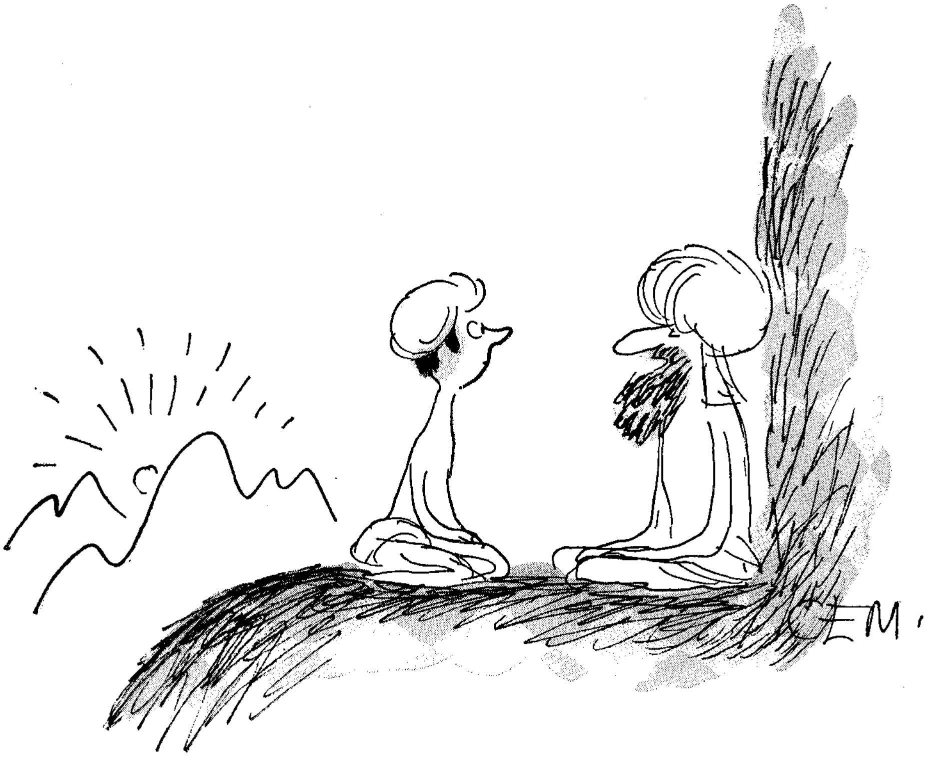
Ady began to talk in a strange tone, irritable yet dreamy. "I don't see why she had to change her name. That Arnold and his notions. I thought Rosaleen was a lovely name. Everyone used to say, 'What a pretty name you've got, Rosaleen.' I was set on her having a pretty name, mine being so plain. The first day she went to school, I remember, the teacher said to her, 'Rosaleen. My, what a pretty name you have, Rosaleen.' When she got home that day, I said to her, 'Well, what did they tell you at school?' and that's what she told me—the teacher said, 'My, what a pretty name you have, Rosaleen.' "

"Kids always hate their names," Joe said appeasingly, but he didn't really mind Ady's complaining, for he knew she was finding her way along the beaten path of grievance back to the past.

"I took a dislike to him the first day he set foot in this house. It wasn't my business and I held my tongue, but I never could like him. You're a cold fish, I thought to myself. You'll never let your heart rule your head. And so he's turned out. It was his job that took Rosaleen's fancy. She wanted to be the solicitor's wife and live in town, that's the long and the short of it."

"She's got her life, Mother, and she's happy enough in it."

He wished he could find a door to the past again himself, for it was the only way left to go. He tried to summon up the face of the child Rosaleen, but the stout, cultured matron she had become obstructed his view. He thought again of young Ady, but her face, too, was gone; nothing was left of the picture but the tall bank and the tough, shining grass. The thought that the bank was still there struck him a strange, painless blow, a sensation that first he shrank from and then accepted. It grieved him to think of the grassy bank being drowned under the water, and that, too, was a remote and painless kind of grieving. Suppose he said to Ady, "Do you remember that Saturday be-



"The truth, my son, is we need a larger Air Force."

• •

fore we were married?" He had a longing to meet her in the past, but it would frighten her, and she was absorbed, besides, in her lament, which was full of the same kind of comfortable sorrow as Joe's sadness for the grassy bank. Another drink would fix Ady, he thought, and poured it for her.

He didn't have another himself, being rather uneasy at the odd thoughts that were drifting through his mind. When a man began fretting about grass being under the water . . . Then he looked at the flood as it rose, quiet and punctual, full of power, and felt in his smallness ashamed of supposing that it mattered whether he was drunk or sober. Something was required of him, some way of looking at the situation, but all he could feel was wonder that the water should be there, drowning the lounge suite and the kitchen clock. Because he found it difficult to believe what he saw, he looked round at Ady and found her lying asleep. Her withered eyelids, not weathered like the rest of her face, were as white as petals, her white hair lay loose about her face, and she had clasped her false teeth to her chest like a child's treasure. She was the link between reality and unreality. Now he believed it all.

The lamp on the mantelpiece went out and blackness invaded his eyes. He sat without stirring. The sound of the water was as quiet as a man's breathing, broken now and then by a gulping noise. He groped for the torch, disturbing Ady, who muttered angrily in her sleep, but when he found it and had his finger on the switch he paused. What good would that do? It was only for comfort that he wanted the light, and comfort was a sickly drink he had drunk enough of. Though his breathing was heavy and fear had a clenching hold on his intestines, he sat in the dark and tried to remember how high the water was. He studied the luminous face of his wristwatch. It was ten after ten—seven o'clock or nearly, just after dark, when the water first came in. Say two foot eight to the tabletop and two foot more to the wire mattress—she was past the tabletop all right. He would look in a minute. If he had thought of it before, he could have been calculating the rate of the flow. It would have done no good, but a man felt better when he could set himself to work. It gave him the feeling he was in control. That was a lie, too, but it kept a man upright on his feet. My God, he thought, seeing life from a new and shocking angle, that was a lie that walked with a man every day of his life.

He chose death for them when he went and got the liquor. He had not known it nor intended it; he had only, for a moment, stopped thinking about survival and begun to think of fear as the enemy. What a large, unexplored country lay inside a man—who would have thought he could be responsible for Ady's death? It was because he was an old man; a young man's grip on life was fierce, and he would grudge no suffering that kept him alive. Fear would have saved them if they had been able to endure it, would have given him the strength and the ruthlessness to drag and bully Ady out onto the roof, but he had put fear to sleep.

When he switched on the torch, the water had reached the lowest mattress, and the sight of it made him turn cold. He looked at his watch and saw it was a quarter to eleven. Then he thought, Why die? It would be so easy, still, to climb up onto a chair and escape to the roof. To lie down and die now seemed insane and disgusting, or like a man's lying in filth when he could get up. He turned and seized Ady, shouted and shook her, but she did not stir. It was a long time before he could make himself believe that he could not lift her, and he did not stop trying until she uttered a pathetic long moan of protest. Then he lay panting, with his heart beating hard, and thought what he had to do. The thing he must not do was to climb out onto the roof alone. He groped for the whiskey bottle and took a swallow of it where he lay; then he sat up and drank what was left. He found the brandy bottle beside him and sat waiting, thinking of nothing, till a moment of purpose arrived and he uncorked the bottle and began to drink. It was a small bottle, and it was not full, but it took a surprising time to drink it out. He let the empty bottle drop into the water, but it stayed beside the bed and nudged his limp fingers like a hungry pet. He switched the torch on then, out of curiosity, and watched the bottle as it heaved and nuzzled among the trailing blankets, showing there was more movement in the water than appeared on its surface, which looked like the shining black floor of the cavern of light that the torch created. Joe looked at the water for a moment with idiot interest and then switched off the torch, because the light was keeping him awake.

THE Army duck advanced steadily through mud and water, the soldier at the wheel frowning with concentration as he steered his course, his younger companion gazing about with a tourist's interest at the weird effects of the flood. It was early morning. They had started out on the road from their barracks to the town at midnight and, after two hours' sleep in the town, had been called from their beds to begin rescue work. In the circumstances, they were inclined to exchange jokes and make cheerful conversation—though it had to be shouted above the noise of the duck's engine—since they did not wish to entertain the thought of what they might find. They were subdued, however, by the bearing of the passenger in the back seat, who sat upright, wearing already the awful dignity of bereavement, looking with calm authority at the devastation round him as if he owned a considerable share of it. He was a middle-aged man with pale, serious eyes, regular features too firmly padded under his rough, shining pink skin, and fair, tightly curling hair. The elder soldier thought of him as Curlylocks in spite of the sad circumstances. Both the soldiers disliked him and were ashamed of their dislike, which deepened the unreasonable shame they felt at not being involved in the disaster. When they came in sight of the farmhouse and saw no sign of life there, they were full of remorse and pity.

"You stay there, sir," the driver said quickly, with some tenderness in his tone, as he got down. He tried to walk with a confident bearing through the open door, but his tread was heavy.

Almost at once, he appeared again, and said with a radiant grin, "Come and have a look at this."

JOE opened his eyes and reflected deeply. Someone close to him had said, "Boy, what a party!" He turned his head slightly and saw the grinning face of a stranger, who said, "Sleeping it off, Dad?"

He closed his eyes again to give privacy to his thoughts. Something quite astonishing had to be taken into account—what was it?

He was alive. If he was alive, Ady was alive, too. That thought brought a little warmth into his brain; he opened his eyes again and tried to lift his head, but a fierce pain drove through it and pinned it to the pillow. Then he made sense of what the stranger had said. He was alive and he had a hangover. This time he rolled over and got up more carefully, bringing his head slowly erect—and, by God, there was Ady, sleeping like a baby, with her false teeth held against her chest like a rosebud. He realized then that he was holding the whiskey bottle, which he must have found and clung to in his sleep. Looking down carefully, with respect for the condition of his head, he saw his son-in-law, Arnold. The old leather chair was leaning drunkenly against the stove, with the upturned brandy bottle resting in its arm. Arnold looked at it with a mild, wondering look, but so intently Joe thought he was going to speak to it, and then Arnold looked round him. The soldiers were studying the high-water mark on the wall, and the elder one said to Joe, "Only just kept your feet dry that time." Quickly, with an apologetic smile directed at no one, Arnold hid the brandy bottle in the sink.

"As close as I want to go," Joe agreed. He shook Ady by the shoulder. "Hey, Mother, we've got company. Here's Arnold come to see us."

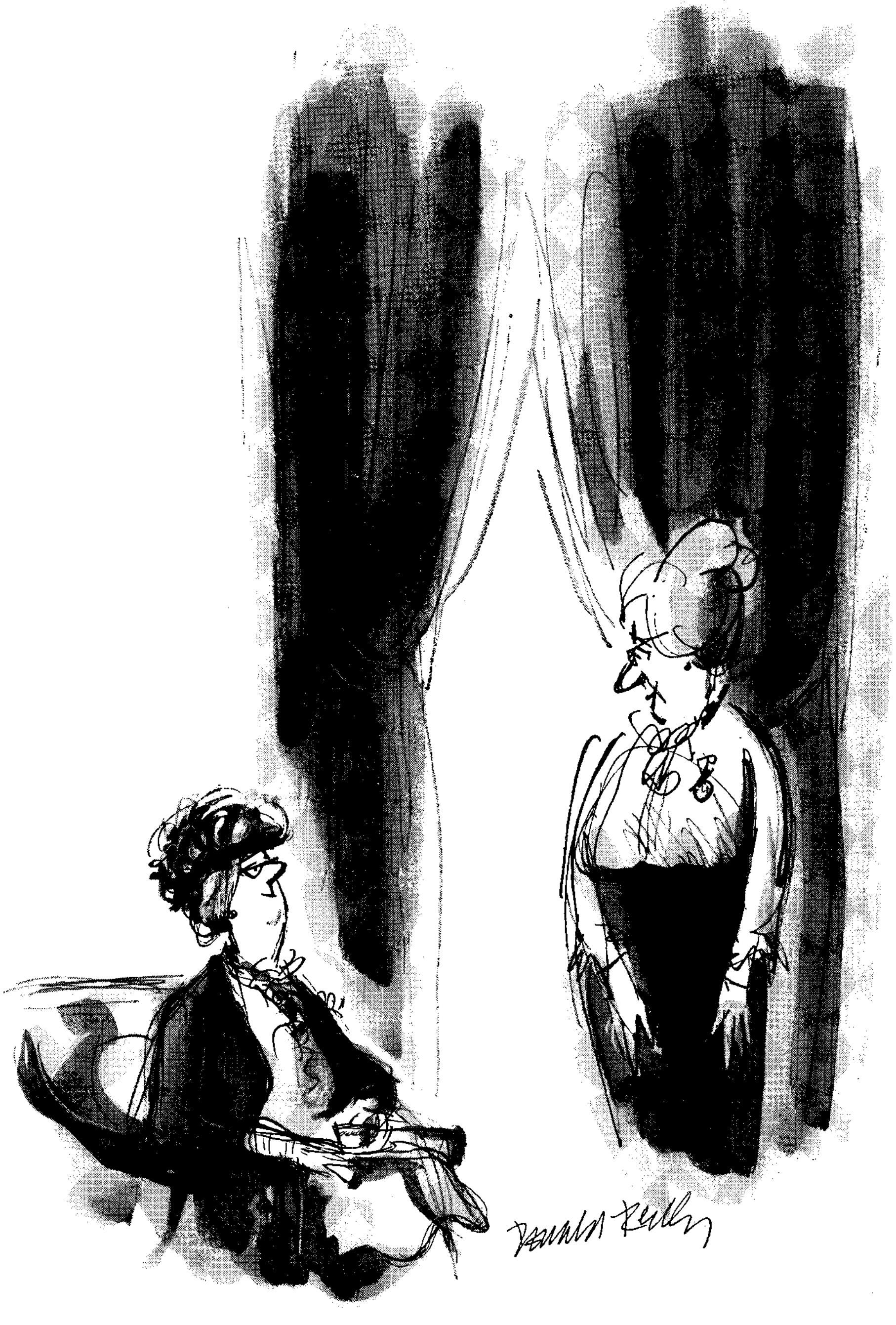
He could swear she had her teeth in before her eyes were open. As soon as she was sitting up, he took off his socks, rolled up his trouser legs, and, stepping down into the mud, made for the door.

There'll be plenty of damage done, he thought nervously, trying to prepare himself for what lay outside—but "damage" was only a word, and he was not ready for the physical shock that struck him through his eyes. He felt a great cry of outrage and protest rise in him, as if he were looking at the corpse of a friend.

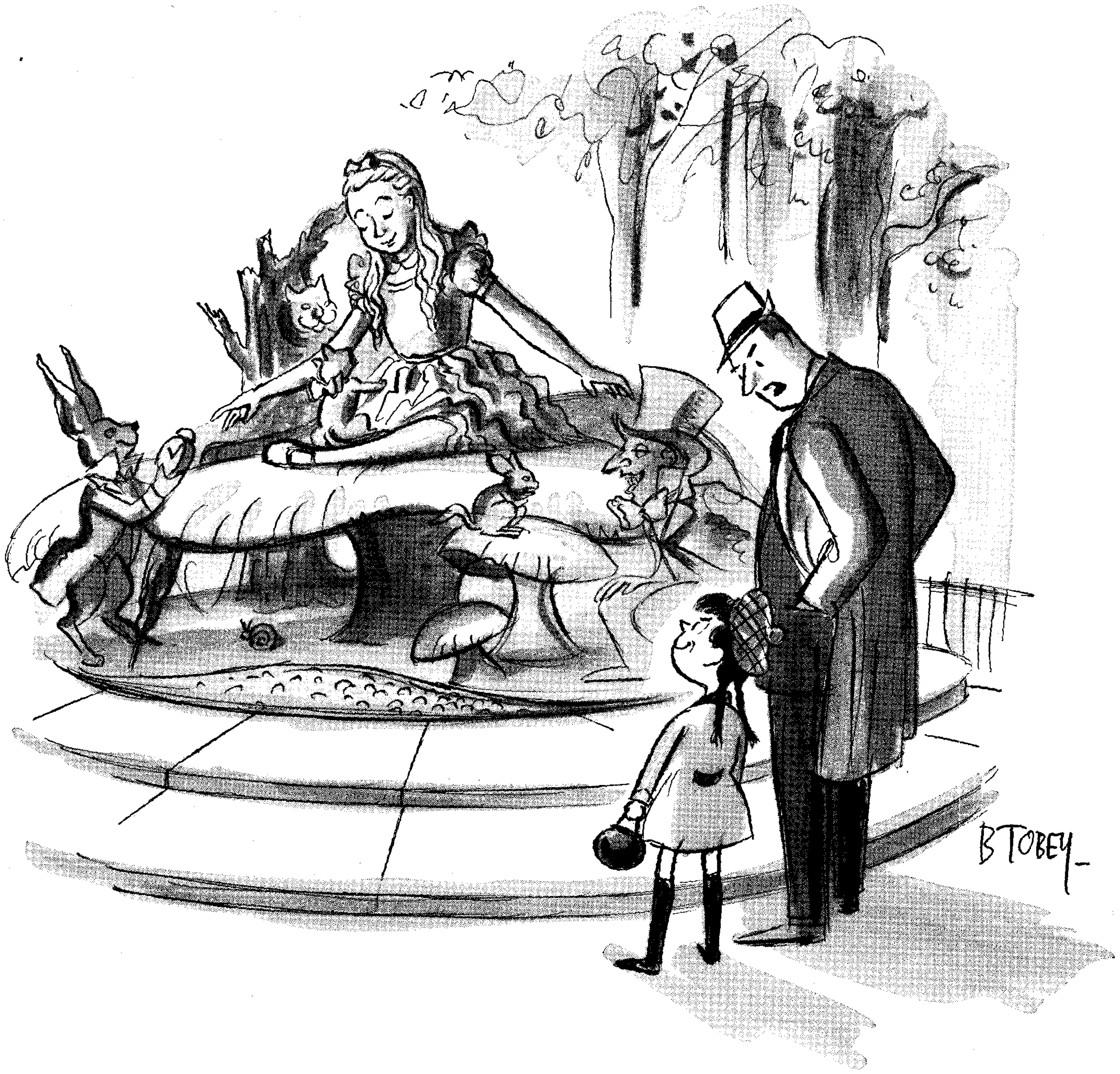
"Six inches more and you wouldn't have known a thing about it," the soldier said behind him, and he seemed to be far away.

How hideous the gray-black mud was, lying as heavy as flesh on the sagging fence. The small shed was lying on its side; slowly and with effort, Joe moved his eyes away from it. There was a great raw scar along the edge of the gully where the land was torn away, and tumbled across it there was an uprooted tree as ugly as a pulled tooth.

"Someone else could have cleaned up



"In a way, I'm fortunate. Howard left me comfortable enough to go where the action is."



"No, she isn't some kind of a nut. You're some kind of a nut!"

• •

this mess," he said. "It's no job for an old man."

He wished from his heart he had not awakened, and need never wake again. It seemed to him that the instinct that made an old man turn away from life was the right one, but he was quickly ashamed of the bitter, complaining tone in his voice and of the despair that prompted it. He had not turned his head to speak to the soldier, and that was because he was concealing the look that he felt was set like a mask on his face—exactly that mild and wondering look he had seen on Arnold when Arnold saw the brandy bottle. Reality, with its unaccountable surprises, had always been too much for Arnold, and just now it was too much for Joe. Seeing this likeness between himself and his son-in-law, he felt a disagreeable small shock that woke him out of the great one. "What were you expecting?" he said to himself angrily. "You knew there was a flood, I suppose. Had long enough to think about it."

As for Arnold, Joe knew from long experience, not needing to use words, what it was Arnold longed for and had this morning allowed himself to expect—a moment entirely free from absurdity. In his mind's eye, Joe saw himself and Ady snoring on their wet, bedraggled, elevated bed, he with his bottle, Ady with her teeth, and slowly he began to smile. Someday he'd be dignified enough to suit Arnold, but, by heaven, not yet.

He turned away from the door and went back to Ady.

"Come along, Mother," he said, setting down a chair to make a step for her. "You better start remembering how we move that bed back again."

—Amy Witting

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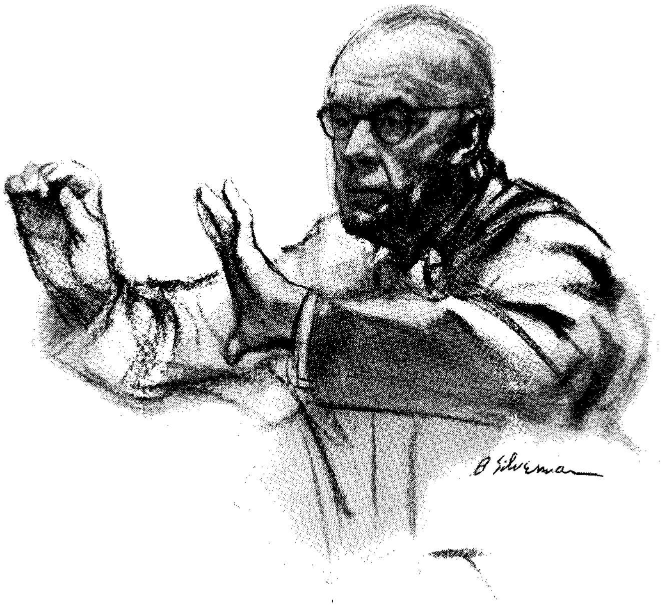
. . . the use of books as advertising media has doubled in the last three years, according to Roy Benjamin, president of the Benjamin Company, and a specialist in the field.

"Books have gained a remarkable degree of acceptability among businessmen," he notes. "They're no longer looked upon as egghead nonsense."—*The Times.*

You sure you're not being carried away by an idea, Benjamin?

PROFILES

THE GRACE OF THE MOMENT



George Szell

MUSICIANS are never indifferent about George Szell, who has just begun his twentieth year as musical director and conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra. Some fear him, or even hate him, and call him a tyrant, a dictator of the baton. Others admire him as a great orchestra builder and one of the most intelligent and disciplined musicians of our times. There is no disagreement in any quarter, however, about Szell's reputation as a perfectionist—a man whose vocabulary apparently does not contain the word "compromise." Szell's constant dissatisfaction with all performances, including his own, can make life very difficult for the people he works with, but the result is good—often great—music.

Szell has said that in order to perform music well one must love it more than oneself, and he is forever issuing caustic warnings to young conductors against succumbing to delusions of their own grandeur. "I admit that I had my youthful moments of self-glorification," he once told me. "They came to an end, though, when I began to realize how much music—good music—meant to me. And for me, of course, the greatest music is the classics—from Bach, who must be included, through Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, to Schumann, whom I love in particular." Szell, who is now sixty-eight, has been widely recognized since the death of Bruno Walter as the foremost interpreter of classical music among contemporary conductors, but he dislikes being called a classicist. "The term has nowadays assumed the character of an all-purpose word," he explained. "This is always dangerous, because it encourages imprecise thinking. But the trouble with the more restrictive meaning of 'classical' in music—'belonging to a certain period, roughly between 1750 and 1813, of which Haydn, Mozart, and the early Beethoven are the prime representatives'—is that classical works exist in almost any period, while romantic traits can be found intermingled in the music of the eighteenth century. The E-Flat-Minor Prelude in the first book of Bach's 'Well-Tempered Clavier' is a distinctly romantic piece, whereas certain portions of Richard Strauss's 'Ariadne auf Naxos' have a classical flavor—and Brahms is in many ways more of a classical composer than some of his precursors."

Clarity, dignity of structure, and perfect balance between content and form are qualities that Szell would include in his definition of classical music. He has also described it to me as "enlarged and glorified chamber music," and he went on to say, "The music is heavenly when it's well performed but dreary when it doesn't come off. The precise enunciation and articulation of every note, every nuance, every phrase matters a great deal, because classical music should have no coloristic frills. The body and soul of this music are one, and the body is not covered by any costume. Every phrase must be so carefully shaped that its sense will be perceived by the listener as clearly as the sense of a line of Shakespeare. The music is not merely a succession of notes, after all—it must make sense, must communicate." Szell will never do anything that he regards as violating the inner meaning of a composer's work. "I always try to see a piece of music—any piece that has real significance, which may also be light music—as the composer saw it," he told me. "The conductor's goal is to interpret a work as if he had written it himself, but he must always remain the composer's servant—never become the usurper. This is a matter of knowledge and conscience, of style and taste. Ideally, one does the right thing and finds the artistic truth almost instinctively." Szell is well aware that there can be more than one right interpretation—among thousands of wrong ones—to which a conductor's impulses may lead him within the framework of a composition, but what he calls "the artistic truth" is the supreme simplicity that comes at the moment of performance out of a conductor's deep conviction that what he is doing couldn't be done any other way. "Only then am I able to convince my musicians and, through them, my audience," he explained.

Obviously, there exists no proof that the classical composers of the eighteenth century would also be convinced by Szell's performance of their music, but among latter-day composers Richard Strauss, Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Barber have told him that he played their works exactly as they wanted them played. In Szell's study hangs a framed letter from Sir William Walton, written in 1962 after Sir William had listened to the Cleveland Orchestra's recording of his Second Symphony:

> Words fail me! It is a quite fantastic & stupendous performance from every point of view. Firstly it is absolutely right musically speaking, & the virtuosity of the performance is quite staggering, especially the Fugato; but everything is phrased & balanced in an unbelievable way, for which I must congratulate you & your magnificent orchestra. . . .

In his pursuit of "the artistic truth," Szell has fought bitter wars and made costly sacrifices, but he doesn't regret any of them; he feels that if he had done otherwise he would not be able to live with himself. He walked out of the first postwar Glyndebourne Festival, in 1947, when he found that he was dissatisfied with the artistic climate, giving up a lot of money at a time when he needed money very much. He has taken other financial beatings, too, and he has incurred the wrath of managers and the antagonism of musicians—all because, as he puts it, "I always let the music dictate my behavior."

I FIRST met Szell thirty years ago in Prague—his given name was spelled Georg then and was pronounced "Gayorg"—but I had heard a lot about him in the years just after the First World War while I was still a boy growing up in Moravia. Our family, like almost everybody else I knew, was impoverished as a result of having put its savings into *Kriegsanleihe*—Austrian war bonds, which turned out to be worthless when the Central Powers were defeated and Moravia became part of Czechoslovakia. My mother, who had been widowed early in the war and had to bring up two boys by herself, was forced to rent part of our apartment. Our tenant was a certain Herr Harmat, a dignified elderly gentleman with a bushy white mustache, who was obviously no more used to living in rented rooms than my mother was to renting them. Herr Harmat was a retired cavalry colonel who spoke German with a Hungarian accent and kissed my mother's hand with an old-fashioned elegance. He fascinated me not only for these reasons but also because he made a living by distilling and mixing liqueurs—a profession that I had been led to believe was practiced exclusively by monks. Herr Harmat brought home small bottles containing colored liquids called Kümmel, Allasch, Barack, Kontuszowka, and "Orig. Harmat Rum," which he invited us to taste. Unfortunately, these gifts were usually accompanied by long-winded tales about a grandson of his named Georg, a *Wunderkind* who had played the piano in public when he was eleven and had conducted a full symphony orchestra at the age of sixteen. I had little interest in child prodigies and was totally unimpressed when the proud grandpapa told my mother that a composition of Georg's called "Variation on an Original Theme" had been conducted by Richard Strauss himself. And Georg had written the piece at the age of eighteen! To tell the truth, I soon got very tired of Georg.

It was in 1934, at the editorial offices of the *Prager Tagblatt*, a German-language daily where I had a job, that I was finally introduced to Szell, who liked to stop in at the paper for a chat now and then. By that time, he had become a professor of conducting at Prague's Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts, *Opernchef* at the city's German Theatre, and director of its philharmonic concerts. From the musicians he conducted, quite a few of whom were friends of mine, I had gathered that he was a fearsome character who bullied them with a ferocious temper and an encyclopedic knowledge of music that enabled him to win all arguments. He certainly made the orchestra sound better than it ever had before, and after listening to his performances of Mozart, Wagner, and Strauss, I had become one of his enthusiastic admirers. That day at the *Tagblatt* office, I didn't find him particularly fearsome, but then I was not a professional musician and he was not my boss. He told us a series of robust Czech stories, of which he had an unusual collection. (He still loves to tell stories in Czech, an earthy,

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THE SEA FOG

It was sudden.
From that slightly heaving hotel of the folder,
we watched through the glass a blood-orange ball
just diving, a pure blue desert of dusk
on the other horizon; a motion, the symbol of seas,
carried our music, our drinks, the relative facets
of latitude, longitude, steward and poster, and sun disc
just hidden.

The ship spoke
with a minotaur sound from around and under,
and we raised our eyes; but the sea was gone—
sub-sun, space darkening, the swelling shift
of dunes of water, our precious image of movement—
gone, gone, clean gone. The fog was at the pane.
No shore behind us; ahead, in the breathy drift,
no port.

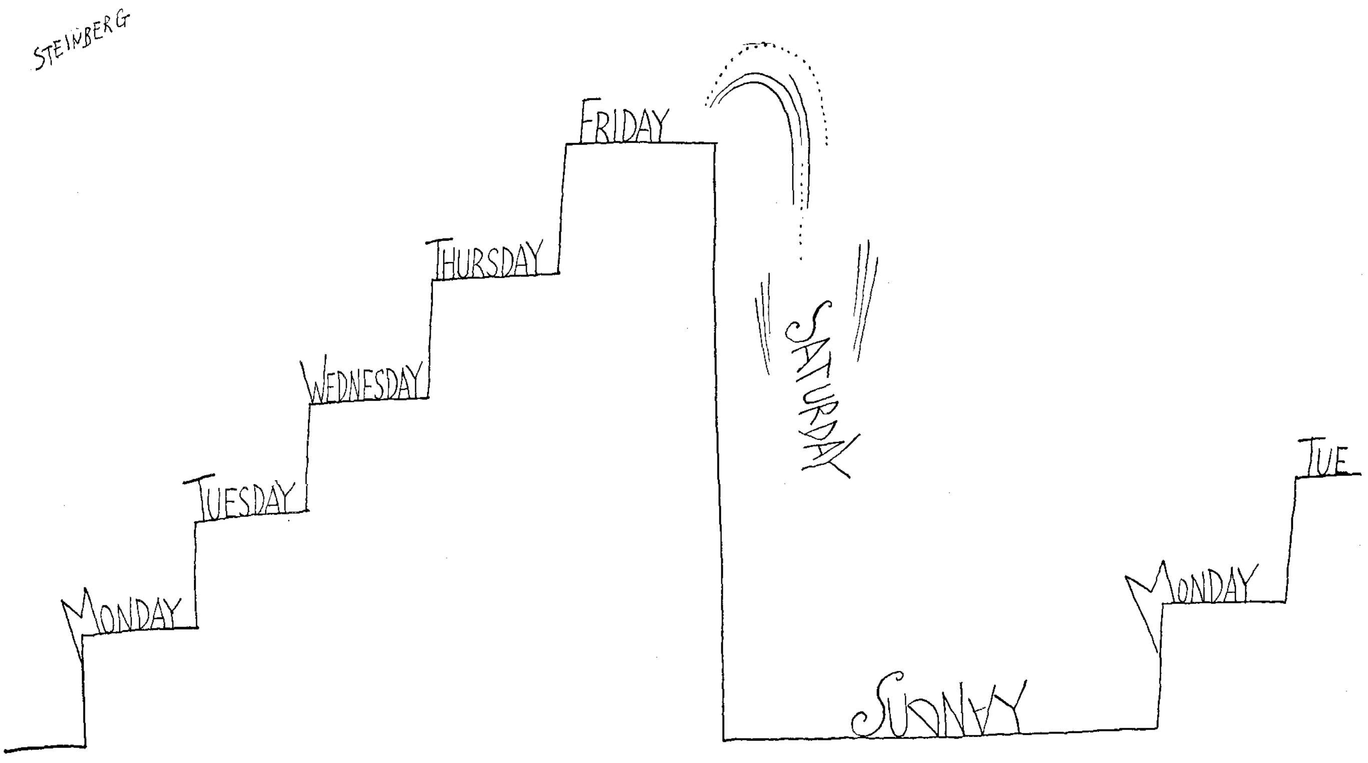
Supported
by shore and port, now we had neither.
There was only here. The ship was here
in the fog. The ship roared and the fog blotted
us into itself and fumed into its rifts,
and the sealess, skyless fear—and there was fear—
had nothing to do with sinking; at least, not
into water.

Worse:
when we went below, at the familiar turn,
a bulkhead reared instead, metal and huge,
and, trapped, we turned from that hulk and hastened
through stranger stairs and came from a different angle
to a cabin stiller and smaller, though none of its objects had moved.
But the mirror stirred like fog when we looked
at the fastened face.

We crept
through fog all night, but it closed behind us,
around, and very close above.
Only down down in the black, the self-lit fishes
passed ignorantly among the wracks of wrecks,
and all the water held its tongue and gave
no password; and so, sealed in our motionless passage,
we slept.

The bell
for the bulkhead doors to open woke us.
Everything had been reconnected: sun to the sea,
ship to the sun, smiles to our lips, and our names related
to our eyes. Who could—in that brassy blue—
have stillness to harbor the memory
of being relative to nothing; isolated;
responsible?

—JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

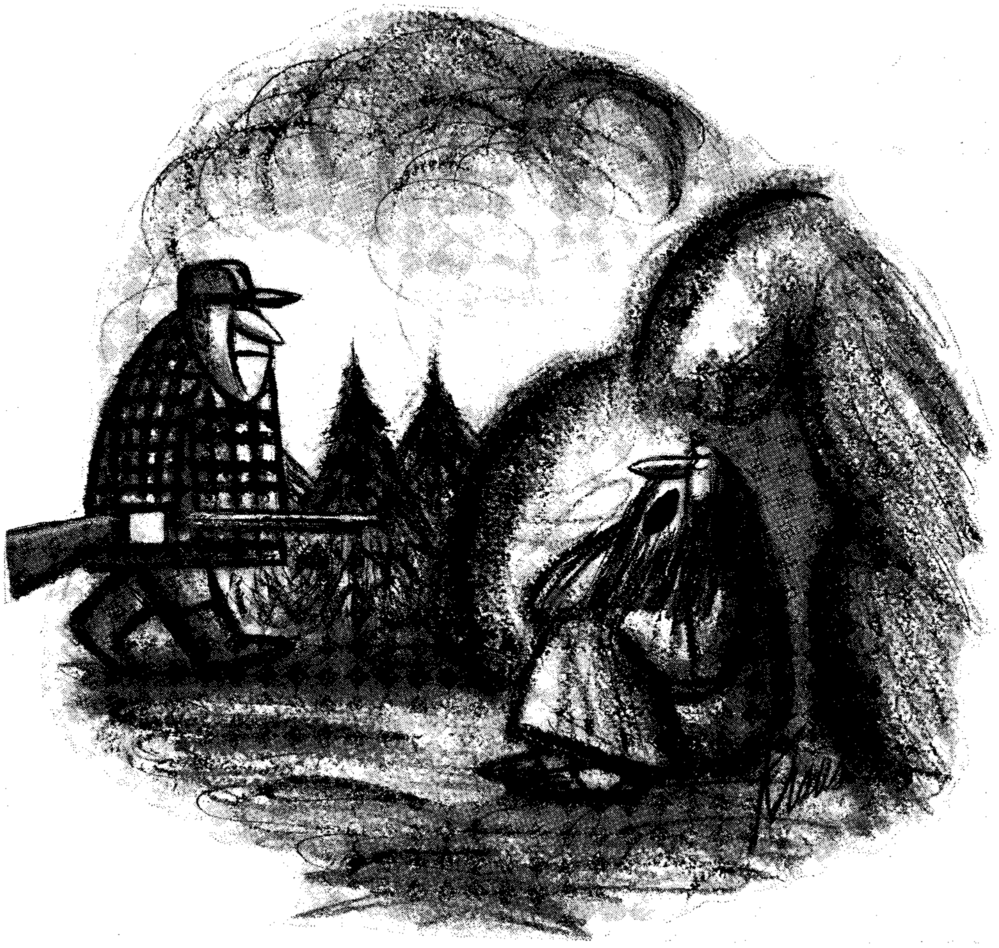


unmusical language with a shortage of vowels, an overflow of consonants, and wonderful proverbs.) The respectful members of his orchestra would surely have been surprised to see their imperious conductor amusing a bunch of newspapermen with stories that we certainly weren't going to print.

Ten years later, during the war, I saw Szell again in Hollywood, where all good émigrés met sooner or later. We talked about the old *Tagblatt* days, but neither of us laughed this time. Then came casual meetings in New York—usually backstage in Carnegie Hall—and later in Vienna and Salzburg, where Szell has conducted regularly during the past fifteen years. There was never time for a long, serious talk about music, though. Celebrated conductors are busy executives, always surrounded by secretaries, managers, and vice-presidents of recording companies, and always faced with rehearsals, concerts, long-distance calls, and contracts to be signed. Not long ago, therefore, we met by prearrangement in the Upper Engadine region of Switzerland, where Szell had come, with his wife, to spend a few weeks of relaxation, meditation, and study. He loves the Engadine, which for him—and for me—has many childhood associations. Before the First World War, prosperous Central Europeans liked to go there for their holidays—just as prosperous English families went to Montreux and the Bernese Oberland, and rich Russians to Lausanne and Lucerne. My parents used to stay at the Suvretta House in St. Moritz, and the Szells at the elegant Maloja-Kulm.

Szell and I talked about these things of the past when we met in the thin, crisp air of the Engadine one afternoon, and then suddenly Szell said he was going to drive me to the Maloja Pass; he hadn't been there for years. I said that any expedition was fine with me as long as we wouldn't have to walk. (In the Engadine, which is at an altitude of six thousand feet, the slightest exertion makes your heart beat in your throat. Szell, a methodical man, always spends his first twenty-four hours in bed when he gets up there, and the next day he takes it easy until he gets used to the air.) We made the trip in a black 1958 Cadillac that he keeps garaged in Paris for most of the year and picks up when he arrives from America. He treats the big car with such affection that his wife refers to it as "the apple of George's eye"—with the intonation that a woman usually reserves for her husband's drinking and poker-playing companions. The apple of George's eye proved somewhat unwieldy on the narrow Swiss highways, though Szell handled it with the same sort of delicacy he devotes to a Mozart minuet.

Mrs. Szell, the former Helene Schulz, of Prague, whom Szell married in 1938 in Glasgow (it was a second marriage for both), is a slim, graceful woman blessed with patience and a dry sense of humor. Both gifts have been useful to her during her life with Szell. In his determination to tolerate no flaw, he is likely to be pedantic about detail, though he can also be amazingly relaxed about big things. He loves to teach other people their jobs: He teaches expert golfers how to play golf (he plays badly himself), racing drivers how to drive, Parisian *couturiers* how to make dresses, Mrs. Szell how to cook, and writers how to write. He always likes to have dictionaries and an encyclopedia handy, and during our talks he often became concerned about finding precisely the right word to express his meaning and said that he regretted not having brought along his copy of Roget's Thesaurus. Szell cannot tolerate sloppiness or disorder—in music or in any other matter. When he ordered dinner at his hotel the first night—smoked salmon, steak and vegetables, cheese, and wine—he made it clear that he expected the salmon to be "almost unsalted" and the meat "not too marbled and properly hung," and he chose the wine carefully. Then, characteristically, he readily accepted the waiter's apology when a second bottle of Nuits-St.-Georges arrived straight from the cellar; it was his mistake, he said—he should have ordered two bottles in the first place. Szell finds it difficult to understand that not everybody shares his passion for perfection. When Mrs. Szell whistles a Mozart melody (she knows better than to whistle anything less elevated than Mozart), her husband will say, "You might as well whis-



“Assuming I had seen a deer go by here, I sure as hell wouldn’t tell you.”

• •

tle it in the right key and tempo”—and will proceed to show her how.

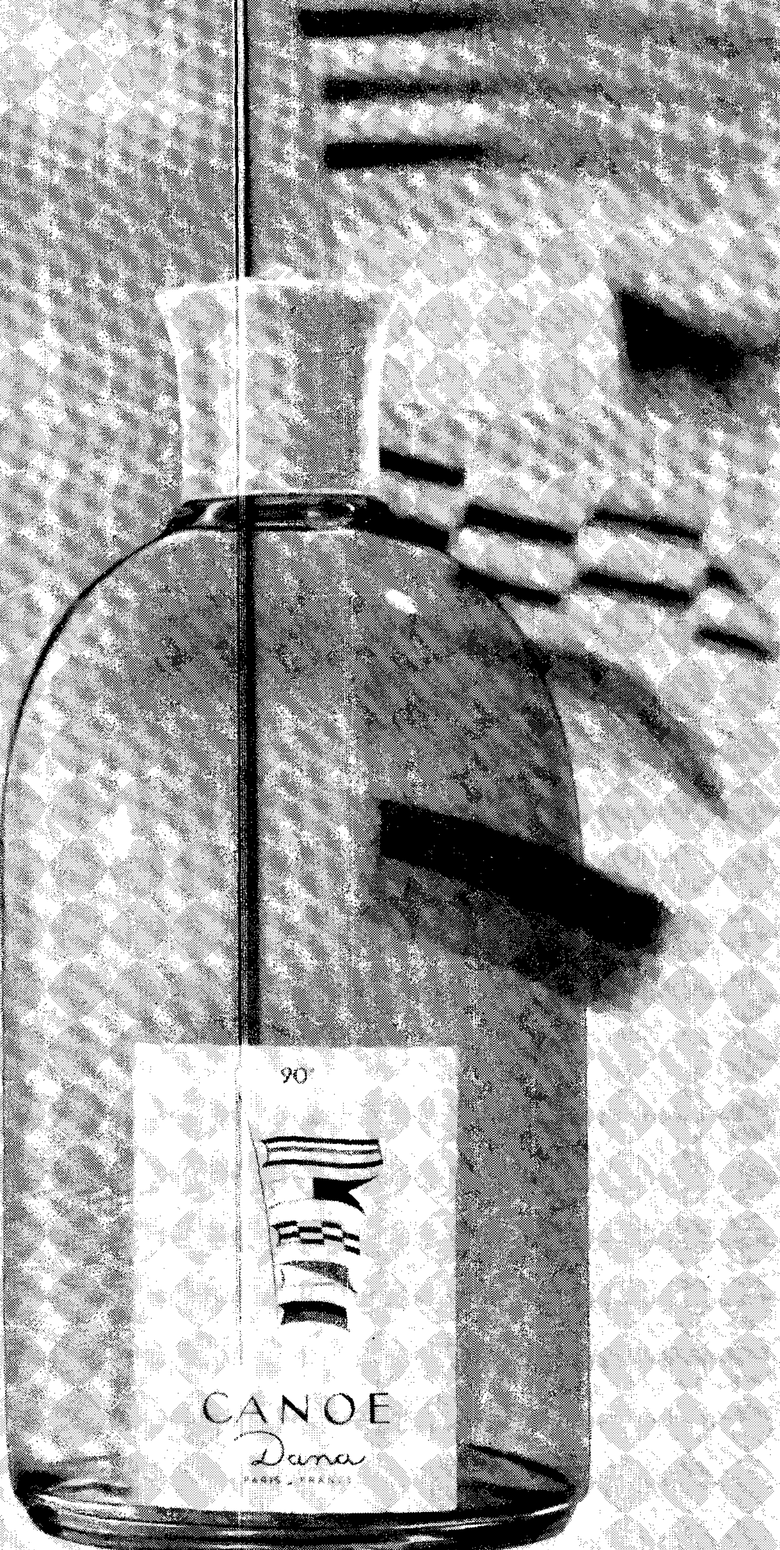
Such treatment has not disheartened Mrs. Szell; indeed, she is her husband’s sternest critic, and the remarks she makes on his performances would send a shudder through the ranks of the Cleveland Orchestra. As a member of a musical family who has a natural sense of rhythm, she does not hesitate to tell Szell when she thinks he conducted a work too fast or too slow. The musical despot may stare at her and say nothing when that happens, but he never gets angry. “And he doesn’t mind admitting that he was wrong,” according to Mrs. Szell. “Until a few years ago, he didn’t like Richard Strauss’s ‘Symphonia Domestica.’ Now he loves it, and when he performs it, he makes it sound like a short piece. Any piece of music he likes and starts to work on is always the most important piece in the world. Then when he comes home after performing it at a concert, he often seems elated but seldom really happy. He is so self-critical that he can never be completely satisfied. It is always the music he admires—never himself. He has immense reverence for great music. Once, he told me he wouldn’t have dared perform the Mozart G-Minor before he was forty years old.”

Even in the Engadine, it was not easy to find a quiet place to talk. Riding in the apple of George’s eye was a strenuous exercise, and Szell and I were both depressed by all the new roadside inns, camping sites, gas stations, souvenir stands, and other faceless structures that were beginning to obliterate the beautiful views of mountains, glaciers, and deep-blue lakes. After stopping at a number of supposedly quiet *chesas* where Szell was distracted by jukeboxes, noisy children, barking dogs, or autograph seekers, we settled down in his hotel, which was in Sils-Maria, a pleasant, almost unspoiled mountain village halfway between much spoiled St. Moritz and Maloja. I was not surprised to find that Szell had found the best, though not the most expensive, hotel in the region, and had long since reserved the best rooms there. In the rustic *Stube* of the hotel there was a small piano, in unpainted wood to blend with the unpainted panelling. It was no Steinway, but it was helpful for Szell, who feels that a musical phrase can say more than a thousand words. We sat in a booth next to the small piano and talked about music.

SZELL’s work on a piece of music he is going to conduct starts long before he rehearses it with an orchestra, I learned, and he takes immense pains with all preparatory details. In the course of the years, for example, he has built up a musical archive of his own—a collection of scores and individual parts for hundreds of symphonies and concertos, which he has bequeathed to the Cleveland Orchestra. The big modern orchestra speaks in many voices, and each work is carefully annotated with Szell’s own markings to indicate subtle degrees of dynamics, bowings, and other nuances. For several hours every morning during his stay in the Engadine, Szell told me, he had been correcting a recently printed score of Prokofieff’s Fifth Symphony, in which he had found many mistakes. His corrected score, which also included his own annotations, would later be used by his assistants as a master copy, to which individual parts for the one hundred and six members of the Cleveland Orchestra would be made to conform. A conductor who travels about the world working with orchestras that are not used to his style can obviously get the maximum result in the minimum time if he carries with him a set of parts so clearly marked as to be almost foolproof, and Szell is always accompanied on his journeys by huge parcels containing copies of the symphonies and concertos he is to conduct. He has paid out hundreds of dollars in excess-baggage charges, but he considers the money well spent: It means less talk during rehearsals and the enthusiastic coöperation of orchestra members, who always appreciate well-marked parts. Szell regards most rehearsal talk not only as time-wasting but also as psychologically unsound. “The word should remain *ultima ratio*,” he told me.

Despite all the trouble Szell takes with his scores, he is not dogmatic about his markings. The Cleveland’s section leaders have his permission to make changes, if they think they can get better results by doing so. Sometimes Szell’s younger associates in Cleveland conduct from his material, producing a fair copy that has everything except the Master’s touch, but Szell himself never uses any musical material prepared by another conductor. He has not forgotten something that happened thirty years ago in Prague when a celebrated older colleague who was making a guest appearance there asked Szell to lend him

CANOE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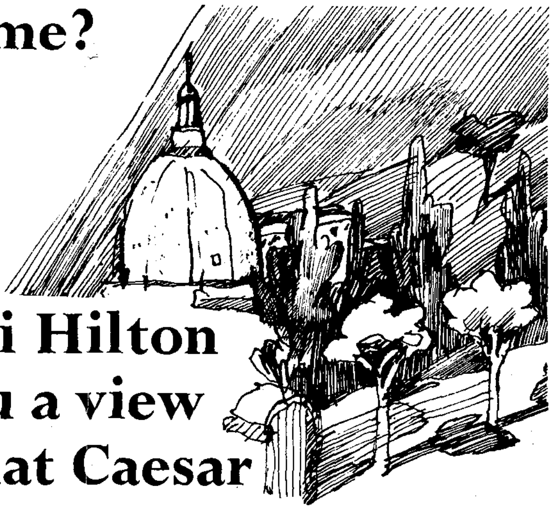

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his material for the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride;" Szell's markings didn't match the other conductor's conception of the piece, and the performance was utter chaos. The conductor's markings are especially important in the classical scores, whose composers, since they often conducted their own works and knew the performers personally, didn't bother to write down elaborate directions. Haydn in Eisenstadt or Mozart in Vienna could always tell an orchestra exactly how he wanted his music played, so a Haydn or Mozart score usually indicates only the effects the composer wanted, without specifying how those effects were to be achieved. A good trumpeter would know that when a *forte* was called for in his part of a Mozart symphony, he would produce the right sound if he played *mezzo piano*. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, as orchestras became steadily larger, and composers less often conducted their own works, there was an increasing need for careful annotation. Wagner, who made unprecedented demands in the way of orchestral volume and tone color, started a new trend; instead of indicating only the desired effect and leaving the method of achieving it to the individual player, he noted the effort required. The most exact markings are in the scores of Gustav Mahler, a virtuoso orchestrator. Mahler knew, for instance, that the flute sounds weaker in some registers than in others, so he might specify *fortissimo* for the flute in order to get a *piano* sound. Even today, however, most composers give the conductor a good deal of leeway, and Szell feels that in attaining orchestral balance, sounds must be weighed "as on an apothecary's scales."

Like every other major conductor, Szell sometimes finds it necessary to make certain retouches in a score—that is, to change the orchestration—but such changes, he emphasizes, must be undertaken only after much soul-searching, and with the utmost discretion. There must always be complete respect for the composer's style. "One has to remain mindful of the supreme requirement—to put across the composer's intentions," he said. "Retouches cannot be made just to add gloss and effect, and certainly not for self-glorification. The composer's message, the substance of the music, must never be changed." Of course, it is neither possible nor desirable to mark every nuance, and Szell feels that extremely detailed markings must be taken with a grain of salt. If music

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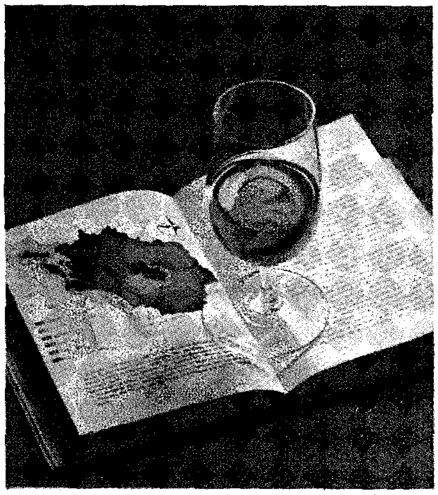

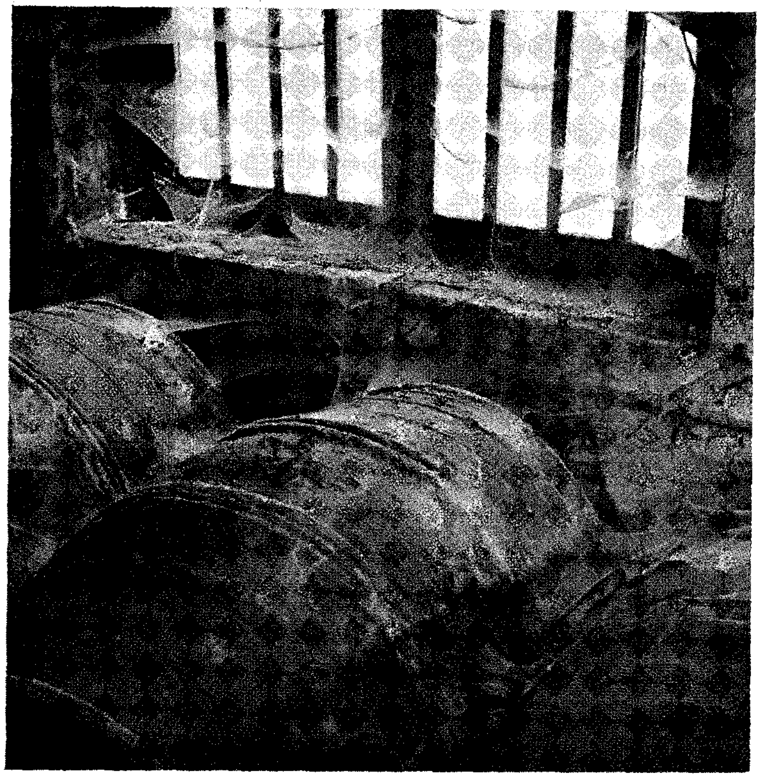

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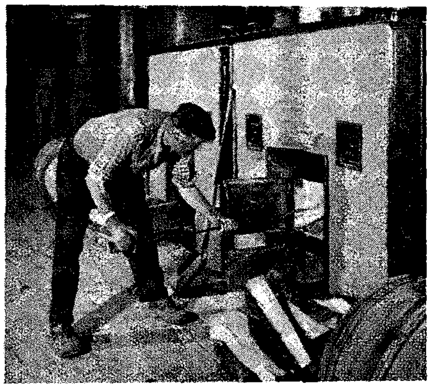

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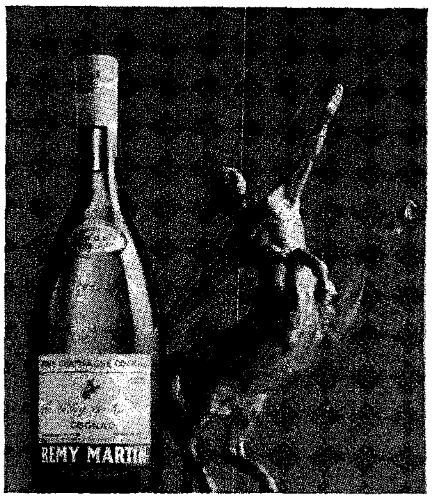

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could be annotated exactly, all interpreters would have to play it the same way, and that would eliminate the elements of knowledge, style, imagination, and taste. Of these, the most important, in Szell's view, is taste. He reminded me that Haydn, a genius who could recognize genius in others, once said to Mozart's father, "I tell you before God and as an honest man that your son is the greatest composer I know, personally or by reputation; he has taste and, apart from that, the greatest possible knowledge of composition." Clearly, Haydn realized that knowledge alone was not enough. "Unfortunately, the word 'taste' has practically disappeared from the vocabulary of those who write about music today," Szell added.

Perhaps one has to be born with taste, but it still needs to be developed, and Szell is convinced that this generation owes an everlasting debt to Toscanini, who did more for the purification of musical taste than any other man in recent history. "Toscanini wiped out the arbitrariness of the post-romantic interpreters," Szell told me. "He did away with the meretricious tricks and the thick incrustation of interpretative nuances that had been piling up for decades. Toscanini did what a skillful restorer of paintings does when he takes off dust and various layers of paint added later, thus bringing back an original masterpiece. Yet he was never dogmatic about it. He knew that to stand still means to stagnate. Our basic artistic convictions remain unchanged, but it would be a mistake to think that the performance of a certain work always remains the same. What I do now is, *in principle*, no different from my interpretation thirty or forty years ago. The devotion to the composer, the fidelity to the work—all this is a matter of artistic discipline. But as you become older, great music matures in you, as a great wine matures in the barrel and later in the bottle. No two bottles of the same wine are identical; neither are two performances of the same work. How could they be, since the performance is the expression of one's innermost feelings and convictions *at the moment of the performance*?" (Szell unmistakably spoke in italics.)

Szell has nothing but contempt for performers who "run after the audience." A case in point, he feels, is the "dual" manner in which some Viennese artists interpret the Viennese waltz at home and abroad. The waltzes of Joseph Lanner, Josef Strauss, and Johann Strauss the younger—the finest of which are unquestionably great mu-

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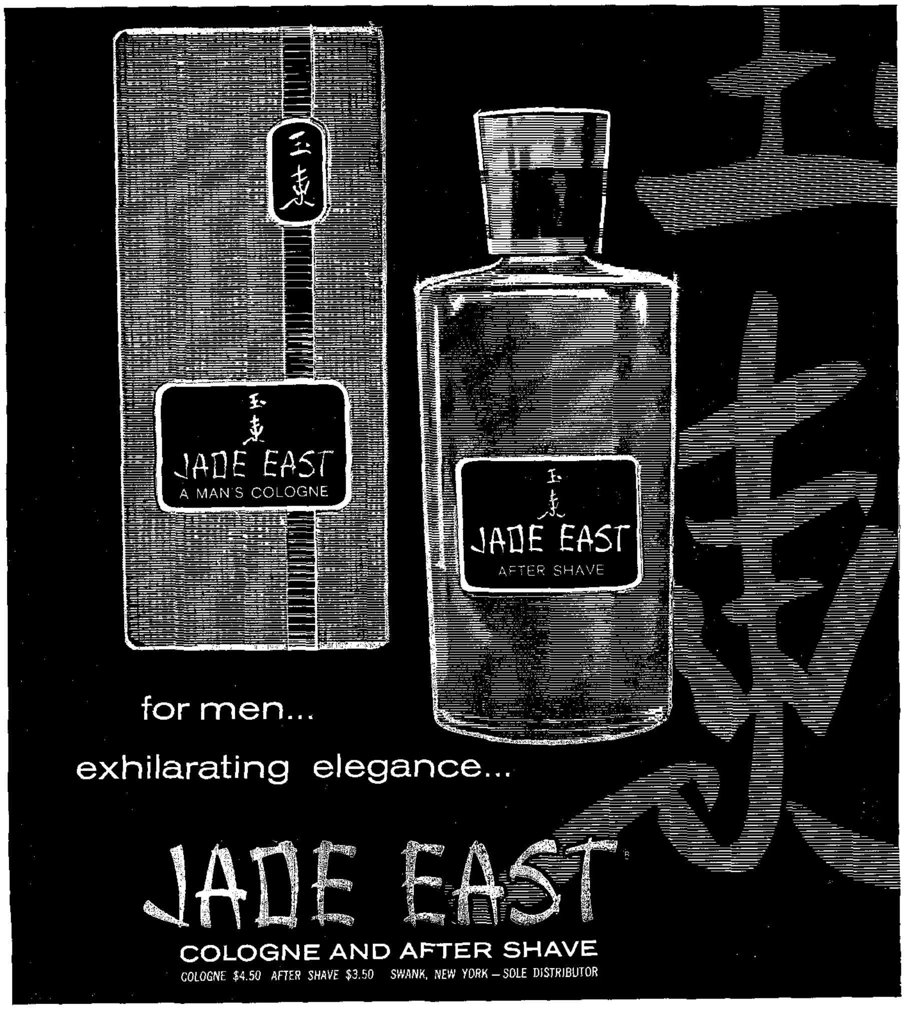

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sic—should be performed with an almost imperceptible rhythmical lilt, achieved by a slight buoyancy on the second beat and an almost inaudible accent on the third beat after an almost unnoticeable pause. But this pattern must never become stereotyped, and there are sections of every waltz in which the second beat should be played with almost metronomical accuracy. A great waltz is not to be played at the same speed throughout, and the rhythm, mood, and dynamics are also subject to delicate fluctuations. Most performers usually wind up doing all the wrong things—extravagant ritardandos and distorting rubatos—simply because they don't know any better. But what about Viennese ensembles who play waltzes beautifully in Vienna and go in for exaggerated versions abroad, because otherwise, they claim, people wouldn't get the idea? "A typical example of artistic corruption," Szell said grimly. Having received his musical upbringing in Vienna, he has the waltz rhythm in his blood, and he performs the real Viennese waltz with his Cleveland Orchestra "by erasing all unnecessary nuances until only the simple truth remains." On the other hand, Szell feels, fear of violating the austere style of Bach makes some interpreters perform his music as if it were lifeless—music that has as much life in it as the works of the Bruegels, Rembrandt, or Dürer, or as the early Gothic cathedrals. Bach was no pedantic schoolmaster, Szell said, but neither was he an early Rachmaninoff, though some conductors have suggested as much by making a shambles of Bach's architecture.

Unlike architecture, which is expressed in terms of space, music is dominated by the inexorable flow of time. Setting and maintaining the proper tempo is therefore one of the most important elements of the conductor's complex task. A piece of music performed at the wrong tempo is like a building erected on a shaky foundation; in both cases, the structure is bound to collapse. Szell is so sensitive to the niceties of musical structure that an almost imperceptible modification of tempo where it doesn't belong rubs him the wrong way; for him it breaks up the flow of the music and ruins the unity of the work. Unfortunately, there are some conductors—even quite famous ones—who have never bothered to become thoroughly acquainted with the classics. The result is that while they may conduct beautiful phrases or fine-sounding sections of a movement, they often fail to understand the over-

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all structure of a composition. Szell pointed out that the more than heavenly length of a Bruckner symphony is not at all oppressive when a conductor, taking cognizance of its structure, gives the necessary care to the preparation of its climaxes.

Frequently, a movement of a classical symphony begins with a theme that would be plausible at various tempos if it were detached from the movement and played by itself. However, the tempo of the whole movement will be firmly dictated by what Szell calls "a critical bar or a group of critical bars" somewhere in the middle of the movement. "Think of the allegro section of the first movement of Mozart's E-Flat-Major Symphony, where the tendency to drag out the first subject in a sentimental way must be resisted," he said. "The difficulty consists in giving this lovely theme its singing, lyrical character while at the same time keeping the main tempo so that there will be no need for any modification—certainly not for a jerky speeding up—at the first *forte tutti*." Sometimes, on the other hand, subtle modifications in tempo are required within a movement, and then the conductor's task is to give the listener the impression that a constant tempo is being maintained throughout. The plotting and executing of modifications so skillfully that they are virtually imperceptible are part of a complex process in which much depends on intuition—or, as Szell prefers to say, "the unconscious intellect." Notations and metronome figures can be helpful, but only up to a point. A Mozart andante is quite different from a Verdi andante, and Szell is convinced that slow tempos have become slower and fast tempos faster than they were at the time when the great classical works were written, probably because of the influence of all the

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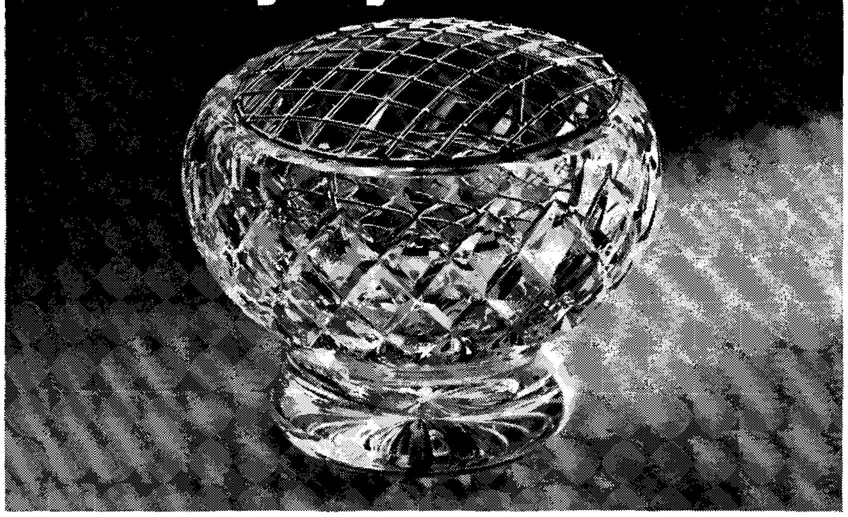

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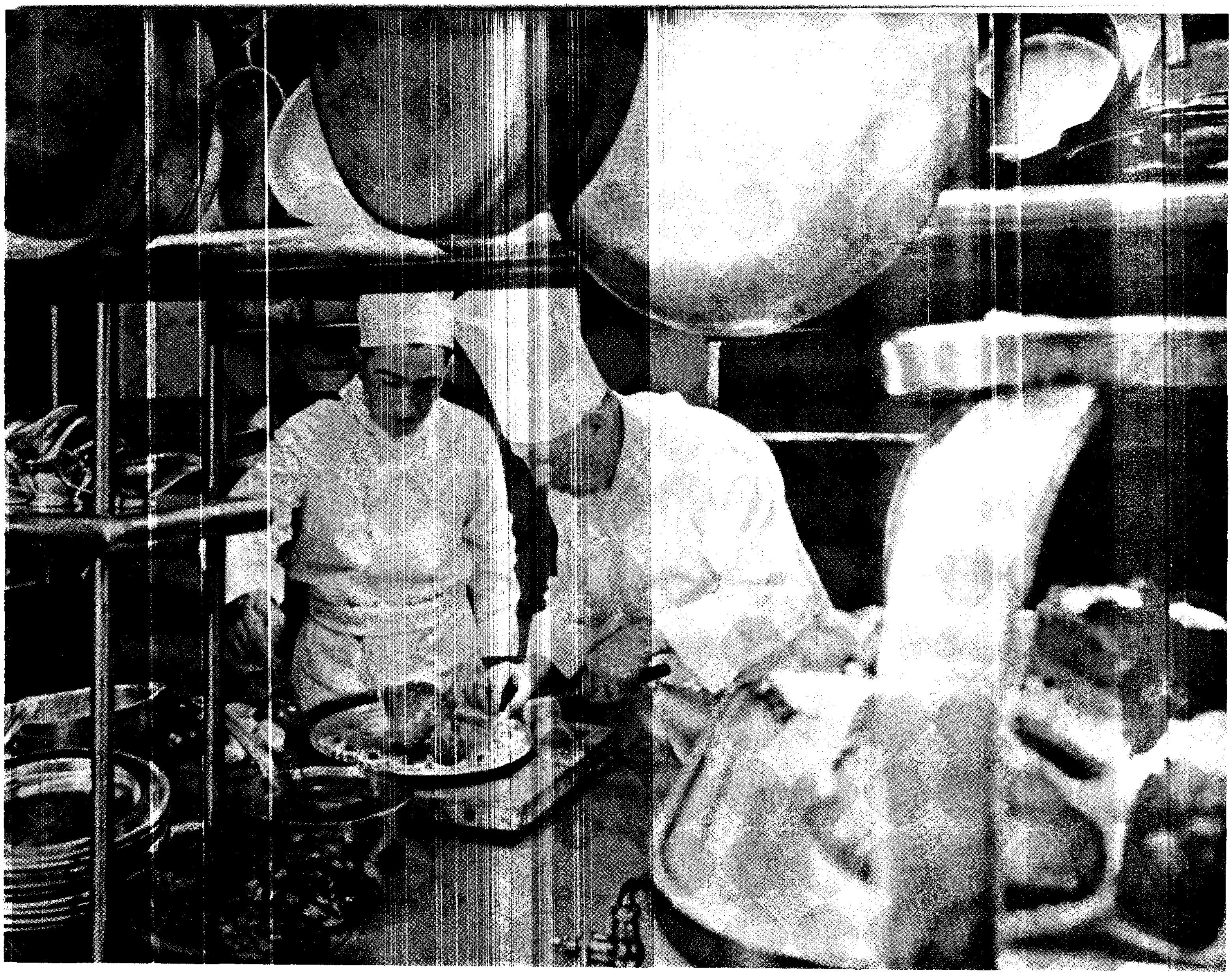

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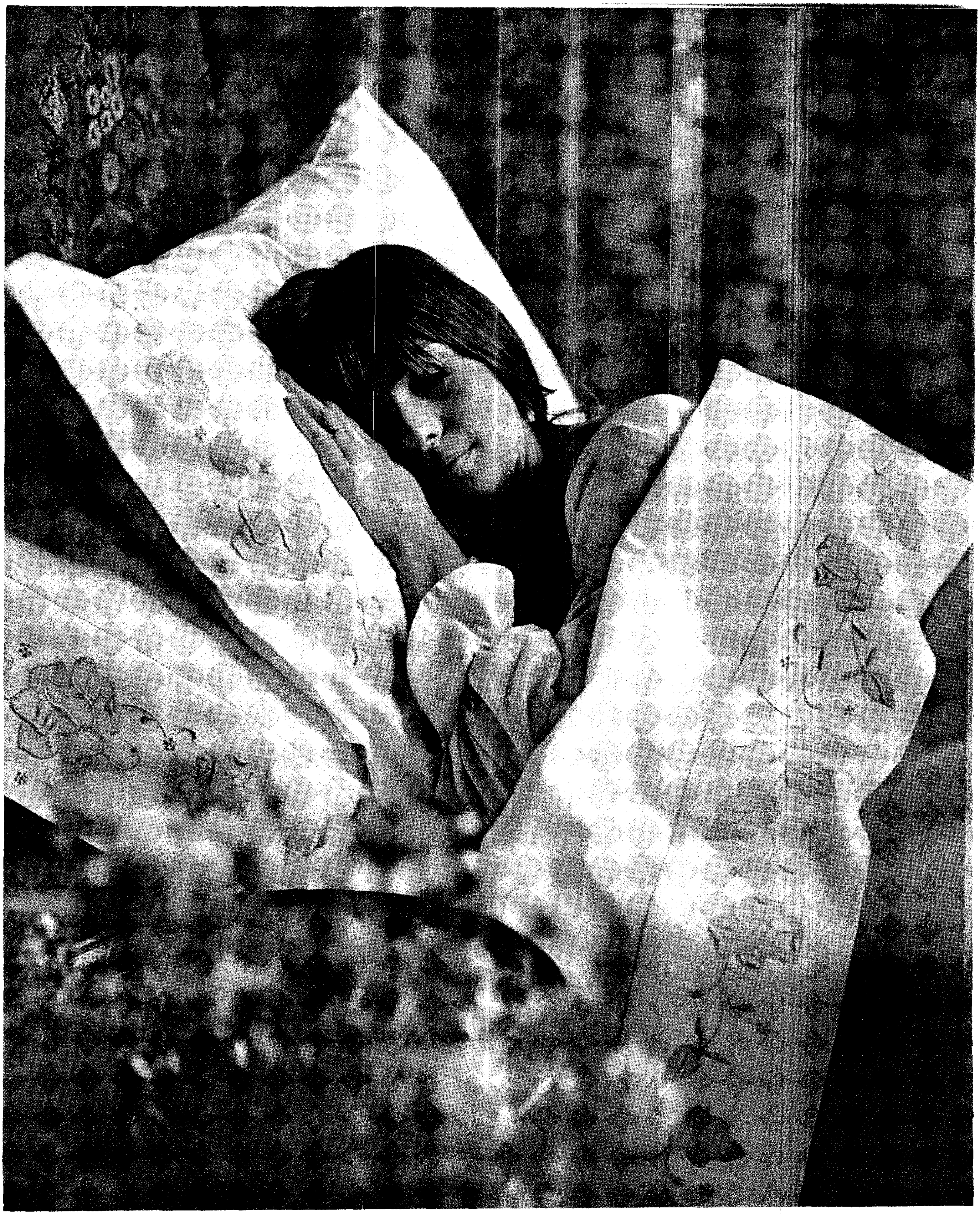

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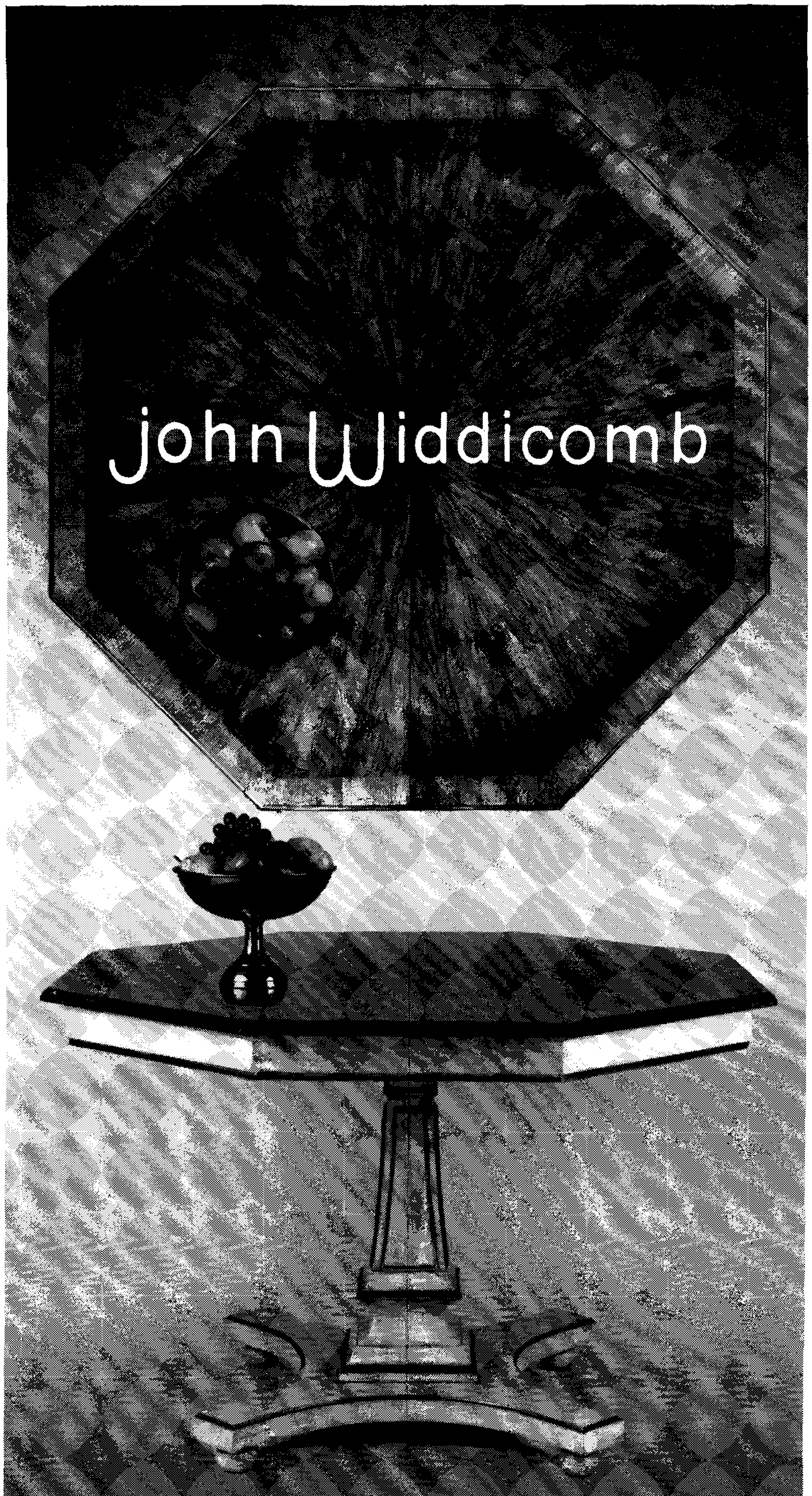
music that has been written in between.

"We are all influenced by the sum total of the music we went through and the music that went through us," Szell told me. "We help to shape the music and are being shaped by it. Back in the eighteen-thirties, a diminished-seventh chord was a terrifying musical sensation, but when Strauss wrote 'Salome' and 'Elektra,' he had to search for stronger musical expressions of terror. Our reactions to music are very different from those of early-nineteenth-century listeners, who hadn't had the experience of Wagner, Verdi, Debussy, Bruckner, Mahler, Schoenberg—to say nothing of much that has been written since and purports to be music."

Next to the problem of tempo, Szell considers the conductor's most important preoccupation to be what he calls the mystery of sound. When Szell himself reads a score, he says, he hears the ideal sound in his mind—hears it so clearly that he can describe it—and then, with the help of his orchestra, tries to convert it into actual sound. "The process defies rational explanation," he told me. "There are matters that cannot and should not be explained."

As a young music student, Szell ardently admired the great Hungarian conductor Arthur Nikisch, whose style was somewhat flamboyant (it is said that Brahms, after hearing Nikisch perform his First Symphony, remarked, "My friend, you are tremendously gifted, but why are you such a whore?"), yet who could unquestionably evoke first-class sound from a third-class orchestra. Of course, even first-class orchestras can sound third-class under certain conductors. There are conductors who haven't penetrated the mystery of sound and disregard it, and there are others who make a fetish of sound at the expense of style and taste. And to Szell an orchestra that plays all music with the same sort of sound is no better than a cook who drenches all his dishes in the same sauce, for sound has many subtle gradations, from the sober to the sumptuous, and each is beautiful in its own way. He is troubled when critics recognize the artistic distinction of his interpretations but accuse him of dryness and coolness. "The borderline is very thin between clarity and coolness, self-discipline and severity," he said. "There exist different nuances of warmth—from the chaste warmth of Mozart to the sensuous warmth of Tchaikovsky, from the noble passion of 'Fidelio' to the lascivious passion of 'Salome.' I cannot pour chocolate sauce over asparagus. Lush, erotic sound must be pro-



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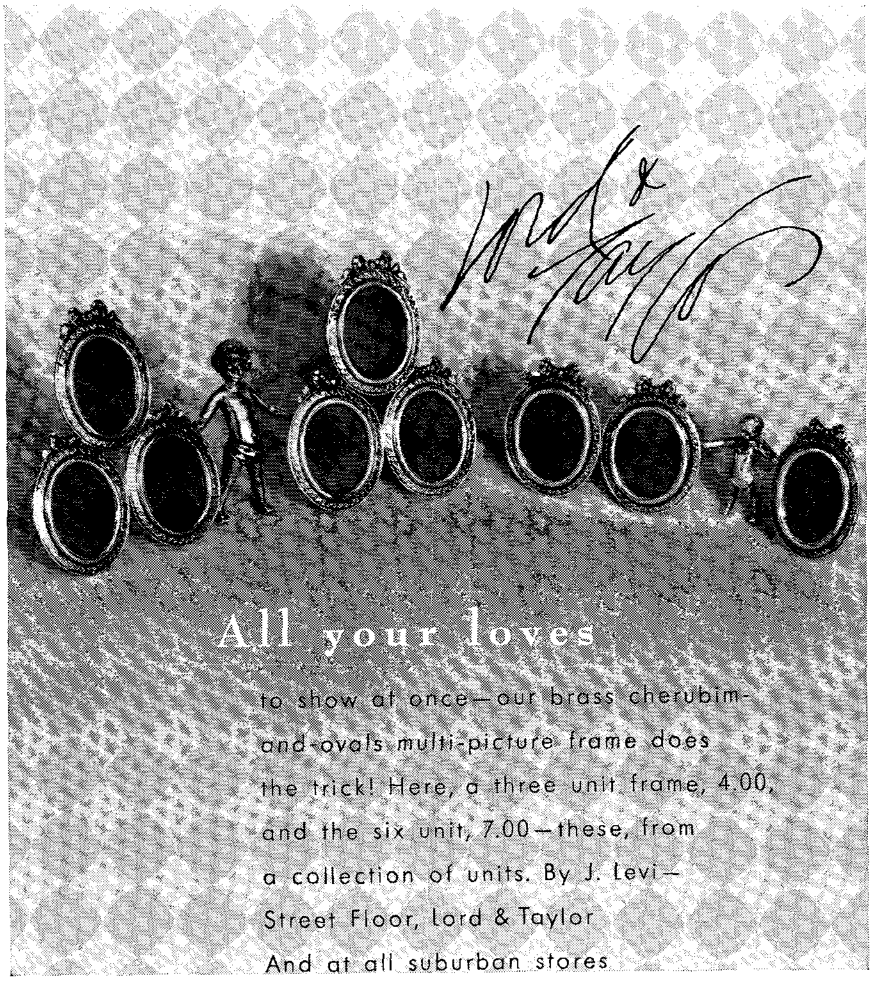

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duced where it belongs. But let there be also noble, chaste sound where it belongs."

For Szell, there can never be an acceptable excuse for a relaxation of discipline. "If there has to be chaos, it must be organized chaos," he said to me at one point. Such chaos occurs in the violin figures of the fire music in the last act of "Die Walküre," when Wagner wanted to give the impression of licking flames, and it occurs in the cello and double-bass figures during the storm in the "Pastoral" Symphony, when Beethoven was painting with sound—trying for an "impressionistic" effect long before the word came into use. But when Szell conducts the Impressionists, he does not permit sloppiness. It was not a confused blur that Debussy wanted, he maintains, but music of subtle clarity and poetic intensity.

In the past, when Szell conducted an unfamiliar orchestra for the first time (it doesn't happen often nowadays), he would be depressed by the first rehearsal. But at the second rehearsal the orchestra would suddenly play with a miraculously different sound. Last year, the manager of a European orchestra said to him, invoking a familiar conceit, after a concert, "They played better tonight under you than they are really able to play." Szell recognized the phenomenon. He regards the orchestra as the most sensitive of all musical instruments, and he delights in the fact that, despite the most scrupulous preparation, the actual moment of performance is bound to be full of surprises—even if not all the surprises are pleasant. When Szell, at nineteen, was *Opernchef* at the Municipal Theatre in Strasbourg (or Strassburg, as it was then called, since it belonged to Germany), he conducted a performance of "Rigoletto" that still haunts him. The regular baritone had fallen ill, and the title role was sung by a last-minute substitute, an aging *Kammersänger* with a bad memory who was said to be unduly fond of the bottle. During his first-act monologue "Pari siamo," Rigoletto suddenly jumped forty bars. The young *Opernchef* tried to think of a spot in the score where he could catch up with the fugitive baritone, and decided on a solo of the first flute that is followed by the strings in E major. All this went through his head in a flash, and he immediately whispered the bar number to the concertmaster and gave the flutist a look. Somehow the conductor, the orchestra, and Rigoletto got together again. Szell has long been

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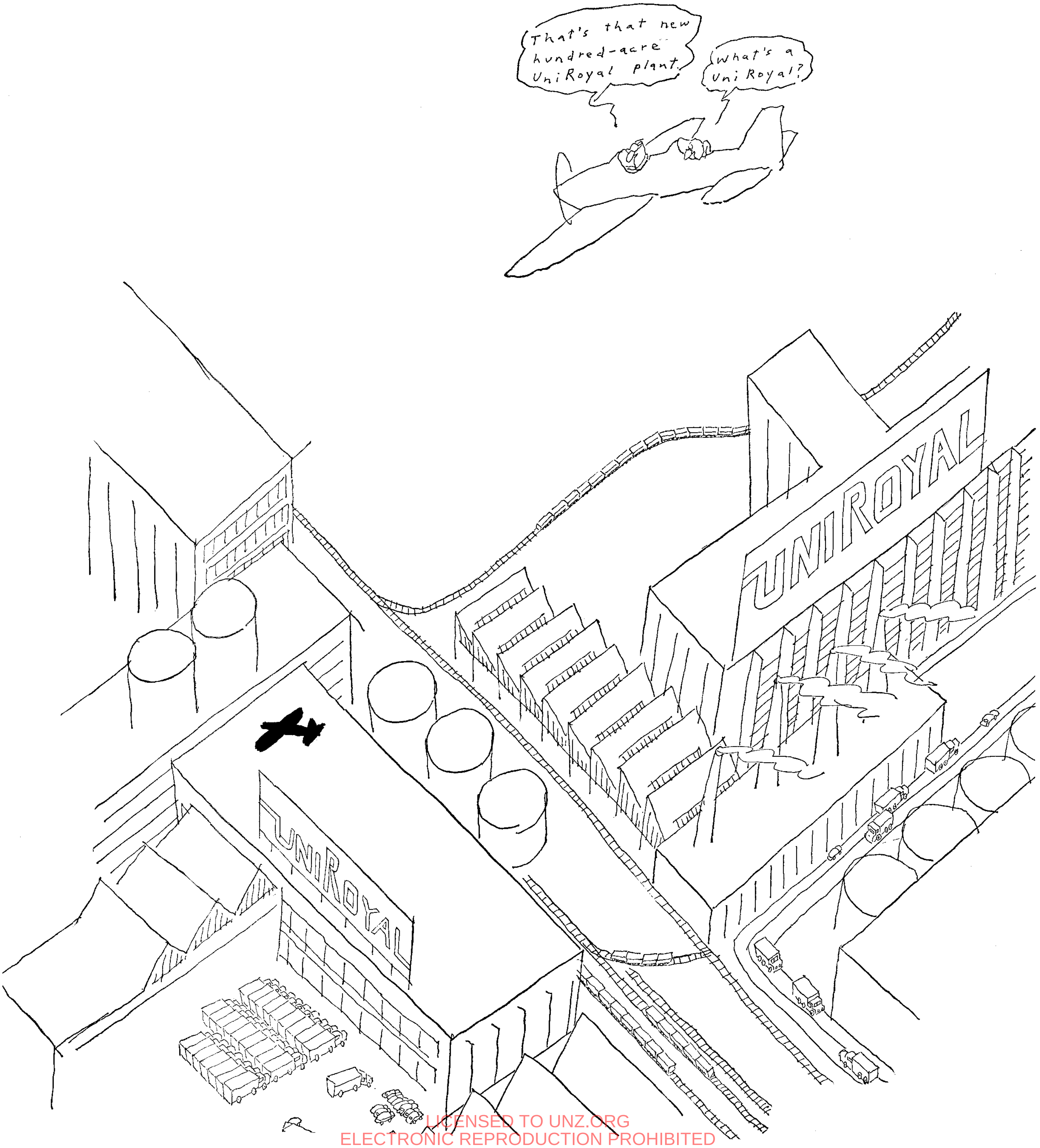
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known for his sang-froid. "You don't lose your head in a critical situation if you have a thorough knowledge of the score," he explained.

Szell prefers to conduct from memory, because he feels that the notes often get in the way of the music. But memory is no substitute for musicality. Some conductors famous for their astonishing memory are not admired for the depth of their interpretations, and Szell has low regard for conductors who memorize music merely to demonstrate their virtuosity. He tells his assistants and his pupils that one can memorize a piece only when one understands its musical structure. One must never force oneself to memorize; some pieces resist all attempts. Szell refreshes his memory by rereading scores from time to time. Occasionally, he will keep the score of a work he knows in front of him because he feels it reassures the orchestra.

During rehearsals, a conductor leads a complicated double life, since he must be a performer and a critic at the same time. While he is creating his general conception of a work, he must evaluate each detail, making mental notes so that he doesn't have to stop (a rehearsal should be interrupted as seldom as possible) but can later tell the second trombone player that he was too loud in the fourth bar after No. 6. And he must always be thinking ahead about what comes next. "The secret of the beat is the secret of preparation, the very essence of conducting," Szell said. "Every beat is already the preparatory beat for the next one, and must be rhythmically correct and indicative."

Rhythm is the emphatic pulse beat that gives shape, measure by measure, to the over-all tempo of a movement, and an orchestra's sense of rhythm is a matter of great importance to Szell. Some orchestras are by nature and education more rhythmical than others, and one of Szell's favorites is the Czech Philharmonic in Prague. Richard Strauss, a master conductor, once told Szell that the conductor must indicate the tempo beyond the shadow of a doubt with his first upbeat. But while a good orchestra gets the tempo from a precise upbeat, it may not begin playing until near the end of the downbeat. The Cleveland starts with the downbeat, but two of the finest orchestras in Germany, the Berlin Philharmonic and the Staatskapelle of Dresden, traditionally start after the downbeat. Szell had his first rehearsal with the Berlin Philharmonic a few years after the war, in Salzburg, and when he gave a precise upbeat and then a downbeat, nothing happened. It was

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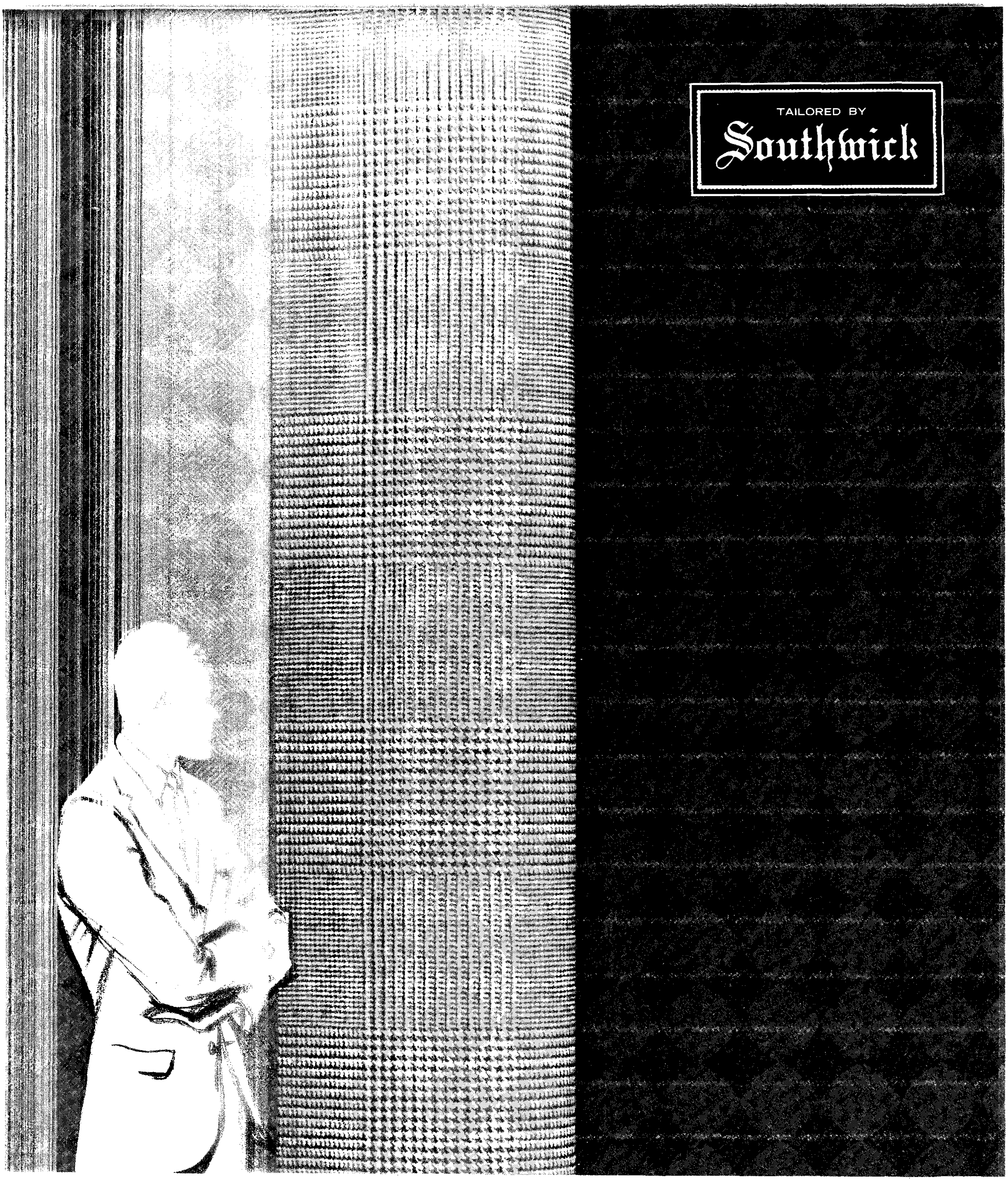

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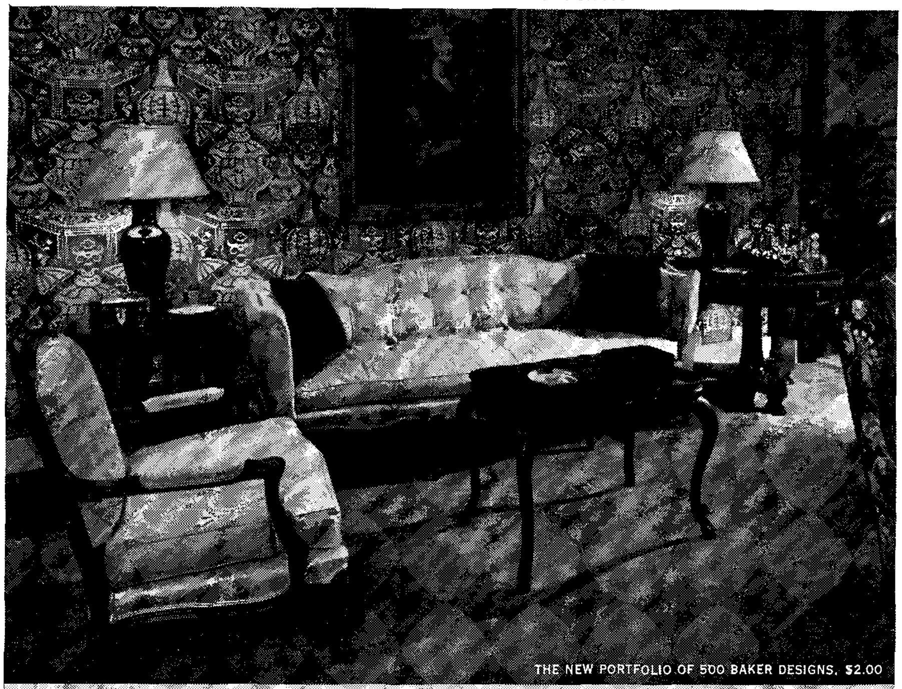

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a strange and uncomfortable sensation, he told me. And then, just as he was about to despair, the orchestra came in with a full, beautiful sound.

The basic pattern of the beat must always be adhered to, but when a conductor enjoys a very close understanding with an orchestra, he may depart from the conventional pattern sufficiently to let the beat indicate not so much the pulse of the rhythm as the phrasing, breathing, and articulation of the music. There are many means of communication that a conductor can use—his eyes, for example. By the way he looks at different groups of players, he can diminish or increase their sound, correcting the tonal balance of the musical voices. "The conductor must have the power of suggestion and make the player feel his wishes," Szell told me. "There should be no room for doubt. The good conductor has the self-assurance and the courage to take calculated risks and make split-second decisions. Sometimes the less he does, the better. But the conductor must remain in control of the orchestra and react almost automatically to the needs of the moment, the way a skilled driver reacts when he faces a dangerous situation. Generally, it is better to stimulate the players than to bridle them. The conductor knows when to keep out of their way and let them play, but he is always ready to take charge again when he is needed."

Many elements of the art of conducting defy rational explanation, Szell feels. He is convinced that if he wore a mask and stepped for the first time in front of an orchestra that he had never conducted, the players would at once recognize that he knew his business. "Authority is more important than popularity," he said. "But the orchestra must be convinced that the conductor is not interested only in self-glorification. If they know that the conductor drives himself as hard as he drives his players, they will go along, no matter how much he demands." Conducting is never a one-way traffic but must be a collaboration between conductor and orchestra. "A good musician gives me a lot," said Szell. "There is a mutual stimulation. At best, a sensitive, well-educated orchestra reaches a happy identity with the conductor."

For several years, Szell spent a week each spring at the Peabody Institute, in Baltimore, participating in a workshop, financed by the Ford Foundation, for gifted young conductors. At the end of the week, twenty-four of the students were given a chance to conduct the Baltimore Symphony in four two-and-

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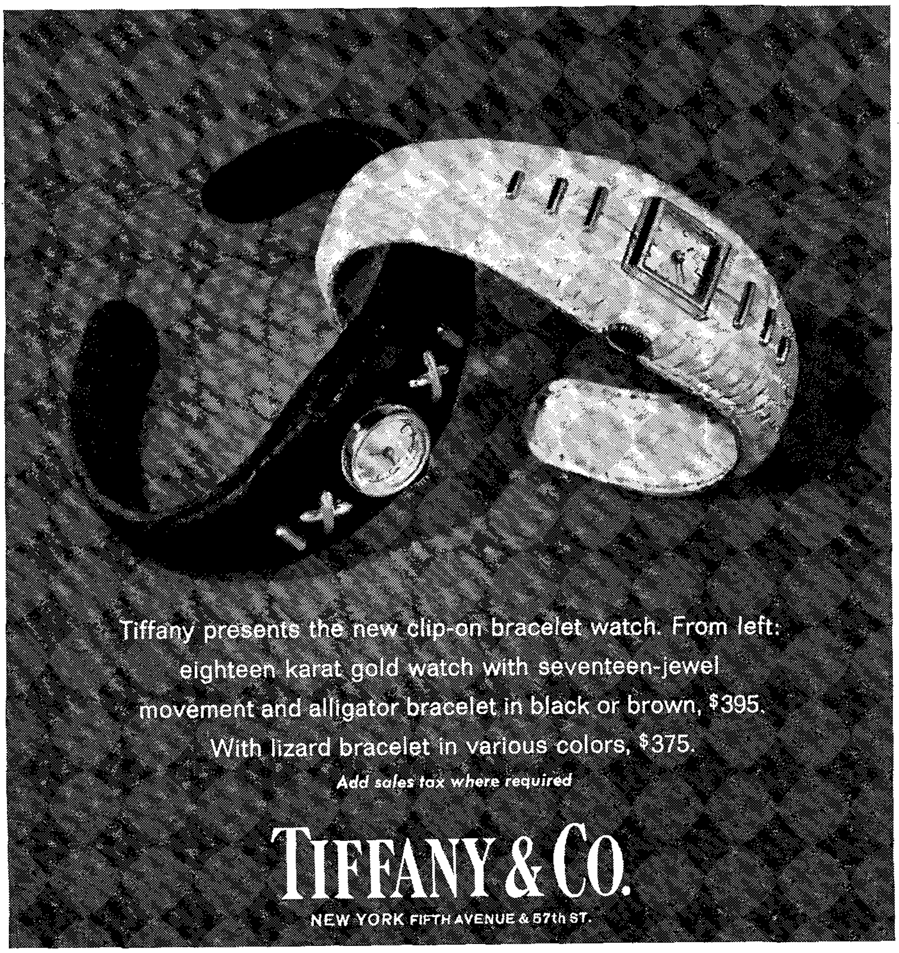
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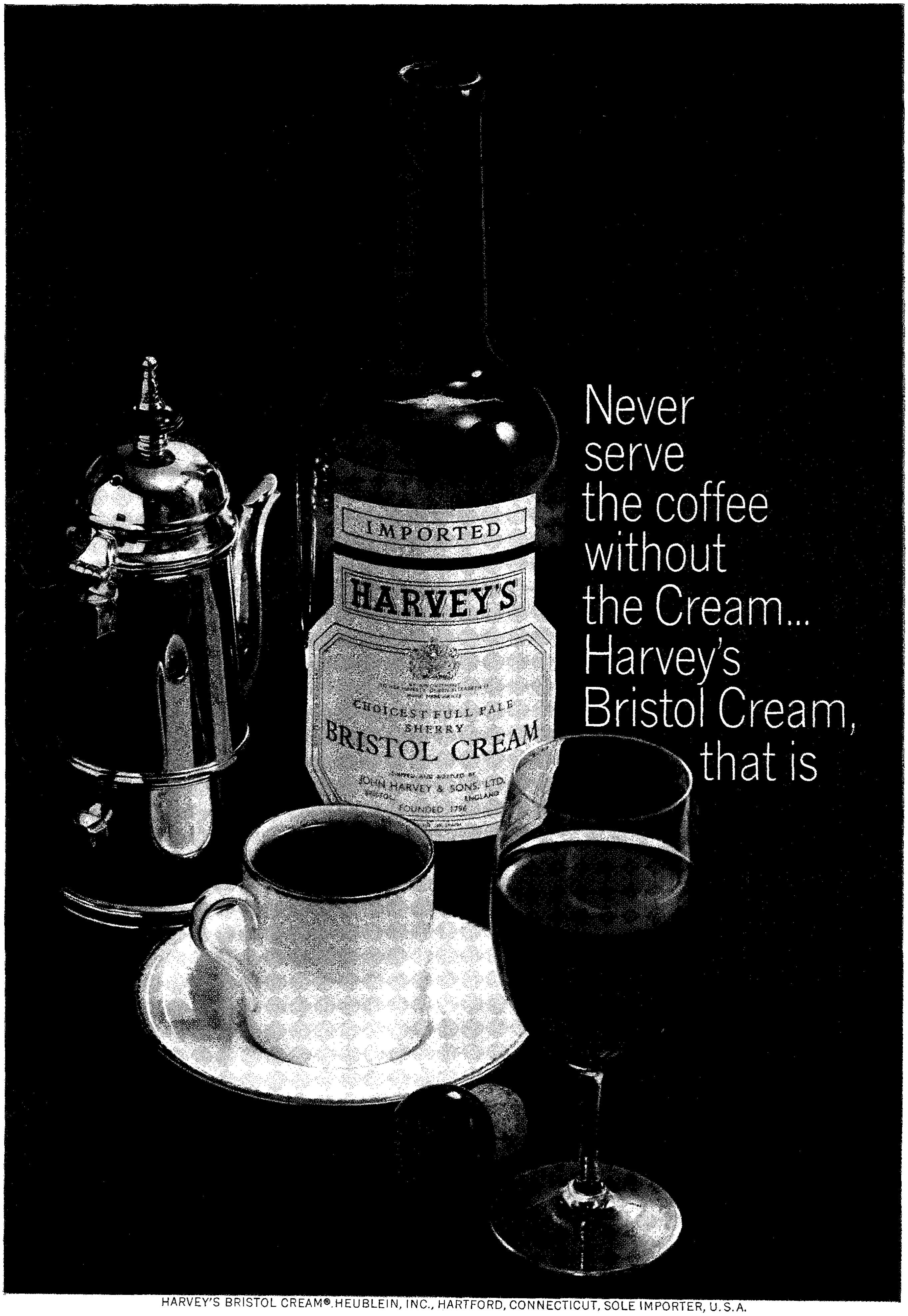
a-half-hour sessions, spread over two days. Szell told me he was always amazed at how different the orchestra sounded as one of them followed another, even though not one of them was a finished conductor. It never took the players long to get a man's number, he said. One poor fellow obviously had them all hating him after the third bar, while another immediately commanded their full coöperation. With obvious satisfaction, Szell remarked, "These are the things that border upon the inscrutable."

George Szell was born in Budapest on June 7, 1897. His father was Hungarian, his mother Slovak; he studied in Vienna with Austrian, Czech, and German teachers; and he later worked in Berlin and Prague. By both heritage and education, therefore, he is a product of Central Europe, like so many of the great masters whose work he loves—Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Dvořák, Mahler, Richard Strauss. He lived and learned where they lived and learned. It wasn't easy, he says, to overcome the handicap of being a child prodigy. (Even now Szell winces when critics refer, as they sometimes do, to the Cleveland Orchestra as the *Wunderkind* among American orchestras—an allusion, since the orchestra was founded in 1918 and long ago came of age, to its rejuvenation under Szell's direction.) At the age of three, Szell astonished his family by slapping his mother's hand when she struck a wrong note on the piano. He intensely dislikes fictional embroidery of biographical fact (I have seen his copy of a national magazine in which the margins of a story about him are filled with pencilled exclamations of "Nonsense!" and "All wrong!" and "Ridiculous!"), and while he did concede the truth of this story about his earliest response to music, he made light of its significance by adding, "Any number of people with sensitive hearing will react when the normal sequence of tones is interrupted." He thinks it is more interesting that as an infant he could sing "thirty or forty" Hungarian, Slovak, German, and French folk songs. "It may just be a tale of three nurses," he said dryly. "But I certainly did know fifteen songs."

At four or five, the boy was fascinated by the appearance of a page of music, and he would draw five lines on a sheet of paper and paint in "notes," which made no musical sense whatever but pleased him and attracted the attention of his parents. They sent him to be taught the rudiments of music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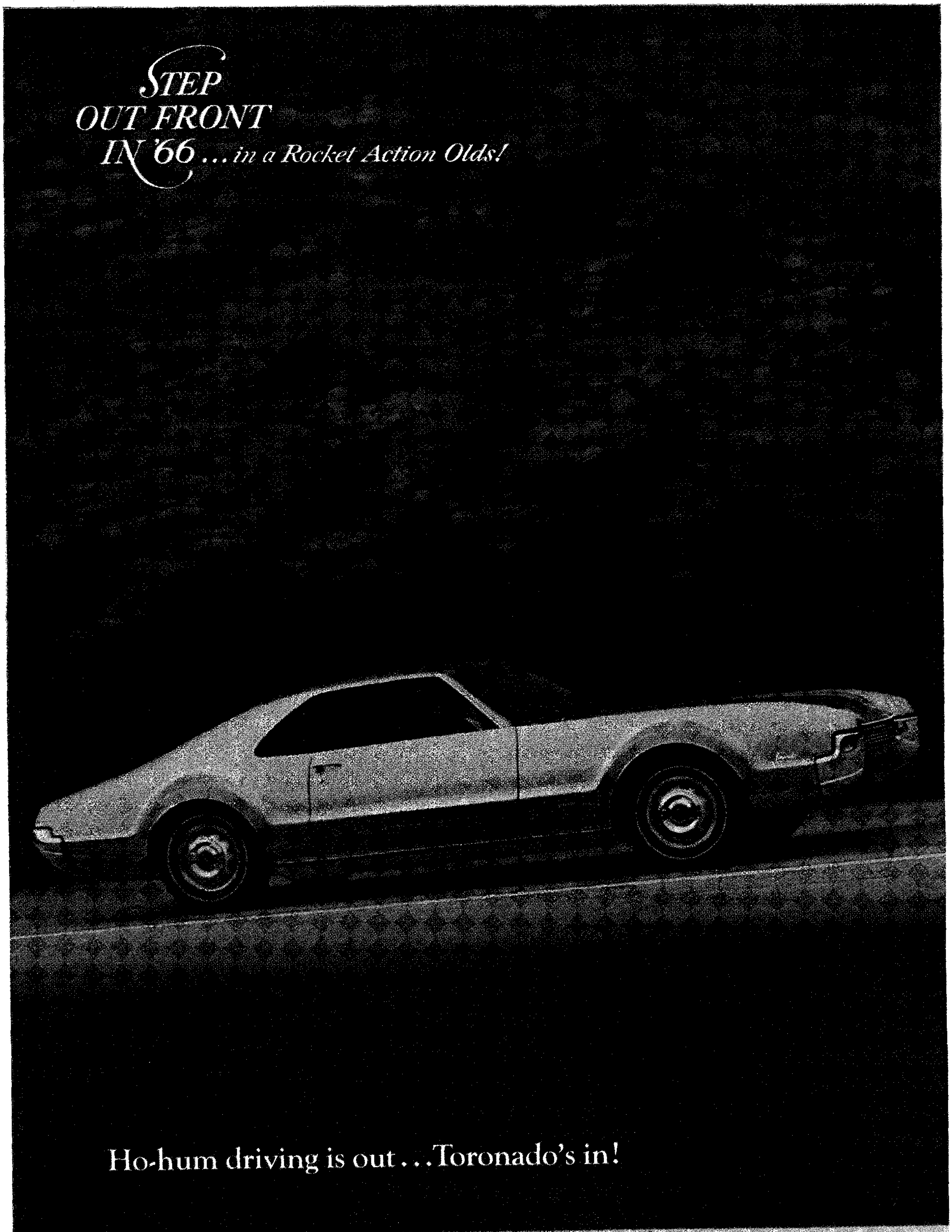
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by a local schoolmaster, and he learned the treble clef in three days. Music was always part of the daily life of the Szell household. (The boy's father, a successful lawyer and businessman, had spent his bachelor days in Paris, where he went around with musicians and became such an opera fan that he thought nothing of taking a Channel steamer to attend a great night at London's Covent Garden when Melba, Patti, or the de Reszkes were singing.) When the family moved to Vienna in 1903, Szell's mother began to teach him a little piano, and one day his father took him to Theodor Leschetizky, then the most famous piano pedagogue in Vienna. Szell vaguely remembers a gruff old man who listened without interest while he played and then told his father that he didn't think the boy really had it in him, and, anyway, he had no time for another prodigy.

A few months later, the boy had pneumonia and was treated by a neighborhood doctor. After his recovery, the Szells were invited to the doctor's house, where the doctor's daughter entertained the guests by playing the piano. Back home, young Szell sat down and wrote out a full page of a waltz she had played. He showed the page to his father, who compared it with the printed music the next morning and found that it was a practically faultless notation from memory. Szell's father discussed the feat with the doctor, who, as it happened, knew a remarkable pianist and teacher named Richard Robert. A musical maverick who didn't teach at the conservatory and kept away from the local cliques, Robert had an aversion to musical prodigies, but he agreed to listen to the boy. This test was quite different from the one at Leschetizky's. Robert listened and was impressed. "I can't say anything yet, but I'll take him on approval," he told Szell's father. "I'll give him one lesson a week, and one of my assistants will come to your house and work with him." A month later, Robert accepted the boy as a regular student, whereupon Szell was taken out of school, which he had just started, and began studying with a private tutor. "I haven't seen the inside of a classroom since," Szell told me. It has been suggested that his rather autocratic manners on the podium may be connected with the fact that he never learned to mix with other children. This bit of analysis does not disturb Szell. When I mentioned it, he said merely, "I learned more at home from my tutors than I would have in school." He speaks a number of lan-

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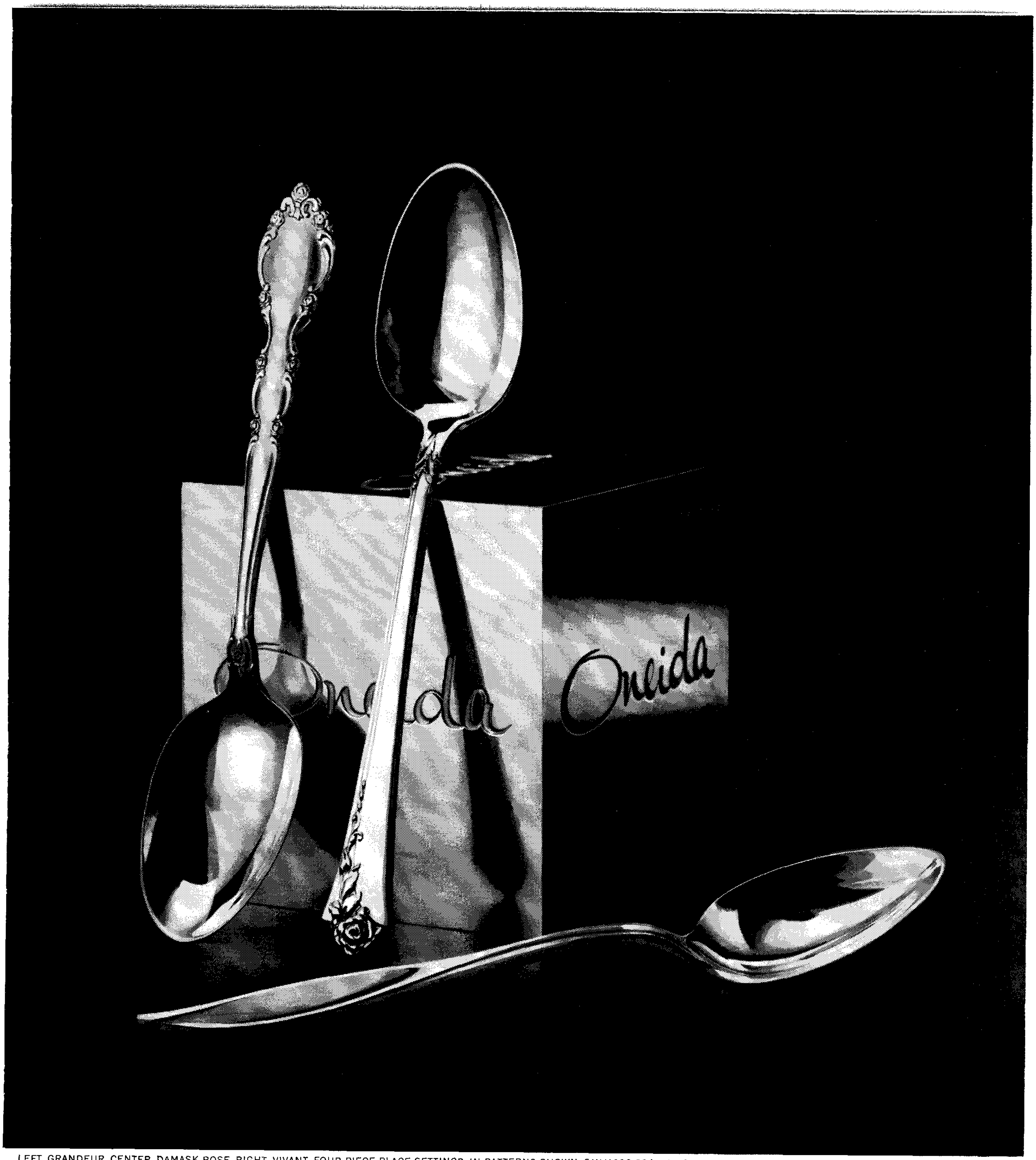
guages—English, German, French, Italian, Czech, Hungarian, Dutch, and some Russian—and is well read in history and philosophy as well as in musicology. He has also learned to mix with people—if he likes them.

Szell looks back on Richard Robert as a great teacher, who gave his students something more important than the best technical instruction; namely, musical morale and artistic integrity. "Those things have to be planted early," he told me. Vienna was a great place for a young music lover in those days. Szell's teachers and older colleagues had known Brahms, Bruckner, and Johann Strauss the younger, all of whom had died in the last years of the nineteenth century (Szell bitterly regrets that he wasn't born ten years earlier), and Gustav Mahler was still director of the Court Opera. When Szell was seven, he was taken to see Mahler's sensational production of "Don Giovanni," with Alfred Roller's famous sets, dominated by revolutionary three-dimensional towers instead of the customary painted backdrops. Szell remembers Roller's towers well but has only a dim memory of Mahler. Two young conductors at the Court Opera whom he does remember were Franz Schalk and Bruno Walter. Ferdinand Löwe, a Bruckner disciple, was conductor of the Vienna Konzertverein Orchestra, and Arthur Nikisch often came to the city to conduct. And then there was what the Viennese called the lunatic fringe—Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. The boy was surrounded by great music and great musicians. A few years after he started to work with Robert, he was joined by another piano prodigy, who became a lifelong friend of his; this was Rudolf Serkin. Of his early years, Szell said to me, "I got a lot out of Vienna without being infected by its phony *Gemütlichkeit*."

Szell made his début as both a pianist and a composer early in 1908, at the large Musikverein Hall in Vienna. The Wiener Tonkünstler Orchestra, under Oskar Nedbal (he was a former violist of the Bohemian String Quartet, a former pupil of Dvořák, and a well-known composer himself), began with an overture composed by the eleven-year-old boy, who then appeared to perform Mozart's Piano Concerto in A Major, K. 488. (The first piece Szell ever performed before an audience also marked his last appearance as a soloist; he played it at the Salzburg Festival of 1956, in a concert commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth.) Young Szell played several other selections as well, and the critics



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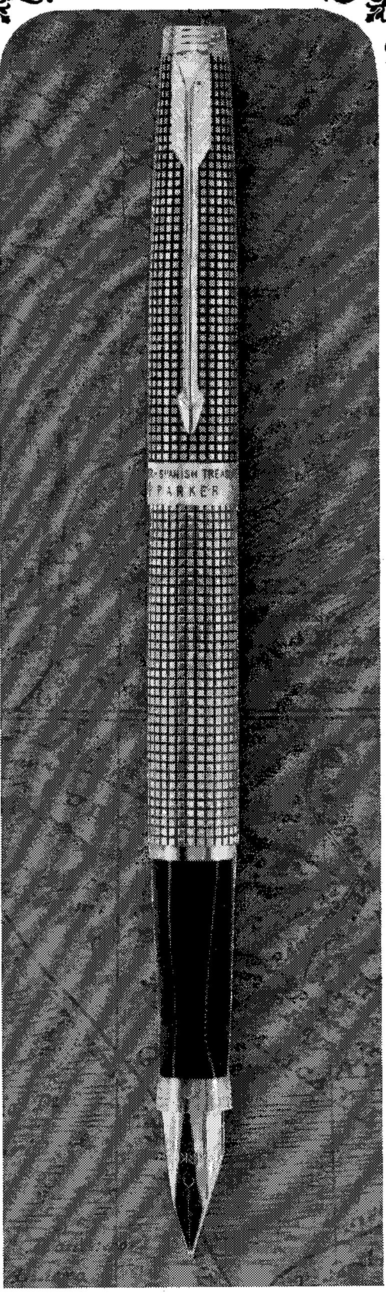

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were impressed, with the result that his parents were deluged with offers from concert managers. Most of these were turned down. "My parents just wanted me to drop my calling card in the big cities of Europe and then continue my studies," Szell explained. That fall, he dropped his calling card in Dresden with the Staatskapelle, under Ernst von Schuch. The local music critics, being skeptical of prodigies, gave the youngster several musical themes to improvise on. "I believe I did convince them that I was not a fake," Szell told me. He went on to give four concerts in London, and at the close of that visit the *Daily Mail* published a full-page article by R. de Chateleux under the head "My Talk with the New Mozart; An Interview with the Little Romping Boy Whose Musical Powers Have Amazed London."

During the next five years, Szell studied theory and composition in Leipzig with Max Reger and in Vienna with J. B. Foerster, Karl Prohaska, and Eusebius Mandyczewski, who had been a close friend of Brahms. He not only practiced the piano ("Never more than four hours a day," he told me) but began to familiarize himself with the whole symphonic literature by playing it on the piano. Already he had ideas of becoming a conductor. He spent the summer of 1913 with his parents in Bad Kissingen, where the Vienna Symphoniker gave regular evening concerts. Naturally, young Szell was always hanging around the bandroom pestering the players, and one morning when the regular conductor, Martin Spörr, became ill, Szell was invited to conduct that evening's concert. The program consisted of seven pieces, including, as he recalls it, the overture to Peter Cornelius's "The Barber of Baghdad," a Strauss waltz, and the overture to Rossini's "William Tell." The sixteen-year-old Szell came through with flying colors, and that settled it: He was going to be a conductor.

Back in Vienna, Szell was introduced to Richard Strauss, who invited him to become a *Korrepetitor*, or coach, at the Court Opera in Berlin. In due time, Szell received a contract consisting of eight pages of regulations in small print. At the end was a typewritten line: "The services will not be paid." Szell still finds the arrangement perfectly proper, since, as he explained to me, "My value to the organization was smaller than the organization's value to me." He spent two years in Berlin, coaching singers, playing the piano in the orchestra, conduct-

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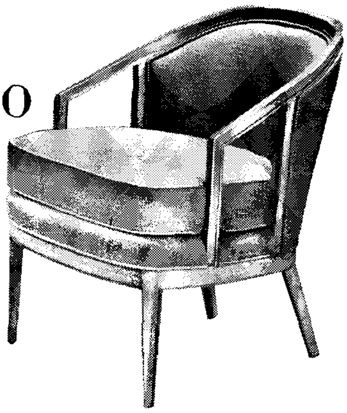

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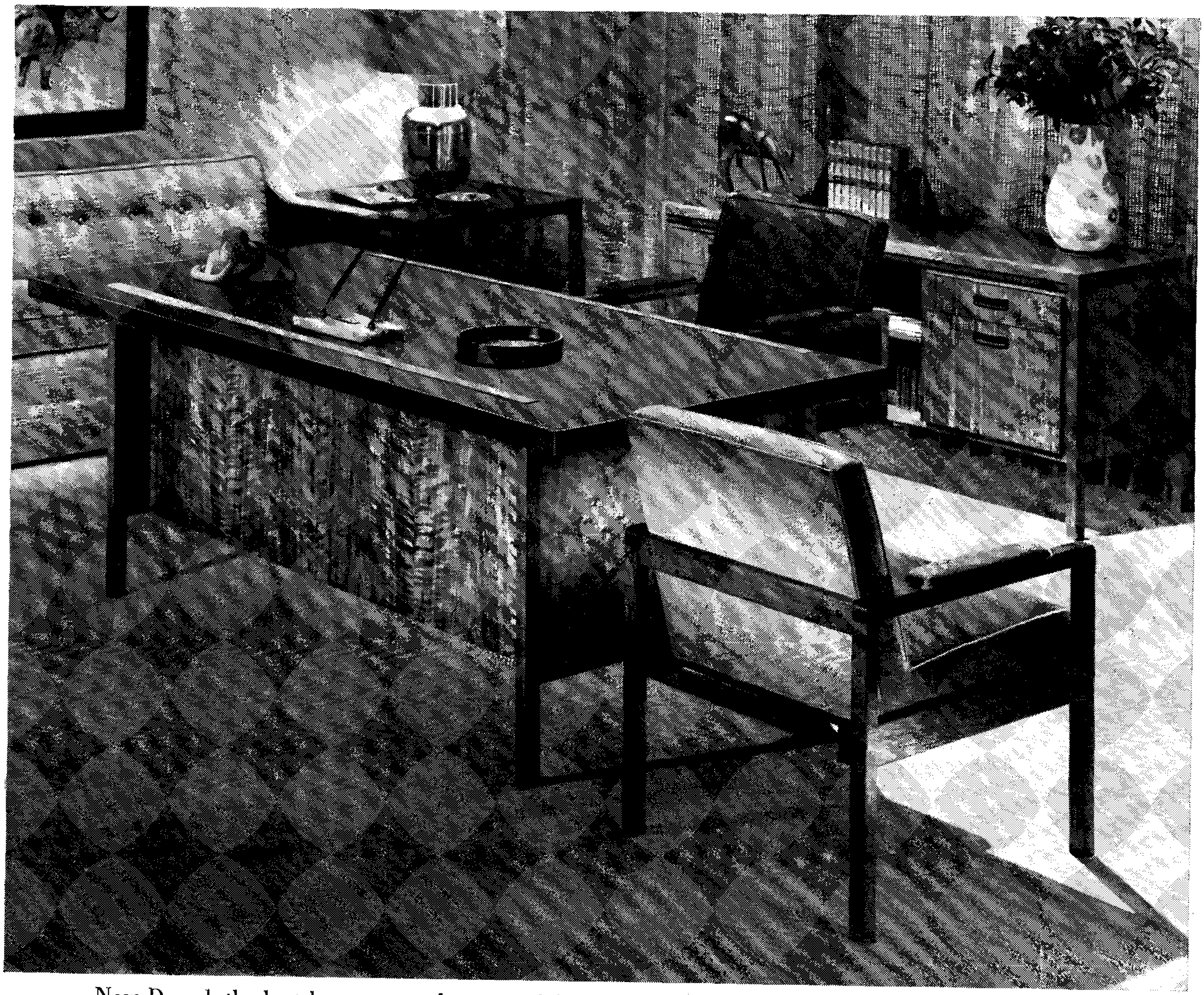

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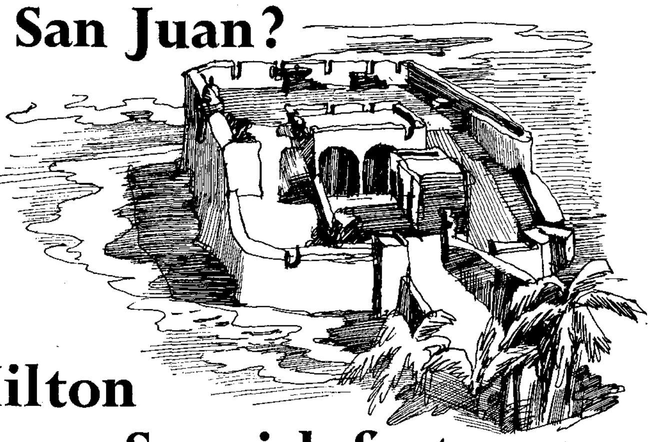

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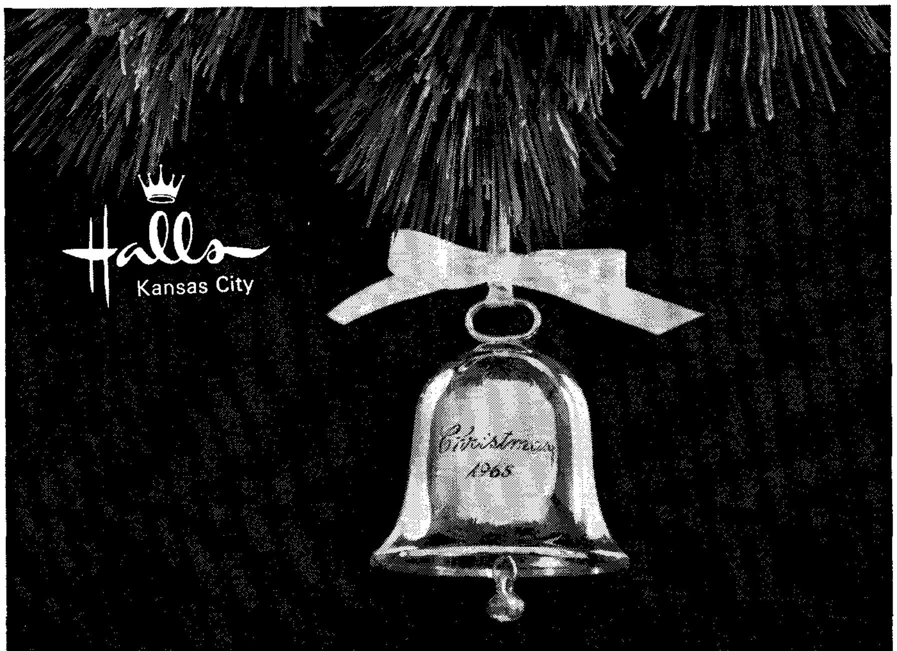

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ing backstage orchestras, and studying. He learned a lot from Strauss—a deep understanding of Mozart and Wagner, a feeling for drama and climax in conducting opera, and a precise, spare baton technique. One day, when Strauss was late for a rehearsal of his symphonic poem "Don Juan," Szell took over, conducting the difficult work from memory. Strauss arrived in the middle of it, and after the finale he said, "*Da kann man ruhig ins Gras beissen, wenn man solchen Nachwuchs hat.*" ("Now I can die happy, with a young fellow like this to take over.")

The following year, Szell conducted a rehearsal of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" so ably that the orchestra sent a delegation to the Intendant, Count Hülsen-Haeseler, asking him to make Szell a full conductor and to dismiss one of the regulars, whom the orchestra members didn't like. Count Hülsen-Haeseler was ready to agree, but Strauss had other plans for the young man. He advised him to take the post of first conductor at the Strassburg Municipal Theatre, which had just been vacated by Otto Klemperer. Strauss thought it was better for Szell to be first in Strassburg than last in Berlin. After conducting trial performances of "Carmen" and "Tannhäuser" in Strassburg, Szell was hired and given a five-year contract. He was nineteen at the time, but it was agreed to publish his age as twenty-three, so as to avoid public protests against a teen-age *Opernchef*. He spent less than two years in Strassburg. When the French occupied the city, in November, 1918, they closed the German-language theatre and expelled Szell. A period of free-lancing as a conductor and a pianist followed. Szell had made something of a name for himself as a composer—his "Variation on an Original Theme," which betrayed the influence of Richard Strauss, had been performed by Strauss, Nikisch, and Furtwängler, among others—but now he gave up composing entirely. "I wasn't good enough by my own standards," he told me. "But I still believe it's advantageous—almost indispensable, in fact—for an interpreter to have tried his hand at composing. At least he will have a feel for what the musical universe looks like from the composer's vantage point." Szell worked in Darmstadt and Düsseldorf during his free-lance period, and in 1924 he was called to Berlin to become chief conductor of the State Opera and of the Berlin Radio Orchestra. It was in these years that people began to talk about his impressive ability to play difficult orchestral scores on the piano at sight. This

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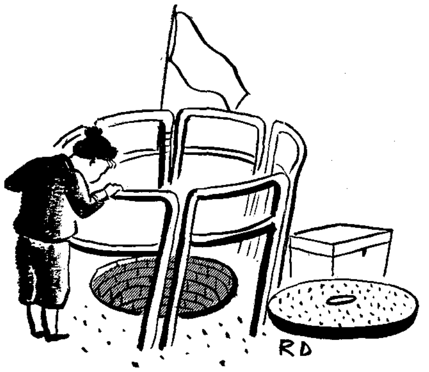
ability has always surprised even the great instrumentalists with whom he has performed, and he has been teaching his technique to younger men for years. Perhaps his most bravura performance is a rendition of the immensely complex score of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," with a virtuoso glissando produced by sweeping one of his cufflinks over the keyboard.

After a short trip to the United States in 1929 to conduct four weeks of concerts in St. Louis, Szell went to Prague as *Opernchef* at its German Theatre and director of its philharmonic concerts. These positions had previously been held by Mahler, Klemperer, Kleiber, Zemlinsky, and Steinberg, and for Szell, as for each of them, the German Theatre in Prague was a springboard to fame. Prague, which was then one of Europe's musical capitals, had two other great opera houses—the Národní Divadlo and the older Stavovské Divadlo. (It was at the Stavovské Divadlo that Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" became a smash hit in 1786, several months after an indifferent reception in Vienna. "Nothing is talked of here but 'Figaro,' no opera is cared for but 'Figaro,' always 'Figaro,' " Mozart wrote to a friend. "Don Giovanni" had its world première in Prague on October 29, 1787, and in the audience that night was Giacomo Casanova, then an old man, living in nearby Dux; he must have enjoyed Leporello's aria "Mille e tre.") Szell has paid off his debt to Prague by becoming America's most enthusiastic interpreter of Czech music. He says he hears a nostalgic echo of his youth in the melancholy and the exuberance of Smetana, Dvořák, and Janáček.

In 1937, Szell was offered two posts—director of the Scottish Orchestra, in Glasgow, and director of The Hague Philharmonic, in Holland. He hated to leave Prague, but the shadow of Nazism was already falling over Czechoslovakia, and he finally decided to accept both positions, dividing his time between Glasgow and The Hague. During Szell's first year in



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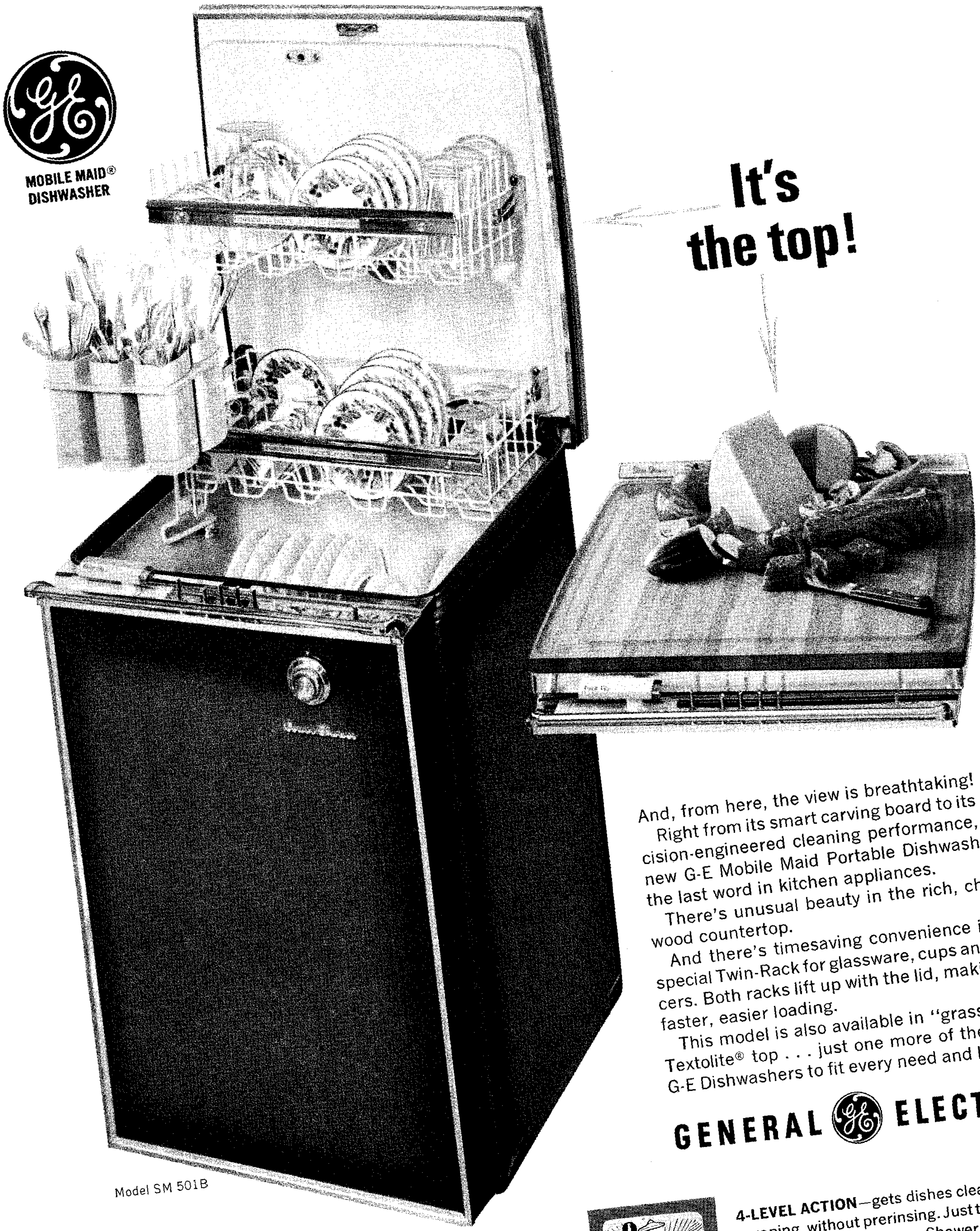

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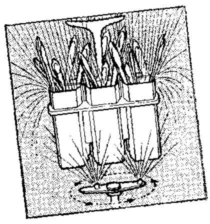

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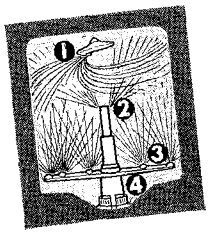

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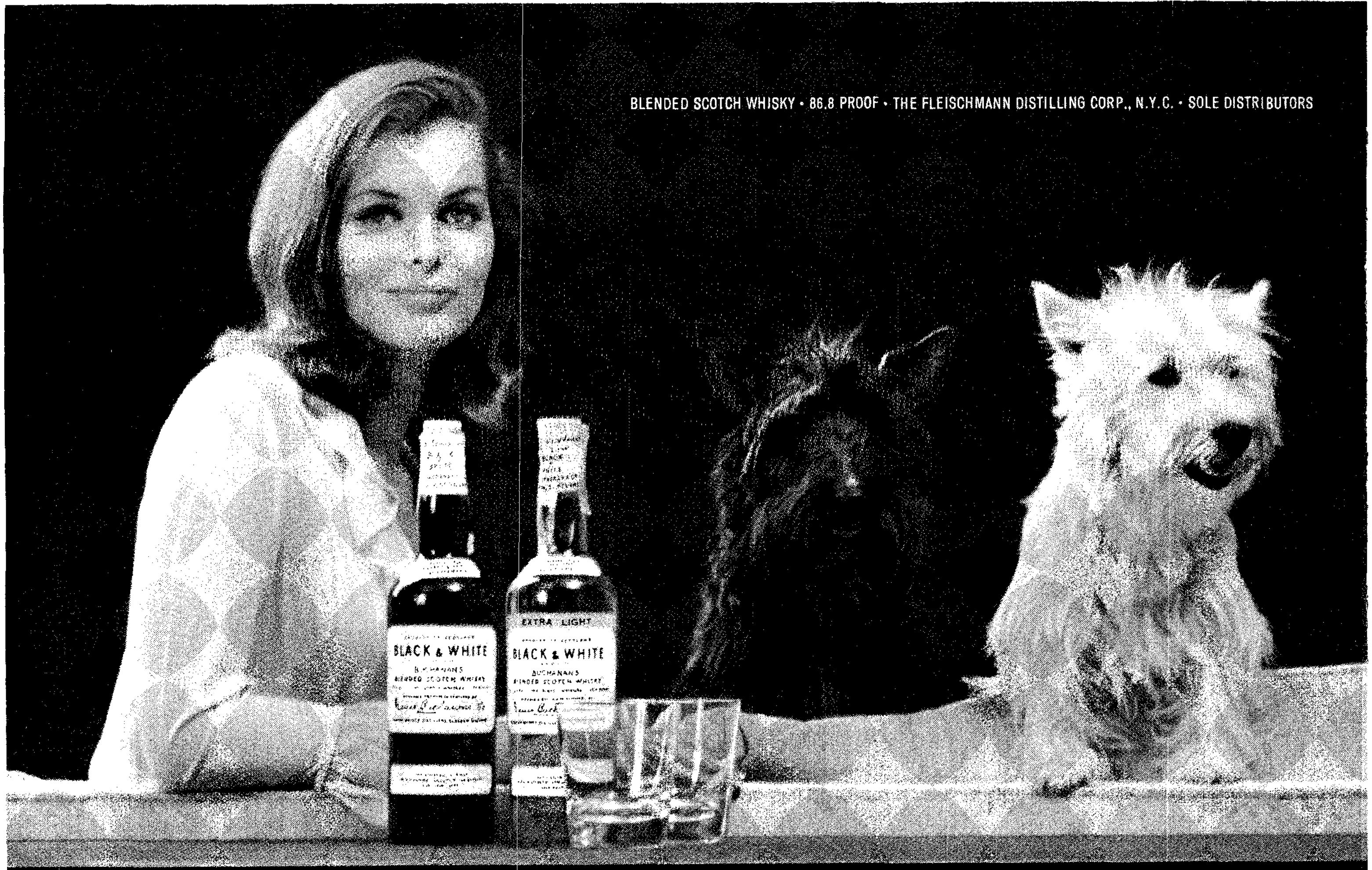
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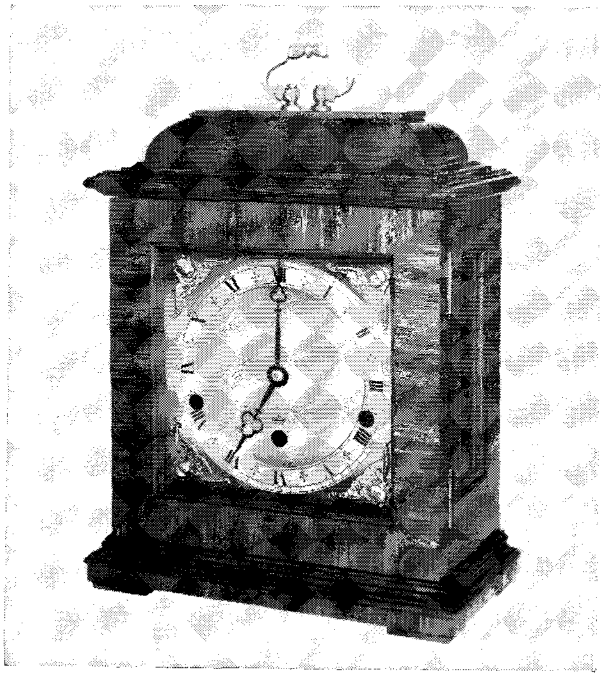
his new jobs, Toscanini came to The Hague as a guest conductor. The Maestro had had his difficulties with the orchestra the previous year, and now he found it suddenly improved. Upon expressing his surprise, he was told that Szell was responsible. Toscanini invited Szell to come to New York and conduct the N.B.C. Symphony, but Szell, regretfully, was obliged to decline, for he had just agreed to make an Australian tour. In the summer of 1939, therefore, Szell and his wife were in Australia. War appeared imminent, and since the prospect of getting stuck somewhere between Singapore and Suez didn't appeal to Szell, he decided to return to Europe by way of North America. The Szells arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, just as the Second World War began, and they settled in New York, where they had many friends, little money, and no work. Toscanini couldn't repeat his invitation, because all the concerts for the season had been booked, but Szell was confident from the start that he would make his way in America.

Szell spent his first two years in this country teaching composition at the Mannes School of Music, making orchestral transcriptions for a publisher, studying the great American orchestras (he was especially impressed by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky, whom he had met in Bayreuth in 1931), and, for relaxation, playing chamber music with friends. He played the Hindemith viola sonatas with their composer; he played trios with Erica Morini and Emanuel Feuermann; he played quintets with Adolf Busch, Zino Francescatti, Lillian Fuchs, and Leonard Rose; and he played two-piano duets with his old friend Rudolf Serkin. His first two summers here he spent in southern California, where he conducted often in the Hollywood Bowl. He and Mrs. Szell drove across the continent and back in an old second-hand car, staying in tourist cabins, cooking their own meals, getting acquainted with the country and its people. Then, early in 1941, Szell got the break he had been hoping for. He conducted the N.B.C. Symphony, with great success, and after that everything seemed to come his way. Many orchestras invited him for guest performances, and in 1942 Edward Johnson, the manager of the Metropolitan Opera, asked him to take over the German repertory. People still talk wistfully about Szell's "Ring," "Don Giovanni," "Salome," "Rosenkavalier," "Tannhäuser," and "Meistersinger."

He has always loved to conduct op-

"...seems someone there decided a clock ought to do more than just tell time."



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era and regrets that it has become impossible to find artistically satisfactory conditions that would enable him to give more time to it. The conditions under which the symphony conductor works today may not be idyllic, but the conductor who takes opera seriously is in a much worse plight. He is faced with inadequate rehearsal time, with star singers who head for the other side of the globe on a jet after a couple of performances, with managers who are often more interested in the box-office receipts than in the artistic excellence of their house, and frequently with producers who try to run the whole show from the stage—and resent strong conductors who want to run the whole show from the pit. Szell insists that the conductor must be in complete control of both the orchestra in the pit and the chorus and the soloists on the stage; only he can weld all the components into an artistic unity. Although the celebrated tenor or the famous prima donna outshines the conductor in the eyes of the public, it is still the conductor who makes or breaks the performance. Szell hopes that someday he may find it possible to return to what was one of his first loves, and again conduct the operas of Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and Strauss.

IN 1946, Szell was offered the post of musical director of the Cleveland Orchestra. The invitation came just at the moment when Szell, having conducted almost everywhere, was thinking of settling down. The Cleveland was certainly not one of the country's top orchestras, but Szell, in responding to the invitation, promised the Cleveland Musical Arts Association that he would make it into one—provided he would be the absolute master in artistic matters. "I was dreaming of a combination of the best elements of American and European orchestra playing," Szell told me. "I wanted to combine the Americans' purity and beauty of sound and their virtuosity of execution with the European sense of tradition, warmth of expression, and sense of style. I told the board that if I had the necessary powers I would make the orchestra second to none and establish Cleveland as one of the symphony capitals of the world." There is general agreement in Cleveland, and elsewhere, that Szell has done what he said he would do. At the unofficial but fierce competition during the opening of New York's Philharmonic Hall in the autumn of 1962, a number of critics concluded that the Cleveland was as good as the more celebrated orchestras

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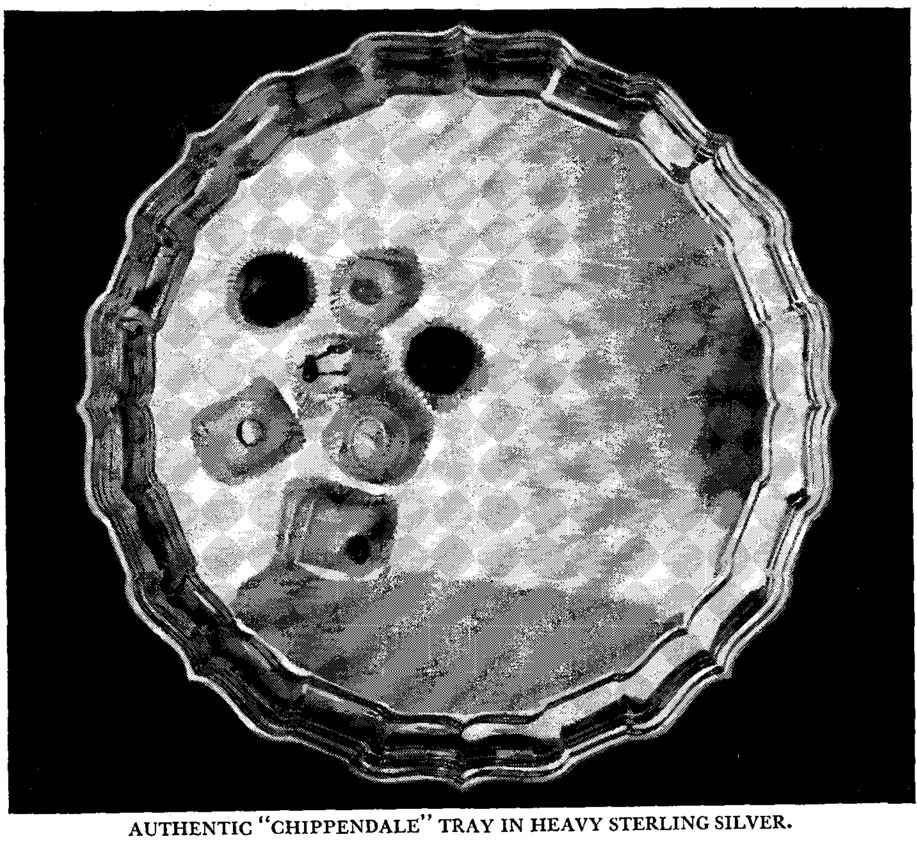

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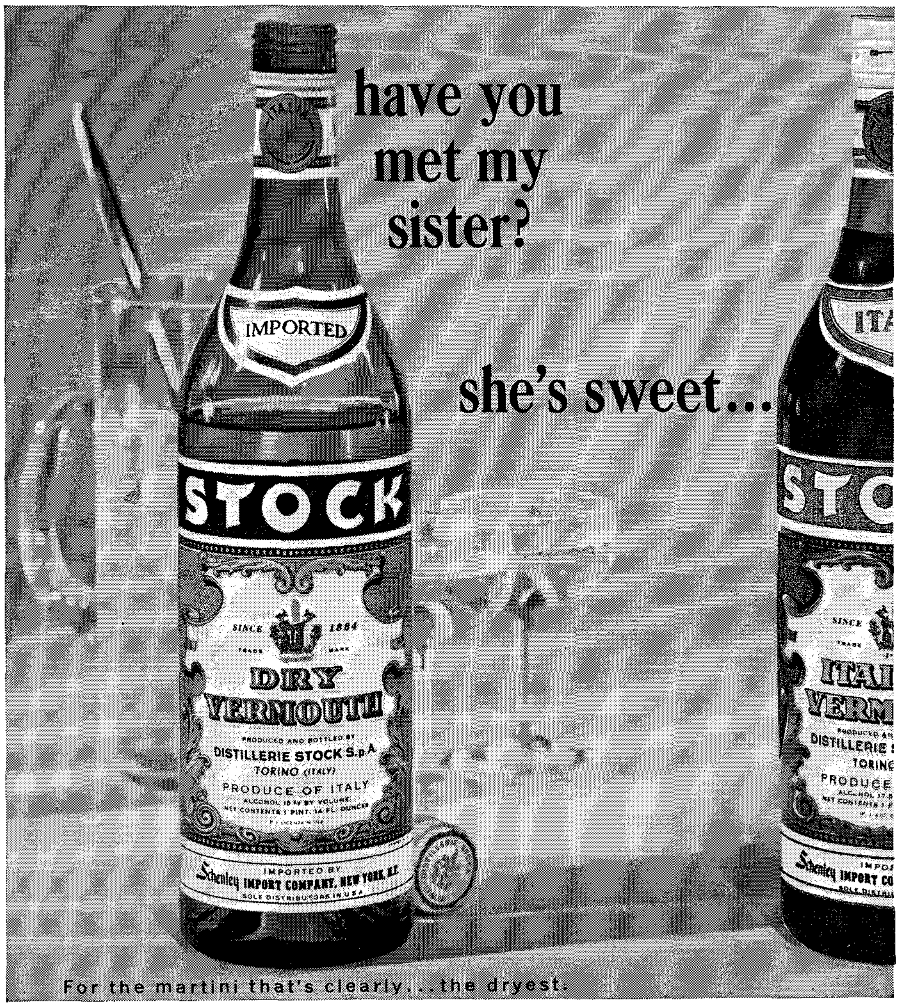

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from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and in some respects was even better.

It wasn't an easy task—not for Szell, not for the orchestra, and not for the community that had to pay the bill. Szell rebuilt the orchestra ruthlessly. He increased its strength from ninety-four to a hundred and six; altered its makeup so drastically that only thirty-five members of the 1946 ensemble remain; enlarged the subscription series from twenty pairs of concerts to twenty-four; and lengthened the total season (including children's concerts, a Sunday series, and tours) to thirty-eight weeks in the winter and ten weeks in the summer. He also established the two-hundred-and-forty-voice Cleveland Orchestra Chorus, under the leadership of Robert Shaw, and built up a large catalogue of recordings—more than fifty albums in the last decade. And, best of all, he instilled a fierce sense of pride in those musicians who could stand up under his merciless treatment. "In Cleveland, we begin to rehearse when most other orchestras finish," Szell likes to say.

It was Szell's ambition to produce an orchestra that would have the finish and flexibility generally expected of a great string quartet, and the Cleveland style is now, in Szell's words, "the supreme cultivation of ensemble playing, with the players carefully listening to one another as well as to themselves, with the most eloquent communication between the orchestra and the audience, and with the most elaborate care for proper articulation, phrasing, and style, down to the subtlest inflection of every nuance." He believes that "the infinite loving care for detail" that every player takes sets the Cleveland apart from other orchestras. No single section is outstanding, in the way that the string section of the Vienna Philharmonic or the Philadelphia Orchestra is, but few orchestras have ever been more exquisitely coördinated and integrated. The Cleveland is also famous for its ability to switch from one musical style to another. Szell compares his orchestra to a great actor who can appear in a variety of parts and speak with different accents while retaining his own distinctive personality. It is not a question of mere technique, Szell maintains; a Mozart score may be less complicated than a Stravinsky score, but to give a great performance of a Mozart symphony is more difficult than to give one of "Le Sacre du Printemps." A great performance, according to Szell, demands musical integrity and constant effort. "You finally reach a point when everything

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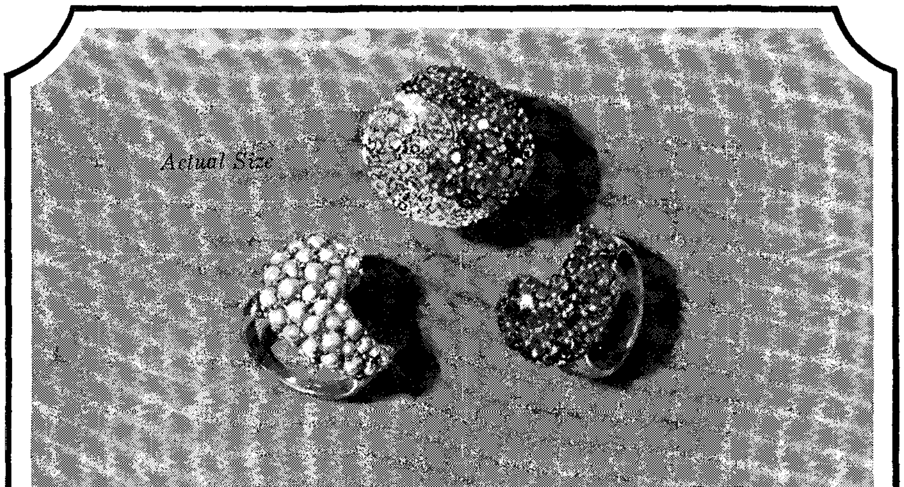

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seems very simple, although actually it is very, very difficult," he told me one day.

Szell spends most of his time from the middle of September to the middle of May with the Cleveland Orchestra, and the sense of continuity that his presence provides is another reason for the orchestra's excellence. During that time, he goes on several tours with the orchestra, giving six concerts in New York and one each in as many as fourteen other cities. Last spring he took the Cleveland abroad on a long European tour that was sponsored by the State Department. He conducted more than fifty concerts in eleven weeks, five of which were spent in the Soviet Union. The Russians' reaction to what they heard was one "of almost unbounded enthusiasm," according to Szell. "They are able to clap their hands rhythmically—one-two, one-two—for twenty minutes without tiring," he has recalled. "The Russian-style applause would start when I walked off the platform, and then it would dissolve into Western-style *fortissimo* applause when I returned. We sometimes had to play four encores." In Leningrad, where the orchestra played in Philharmonia Hall, which Szell has described as "a dream of dreams acoustically," police had to set up barricades in the streets to control admiring crowds. But perhaps what pleased Szell most was the opinion of the Leningrad *Pravda's* music critic that the Cleveland's renowned technical proficiency "is never 'flung into one's face': everything is subordinated exclusively to the artistic concept, which is always profound and well pondered."

The programs that the orchestra plays on a European tour are somewhat different from the programs it gives in Cleveland; for example, there is special emphasis on the music of the particular country in which the orchestra is performing. Wherever it is playing, though, Szell tries to preserve a balance between contemporary music and the masterpieces of the past, and he gives a good deal of time and thought to the selection of programs. He does not believe, as some of his colleagues apparently do, that there are still a lot of undiscovered masterpieces slumbering in the archives of old monasteries and castles. On the contrary, he feels that quite a few "overdiscovered non-masterworks," as he calls them, will gradually disappear from the concert repertory. Many of the most popular works are also the best ones, and Szell believes that Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and Beethoven's

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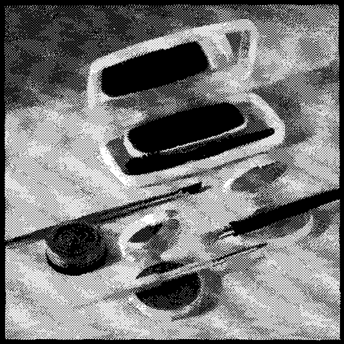

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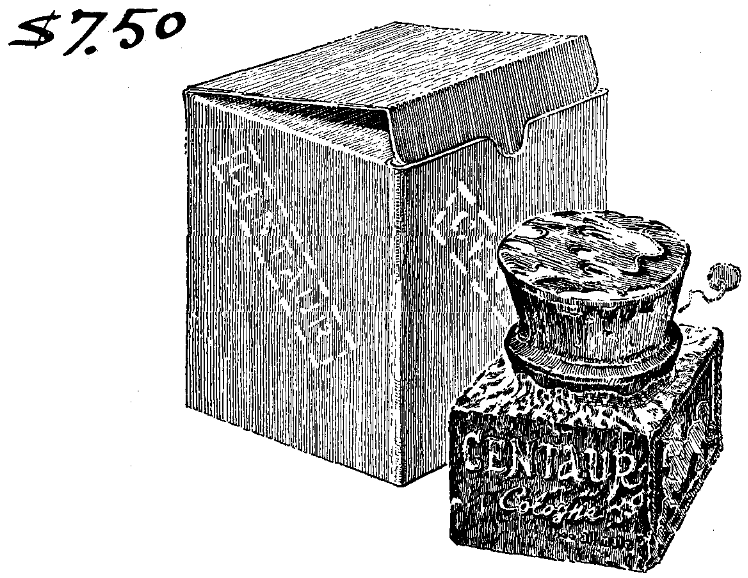

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Fifth are inexhaustible both for the listener and for the performer. Naturally, there is danger that such works will become hackneyed through repetition, and therefore the program has to be completed by secondary masterpieces, which, according to Szell, "are still terrific by present-day standards." For each concert he makes it a rule to select at least one familiar masterpiece. Then he may add a new work that is not well known and deserves a hearing. A program may be built on the principle of homogeneity—Szell will joyfully conduct three Mozart symphonies in one evening—or on the principle of contrast. However, contrast must never be carried to the point of incongruity, Szell feels. He likes to sandwich a problematic, modern piece between two tried-and-tested ones. It is his contention that "the ideal place for a contemporary symphony in dodecaphonic style is after a brilliant overture of the standard repertoire and before a great piano concerto." In his opinion, anywhere from seventy-five to ninety minutes of music is sufficient, but length is less important than the weight of the program. Brahms' Fourth Symphony, which lasts about thirty-six minutes, gives an audience far more music than two short and shallow pieces of twenty minutes each, and a rich program lasting only an hour may provide more satisfaction than a meagre one that goes on for an hour and a half.

During the months that Szell spends in Cleveland, he follows a fairly rigid daily routine. He has a comfortable, two-story house in Shaker Heights, and four mornings a week he leaves it in time to be at Severance Hall, the orchestra's home, by nine o'clock, so that he can get his correspondence out of the way before the rehearsal begins, at ten. (Szell loves the hall, and five years ago he persuaded his board of directors to spend more than two hundred thousand dollars to improve its acoustics, which he now considers "wonderful." The man who did the job was the noted German acoustical engineer, Heinrich Keilholz, who prepared the Vienna State Opera acoustically for its reopening in 1955, and who has recently served as a consultant at New York's Philharmonic Hall.) After the morning rehearsal, Szell drives home—except on Wednesday, when there is a second rehearsal in the afternoon. On Thursdays and Saturdays, when he is conducting evening subscription concerts, he has a simple lunch (steak, vegetables, a glass of wine), goes to bed for a couple of hours' sleep, takes a warm bath to relax his muscles,

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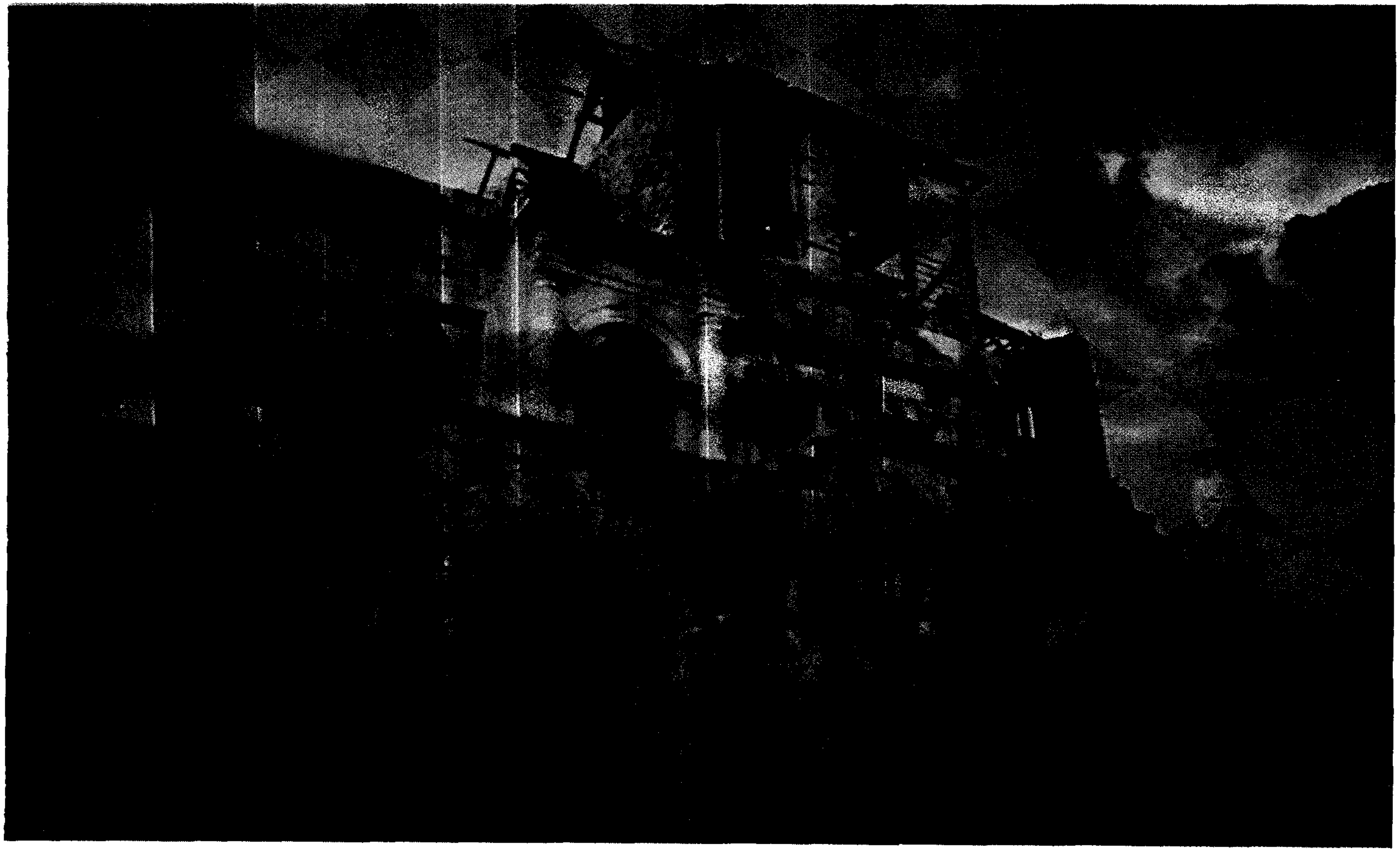

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and spends the remaining time before the concert in his upstairs study, reading or playing on the piano the score of some work that he is not conducting that night. This helps him put the immediate task out of his mind. Mrs. Szell, who knew him first as a pianist, regrets that he no longer plays in public. Szell feels that piano playing and conducting have opposite effects on the muscles of the arms—that the conductor's arms tend to get heavy, and his fingers more or less immobile, while the pianist's arms should be light and his fingers fleet. Szell's perfectionism extends to his baton, the conductor's symbol of authority. He works on each new baton with pocketknife and sandpaper until it is thin and pointed. Its weight should be less than a quarter of an ounce, he believes, and the point of balance should be somewhere between a third and a fourth of the way from the lower end, so that it rests easily between the fingers and doesn't pull the hand down by its weight.

Szell cannot stand any kind of distraction before a performance, and a spell of cold tyranny settles over the household on concert days. (Mrs. Szell recalls wistfully that her friend Mrs. Bruno Walter used to be able to drop into her husband's study late in the afternoon before a concert and tell him at length what had happened to her in town that day.) Back when Szell was conducting at the Met in New York, he would sometimes go out shopping with his wife before a difficult performance. She says that on the morning before the première of a new production of "Don Giovanni" he made her buy five hats. Szell used to enjoy the pleasures of social life, including parties and bridge, but nowadays he rarely sees anyone except a few close friends, and most of them are musicians. ("Time is getting short," he explained.) He delights in the role of grandfather when the three children of Mrs. Szell's son by her former marriage come to Cleveland from their home in Atlanta for a visit, but he finds most social duties a bore. Hostesses are terrified of him, though they know he can be very charming if he feels like it. He has been heard to say that he finds a reception after a concert more exhausting than the concert, and that he wonders whether it wouldn't have been easier to play the whole program over again than to go through *this*. He likes to go straight home after a concert, and even then the music keeps vibrating in him. He needs hours to unwind, and has spent sleepless nights after a concert going over the whole program, bar

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by bar, in his mind. But he relishes this feeling, like the aftertaste of a good wine.

As a diversion, Szell loves to cook, and the kitchen of the Szell home may be the only place on earth where he relaxes his exalted standards of perfectionism. When he makes a bouillabaisse in Cleveland, four hundred miles from the nearest seacoast ("The bouillabaisse should be made only *within sight* of the Mediterranean," the great Fernand Point used to say), Szell buys whatever shrimp, lobster, and sea bass are available locally, and since he cannot get the gelatinous fish of the Mediterranean, he adds a little gelatine. Some professional cooks in this country do the same thing, but Szell points out that he doesn't serve his bouillabaisse professionally, and that he would certainly never add the tiniest bit of gelatine to his Mozart, which he does serve professionally. After the preparation of the bouillabaisse or of some other Szell specialty—his *bœuf bourgignon,* say, into which he puts a bottle of his finest wine, or tripe, with tomatoes, garlic, Parmesan, and parsley—the kitchen looks like a battlefield. "George calls this premeditated cooking," Mrs. Szell told me. "He has a large collection of cookbooks, and he studies them for hours, as if they were scores, before he attempts a dish. God help me if I ever left the kitchen in such a mess."

A conductor needs good food and good wine the way a motor needs fuel, according to Szell, and he believes that in selecting his guest engagements he has earned the privilege of working not only with orchestras and soloists he likes but in places where he likes the restaurants. He has a special affection for Stockholm's Radio Orchestra, which is made up of young and ambitious musicians, and he usually arrives in Sweden around the eighth of August, when the crayfish season begins. He is nearly as fond of the Dutch and their food as he is of the magnificent acoustics of the Concertgebouw hall in Amsterdam and of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, one of his old friends, which he conducts every second year, alternately with the New York Philharmonic. He also appears regularly at the festivals of Salzburg, Edinburgh, Vienna, and Lucerne.

It is a strenuous life. When Szell comes to New York to conduct the Philharmonic, for example, he has a tough weekly schedule of four rehearsals and four concerts. He generally finds rehearsals even more exhausting than concerts, and a year's work comprises several tours, dozens of record-

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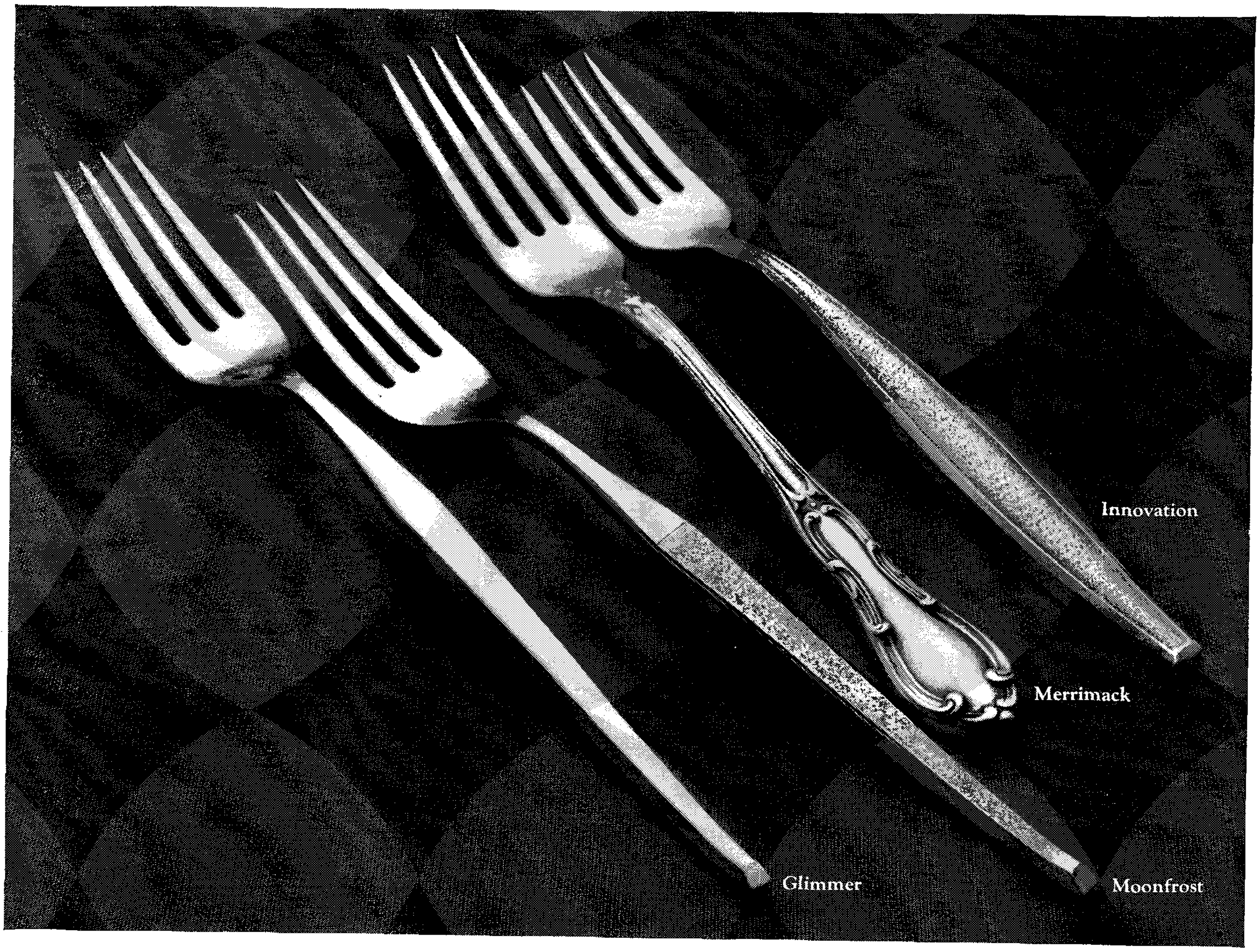

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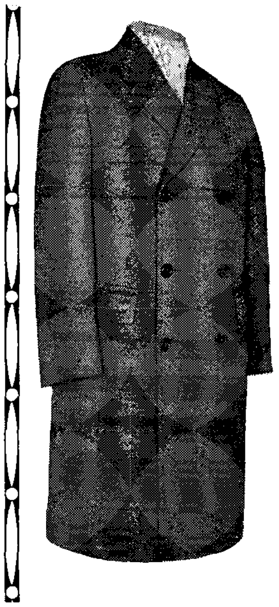

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ing sessions, at least ninety concerts, and many, many rehearsals. Szell nevertheless looks younger than his age and always impresses audiences with his erect bearing and elastic movements. He is convinced that one reason for the astonishing longevity of conductors is that they belong to the happy few who love what they are doing and never want to do anything else.

A BORN teacher, Szell loves to pass on his experience to the younger generation. "By giving one's knowledge, one enriches oneself in art," he said to me. He devotes more than the usual amount of time to soloists appearing with the Cleveland (the usual amount of time is just one rehearsal, at which the conductor "goes through the piece" with the soloist), because, he says, "I feel that whoever appears with the Cleveland Orchestra and with me should take something with him besides his fee." Most soloists, no matter how celebrated, gladly accept Szell's suggestions, particularly since he never offers them gratuitously. A great pianist, after a guest performance in Cleveland, complained that Szell had never even looked at him. Shaking his head imperiously, Szell replied, "What for? I heard you and I felt you." In Cleveland, he always has several young conductors working with him as apprentices. They sit in at all rehearsals and concerts, play in the orchestra, work in the library, consult with Szell, and occasionally conduct part of a subscription program or the whole program of a children's concert or a Sunday-afternoon concert. A charter member of the apprentice project is Louis Lane, who joined the orchestra in 1947 and has worked his way up to the position of associate conductor; Lane is now recognized as one of the country's outstanding young conductors.

Szell fears that there is a growing shortage of first-rate conductors. The two world wars killed off some potential talent, and in the past twenty years the traditional westward migration of gifted musicians from Central and Eastern Europe has been cut off almost entirely. Another serious handicap for young conductors in Europe is a lack of guidance. When the Second World War ended, most of the great conductors were in America, and they stayed here, which meant that only a few fine conductors were left in Europe to serve as examples. (Wilhelm Furtwängler was one, and he died in 1954.) Furthermore, as music started to become big business again in Europe, the demand for able conductors became

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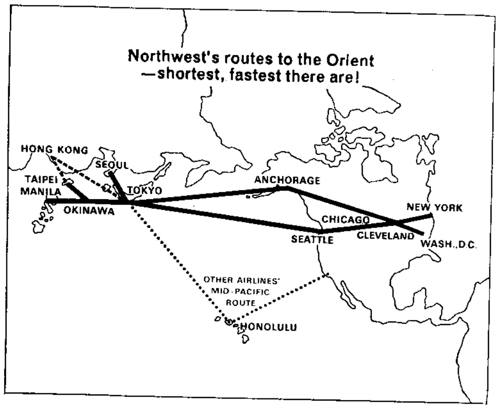
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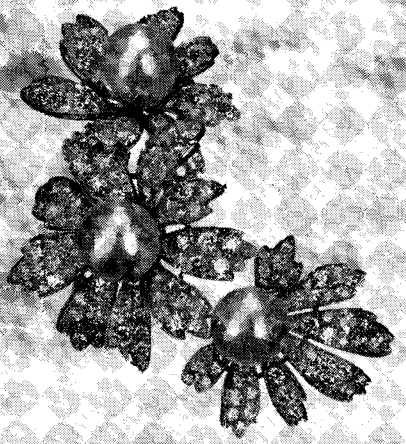

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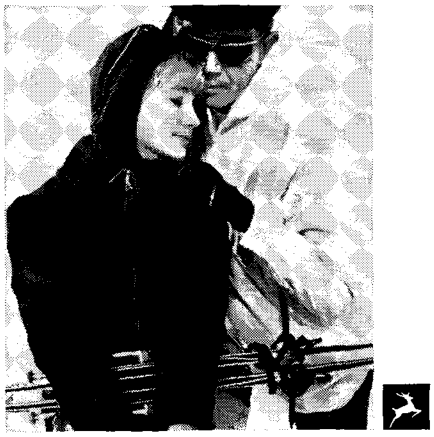

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so pressing that there simply were not enough to go around among all the orchestras, opera houses, and summer festivals. The result is that talented people who would normally have had an apprenticeship of at least five years under good conductors, studying the entire musical repertory, learning their craft, and taking time to develop artistically, are tempted to conduct too much too early. Lacking time for quiet, serious study, they are propelled to success before they can really grasp what is happening. Naturally, they lose their sense of proportion. "As a consequence, the traditional values have been changed," Szell told me. "Think of Salzburg and Bayreuth, where conductors of the calibre of Toscanini, Walter, and Furtwängler would appear at the zenith of their careers to conduct the masterpieces that had matured within them for a lifetime. Today we see young and gifted—or sometimes not so gifted—beginners conducting these works there for the first time in their lives."

In such circumstances, the success of a young conductor is likely to be decided by the rhapsodic elegance of his podium manner rather than by the quality of his interpretation, and this means that the audience is likely to perceive the music more with its eyes than with its ears. Szell thinks it might not be a bad idea if—for a while, at least—each of the great orchestras was conducted by a man standing behind a screen, out of sight of the audience. "It might restore a healthy balance of musical power," he said. "Too many conductors get in the way of the music. Their gestures often suggest something that doesn't actually happen musically. Instead of conducting the orchestra, they conduct the audience."

This is not to say that Szell underrates the role of the audience at a concert. A fine audience, one that reacts sensitively to the subtleties of the music, can be almost a co-performer, he feels, contributing an important measure of inspiration. Of course, the most important relationship is not the one between the audience and the performer but the one between the performer and the composer, who must always be the boss. Yet the very best concert performances are blessed with an elusive but very special atmosphere—"the grace of the moment," Szell calls it—that can never be attained in a recording session. Szell can sense immediately the kind of attention he is getting from an audience, and many American audiences these days, he says, are as keyed up and responsive as any he has

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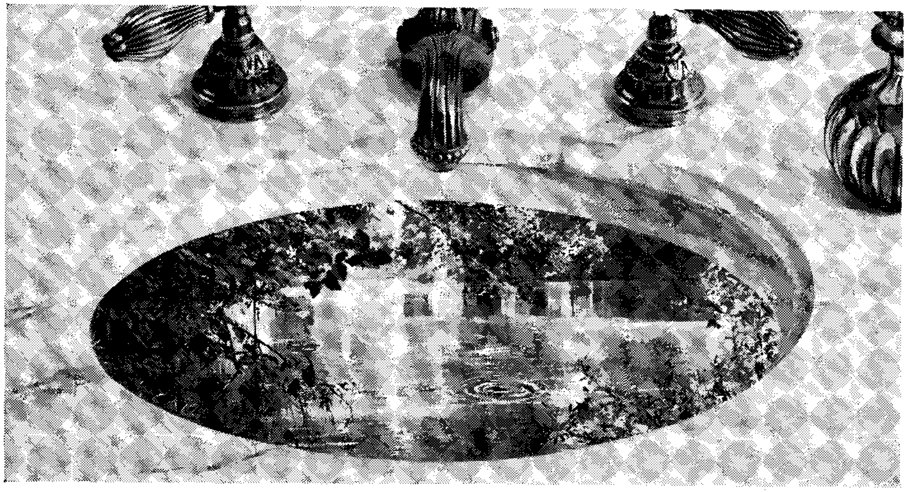

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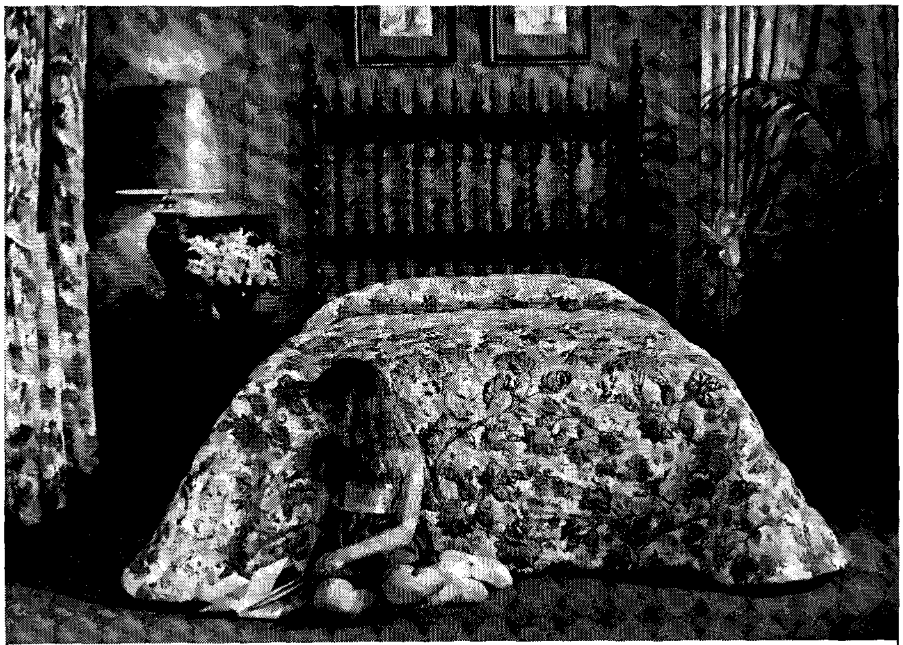

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ever known. Indeed, Szell, the uncompromising conductor, who often seems a tower of artistic severity to his audiences, is highly optimistic about the future of good music in America. "Since the nineteen-thirties, when Europe exiled some of its best musicians, and Germany and Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary—once the great music countries—became musical deserts, the United States has become the torchbearer of good music," he told me. "Let's stop kidding ourselves. Americans need have no inferiority complex about music. Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bartók, and Hindemith came to America to create. In our concert halls, the standards of quality go up all the time. When I first conducted in America, the people were mostly interested in technical brilliance. Now, I notice, there is less emphasis on outward gloss and more on the inner content of the music. The American public is reaching maturity. People are becoming aware of what matters most in music—the artistic truth."—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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[*Police gazette in the Pittsford* (*N.Y.*) *Brighton-Pittsford Post*]

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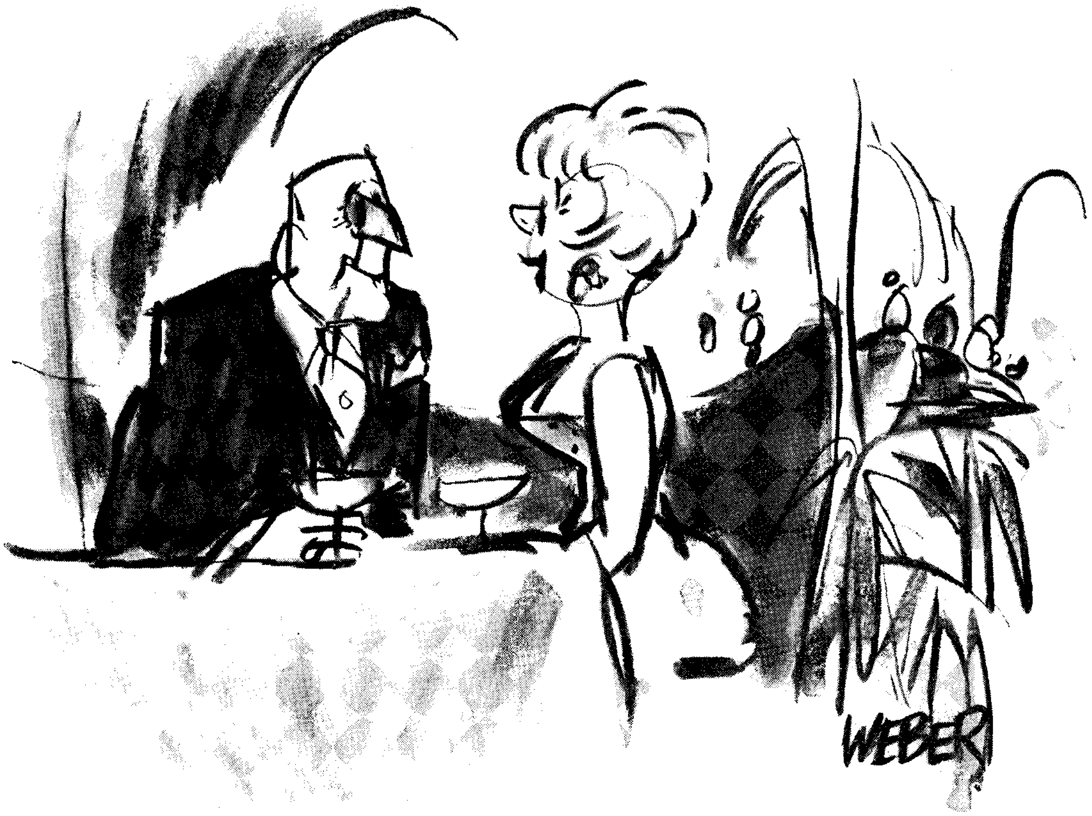
THE THEATRE

GODS AGAINST GOD

PETER SHAFFER, the author of "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," at the ANTA, is, to make an estimate of him on the basis of this play, a man of probity, wit, skill, and imagination, and that, of course, is a very good thing to be. It is especially valuable in the instance of our present meeting with him, since he is engaged here in a sweeping effort to dramatize the Spanish conquest of Peru, resurrecting such figures as Francisco Pizarro, the illiterate mercenary who subjugated the Incas; Atahualpa, the sovereign whom Pizarro overthrew; and the various Spaniards and natives who confronted each other during the pillage of the Inca empire in the sixteenth century. The theme Mr. Shaffer has been bold enough to tackle is a chancy one from a theatrical standpoint. All too frequently, large historical enterprises like this one become formless pageants when they are put on the stage, and it is a rare director who can supervise such a work with a proper appreciation of the fact that the author's design must not be lost in a blur of scenic effects. It is pleasant to report, therefore, that John Dexter, the director of Mr. Shaffer's drama, has seen to it that the pomp and panoply accompanying the action are restrained—as, indeed, are the performers under his guidance, who speak Mr. Shaffer's dialogue, which is often eloquent, most effectively. If Mr. Dexter has done well by the New York production of "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" (it was presented recently by Britain's National Theatre), so have many of the others involved. I can't imagine a better set than the one that Michael Annals (who also created the costumes for the show) has provided for the actors—a bare stage tilted toward the audience, to the rear of which rises a huge column emblazoned with a great golden sunburst—and certainly the music and sound effects, by Marc Wilkinson, are helpful in teasing us into thinking we are witnessing events that occurred in and around the Incan town of Cajamarca over four centuries ago. Perhaps I should point out that a couple of early scenes take place in Spain, where old Pizarro recruited his army, and in Panama, which was the jumping-off spot for his campaign. But these portions of the play are a trifle laggardly, and it is not until Pizarro penetrates the Andean fastness of the Incas and encounters their chief, Atahualpa, that "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" becomes completely enthralling. While Pizarro and his men are making their way to Cajamarca, Atahualpa decides that they are white gods coming to visit him, which does not unsettle him, since he is a god himself. But shortly after he has welcomed them into his presence the white gods—historically, Pizarro's band consisted of only a hundred and sixty-seven men—make him a prisoner and fall upon his people, and in the course of a single bloody hour slay three thousand of them.

It is while Atahualpa is being held captive, presumably until his people can ransom him by turning over to the Spaniards the equivalent of a roomful of gold, that Mr. Shaffer's ironic fancy functions most rewardingly. As a god who is the son of the sun, Atahualpa cannot understand why a couple of priests in Pizarro's band keep badgering him to acknowledge that their god is the only true god, even though theirs apparently derives from nothing as glorious as the sun. The priests, in turn, are baffled by a social scheme that aims at keeping everybody contented and admits to no such concept as sin. It's possible that Mr. Shaffer has represented life among the Incas as being almost too idyllic to be plausible, and maybe he is asking too much of his priests when he calls on them for an ecumenical attitude in an age when Christianity-or-else was the accepted rule. Nevertheless, he makes an entertaining business of the exchanges between the ecclesiastics and the pagan.

In contrast to Atahualpa and the clergy, Pizarro himself is represented as a tough old atheist who hopes, through his conquests, to become everlastingly famous. But in the long pull the warrior begins to waver in his disbelief, and at the end he sits by the body of Atahualpa, whom he has surrendered to his murderous henchmen, hoping against hope that he will breathe



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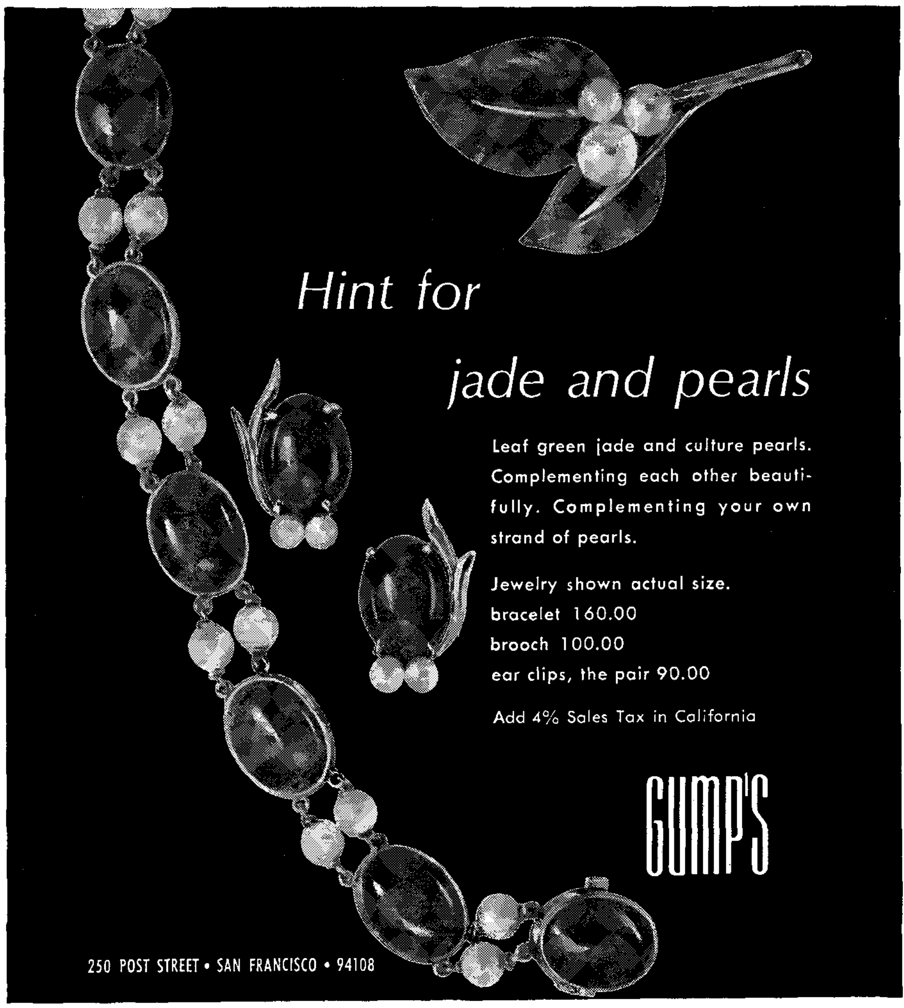

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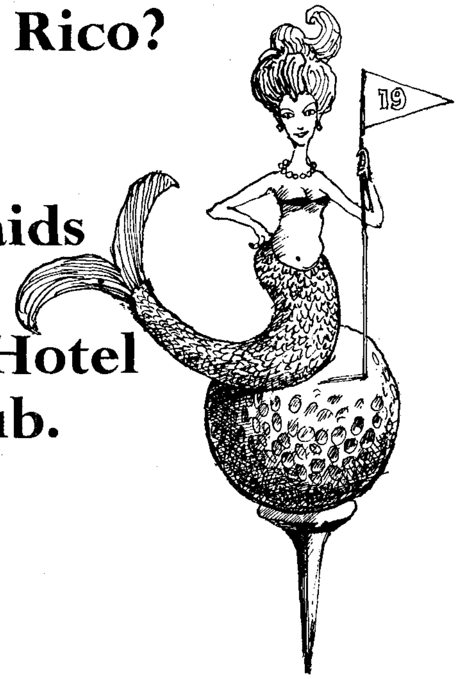

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again and prove the possibility of immortality. In the role of Pizarro, Christopher Plummer is a magnificent ancient, full of quirks and crotchets but capable every now and then of moments of real tenderness, particularly in his relationship with Atahualpa, whom, in the course of time, he has begun to regard as a son. David Carradine is similarly compelling as Atahualpa, being particularly artful in maintaining a regal dignity in circumstances that might become comic if his invention faltered. As the narrator of the piece, we have George Rose, and he, like all the others in the cast, is estimable.

—John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Fleabag

"Hotel Passionato," an elaborate and, no doubt, murderously expensive nine-day casualty at the East Seventy-fourth Street, was actually that silly old French farce "Hotel Paradiso" with music and without Bert Lahr. Mr. Lahr's replacement, so to speak, was Phil Leeds, a fellow of somewhat limited drollery, who appeared as the amorous householder out for a night's fling with his neighbor's wife at a disreputable hotel in Paris. It is all very well to say that, in fairness to Mr. Leeds, one should at least have tried to forget Mr. Lahr, but Mr. Leeds himself made that impossible, constantly recalling to the audience, whether by design or not, Lahr's intonations and comic tricks and bits of business. The score (sometimes lively or tuneful or both, to be sure) was also deliberately imitative—of Kurt Weill's songs or "The Third Man" or grand opera. The hotel scenes and numbers were done in the raffish manner of "The Threepenny Opera." (This kind of charade—not parody, or even pastiche, but just an inside joke—is more common and pesky than you'd think.) What with all the doors opening and slamming shut, the squeals and squalls, the chases up and down stairs, and the police whistles, the show was raucous and busy and unattractive, although Mr. Lahr's inspired clowning once made it a delight. Saddest of all, perhaps, was the waste of the gangling, diffident comedy of Paul Sand. A former member of the original "Second City" troupe, which came to Broadway in 1961, Mr. Sand here played a bookish student of impregnable innocence. He was funny and engaging every time he was given a chance to be, but he wasn't given nearly enough chances.

—Edith Oliver

FOOTBALL

Trials and Errors

RECORDS will henceforward be kept in loose-leaf ledgers, with a wastebasket alongside. A permanent high-water mark was set last Saturday for jumbles, bumbles, and fumbles, both manual and mental, and widespread and woolly were the consequences. There were individual records, too. Humphrey threw sixteen valid passes for God, for country, and for Yale, and Groninger caught nine of them—Yale records, even if Dartmouth did come from behind (a Dartmouth record this fall) to win, 20–17. Cornell, a squad that is mad for passes, could not complete a single one (a record), but it could run fast and far enough to beat Columbia, 20–6. Princeton's Landeck threw four passes worth a touchdown apiece to help beat Brown, 45–27, tying the Ivy League record for a single game, and since the last of the four was his eleventh of the genre this season, he set an Ivy League record for that. Princeton's Gogolak, who breaks a countrywide record nearly every time he addresses a ball with his foot, broke his own record seven times on Saturday. Army, which has hardly ever allowed the enemy to throw a successful pass for point after touchdown since Dietzel took over its management, twice permitted the maneuver to work, and Colgate accordingly nipped Army, 29–28. But there was method, too, amid all the madness. Princeton proved once again that the way to win ball games is to jump into the lead right at the start and stay there; Syracuse proved once again that even though it has a runner named Little, who can make four touchdowns in an afternoon with ease, there is no use pretending that Shea Stadium is its campus, for there were thirty-one thousand empty seats in the house when it beat Pittsburgh there, 51–13.

Of all the luckless teams last weekend, and there were many, Yale and Army were the most hapless. Yale, bright as buttons, ran and passed Dartmouth—a wiry team despite the structural weaknesses that Harvard had pointed out the week before—off its legs, then turned weary, haphazard, and foolish; one bobble gave Dartmouth the ball on the Yale five-yard line, precisely where Harvard had made Dart-

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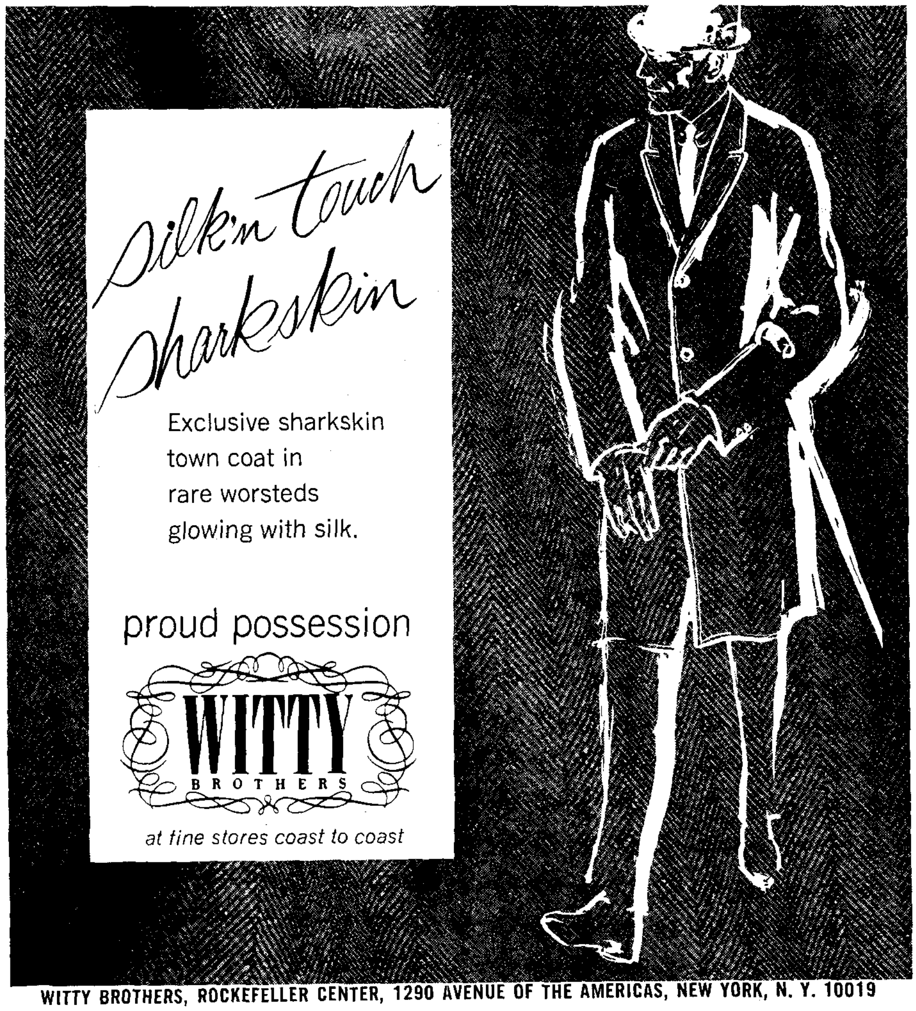

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mouth a similar donation the Saturday before. A number of Yale warriors are still in traction, but bringing Humphrey up from the junior varsity and Barrows up from the sophomores has given the team a sprightly backfield. Dartmouth, too, still has its share of in-patients, and holes in its line, and tendencies to fumble the ball and to throw interceptable passes, but it doesn't appear to grow either weary or haphazard. Army, which plays under two sets of rules (a coach whose squad works both the Eastern and the Western vineyards tells me—and I think he would rather not be quoted—that the Western officials are comparatively lenient about calling penalties), had been holding practice *against* penalties the week between its return from the West and its match last Saturday; nevertheless, Army, in the broadest of daylight (of which we grateful football buffs have had plenty this fall), was doing things like bowling over safety men who had signalled for fair catches, and swift was the retribution of the officials. Cook, filling in for Barofsky, whose seemingly permanent Charley horse got the better of him again, ran for two touchdowns and threw for two more, but penalties and fumbles did his team in. Paske and Ilg worked magnificently for Colgate. Ilg, whose college career has been devoted to defensive work as a linebacker, was sent into the offensive team late in the day, after Army's final fumble and when Army was still ahead, and Army, perhaps forgetting that Ilg had been a fullback in his high-school days, let him drive through it for nine yards and the winning touchdown.

A legend says that before an important game the Notre Dame team is taken to the grave of Rockne, its most celebrated coach, for silent contemplation and inspiration. Last Thursday, my favorite Navy scout informs me, Elias, who coaches Navy, asked his players if they wished to visit the grave of John Paul Jones. The Navy squad, which may not know a joke when it hears one, shuffled its feet, then declined. It declined even further on Saturday—Notre Dame 29, Navy 3. —J. W. L.

•

Q. We would like our daily Globe to solve the mixed-up question of whether my husband's brother's wife is my sister-in-law. And is my brother-in-law's wife considered my sister-in-law?—G., West Roxbury.

A. Actually, a sister-in-law is legally defined as the wife of your brother. Your husband's wife is only your husband's sister-in-law, but it is common practice to refer to her as yours also.—*Boston Globe.*

Next question.

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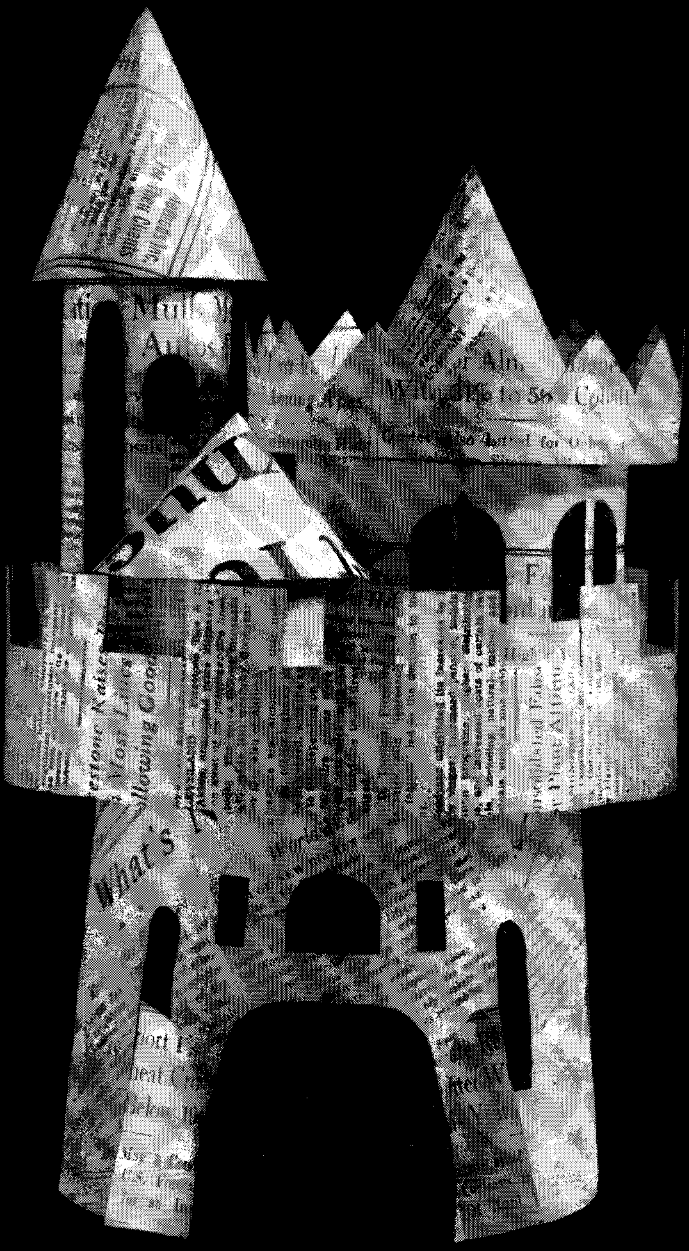

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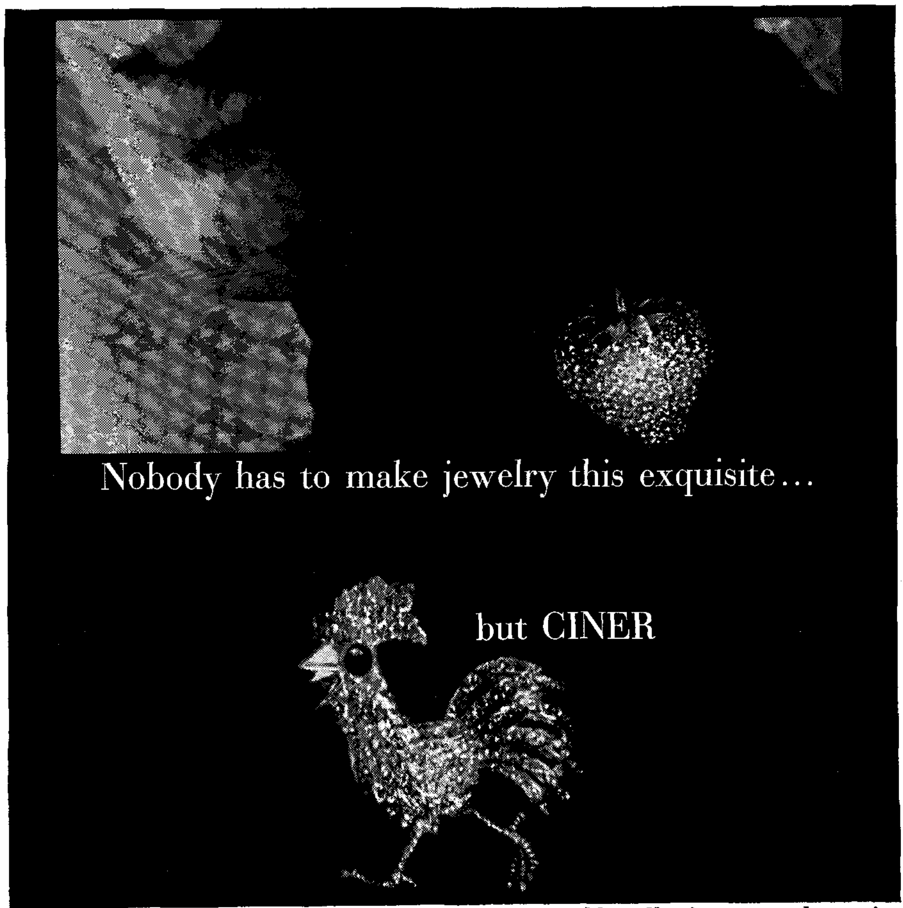

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Married Misery

BEFORE I begin to discuss Federico Fellini's beautiful, hallucinatory new movie, "Juliet of the Spirits," it may help to take a backward glance at its immediate predecessor, "8½." There are notoriously at least two sides to every story, and I'd like to approach the meaning of the simple and at first rather trite-seeming story of "Juliet of the Spirits" by comparing it with the much more complex and intellectually venturesome story of "8½." Perhaps I ought to mention a single important difference between the pictures before I get around to the many resemblances; in the case of "Juliet of the Spirits," the usual disclaimers as to its having any relation to actual individuals have already been published, while in the case of "8½" there was no need for such disclaimers, Mr. Fellini acknowledging that the picture was a personal confession, or "more than a confession . . . a testament." The leading figure in "Juliet of the Spirits" is a good-hearted suburban housewife called Giulietta, played by Fellini's wife, Giulietta Masina (at the last moment, absurdly, the producer decided to translate the name into English, on the ground that Americans might find the pronunciation of Giulietta insupportably difficult), and we are always aware that Miss Masina is an excellent actress and not merely what she happens also to be in real life, a suburban housewife. In contrast to this likeness of name and unlikeness of character, the leading figure in "8½" bears the name of Guido Anselmi but is obviously Fellini's mirror image; the picture boldly invites us to observe the famous Italian director improvising a movie about a famous Italian director improvising a movie, and if Fellini brings off this formidable prank, it's almost certainly because he is so fearless in facing the hazards of a superbly comic and yet often anguished self-exposure. The prank requires him to play the old, reckless game of truth or consequences—a game even more dangerous in art than in life—and in winning it he gives us not only the first authentically autobiographical picture ever made but one of the best pictures ever made.

Despite this difference between the

pictures, "Juliet of the Spirits" turns out to be nearly as autobiographical as "8½." The story is told from the distaff side, but the same emotions of loss and longing and remorse inform the episodes, which are presented by means of the same dramatic devices. With Fellini's example before me, I will risk immodestly quoting myself; of the plot of "8½," I wrote in my review that

> ... [it] begins in the mind of a man at the end of his tether. In the prime of life, celebrated and envied, with a cool, handsome wife, a vulgar mistress, and an eye for any other woman who happens by, Guido Anselmi stands poised on the brink of breakdown. The weight of a tangled, unexamined past and the threatened weight of an equally tangled and unexamined future have so paralyzed him that he is unable to work.... Doctors having sent him to a spa to take a cure, he wanders about the hotel and its gardens and baths in listless emotional disarray, avoiding the unresolvable imperatives of real life by random retreats into memory and fantasy.

Now, except for the fact that it is her husband and not she who is celebrated and promiscuous, this is Juliet's situation to a T. In the prime of life, she presides over a charming house outside Rome and has, in the cant phrase, "everything to live for," but in fact she fears that she has nothing to live for. Her husband, her mother and sisters, her nieces, her servants—they appear not to need her love, and have certainly grown bored with bestowing love upon her. She turns distractedly from one small domestic misadventure to the next, and starts to take consolation, like Guido, in memory and fantasy, seeing herself as the dear, promising child she was, and feeling about her the presence of spirits, not all of them benign. Though she makes an occasional effort to secure a place in the real world of her busy, successful husband, of his newfound mistress, of a pretty courtesan next door, these efforts fail; in the end, we behold her alone. Unlike the talented Guido, she cannot forge out of the raw materials of her misery a masterpiece; she drifts across her garden under the pines with a sense, desperately defiant of reason, that life is all we have and therefore good. Hers is not a victory; it is only not a defeat.

The extraordinary pictorial beauty of "Juliet of the Spirits" is owing in large part to the skill with which—and for the first time in a full-length film—Fellini makes use of the resources of color film. He is reported to be dissatisfied with the results, but I'm fairly sure that you will never have looked upon a more ravishing picture. Fellini's vision has always been a lyrical one, and, what-

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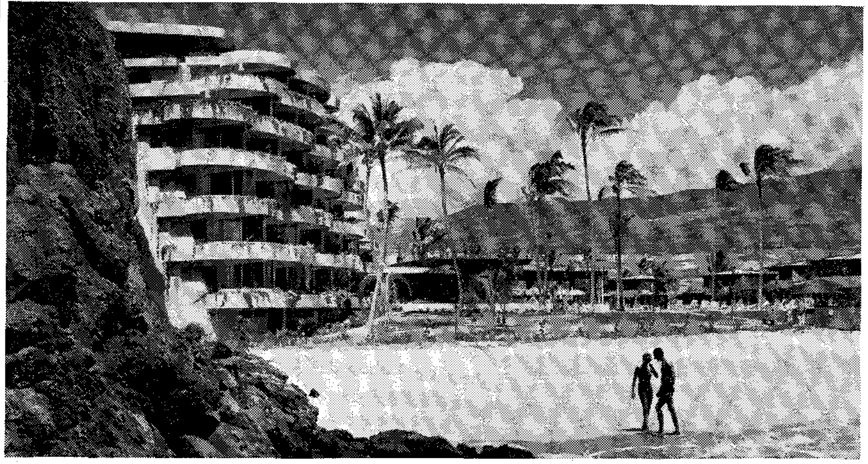

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ever the rest of us may do, it is plain that he dreams in color and that his palette is exceptionally bold and delicate. Valéry says somewhere that "to tell one's dreams one must be terribly awake," and I see "Juliet of the Spirits" as a second telling of the painful and seductive dreams that Fellini first transcribed for us in "8½." In her role as a housewife, Miss Masina is superbly cheery and woebegone; others in the cast include Sandra Milo, Mario Pisu, Valentina Cortese, and José de Villalonga. But the picture is, down to its smallest particulars, Fellini's, and our chief homage must go to him.

"THE BEDFORD INCIDENT," starring Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier, Martin Balsam, and Eric Portman, is one of that new and fashionable breed of thriller in which the so-called "good" people tend to be Japanese or German or Russian, and the so-called "bad" people turn out to be hunnerd-per-cent Amuricans. Here, it's a former Nazi U-boat captain, well played by Eric Portman, who begs the captain of a United States destroyer *in the name of human decency not to* start a war by his sadistic hounding of a Russian submarine in international waters. According to the screenplay, written by James Poe, it's perfectly possible that a misunderstood word or two from the lips of a single Navy sourpuss not only will launch the Third World War but will also bring the entire world to an end—the final shot in "The Bedford Incident" is of a fiery mushroom cloud, translatable by the most cretinous moviegoer as "Well, that tears it! Back to the drawing board, you plucky amoebas!" Mr. Widmark plays the part of a latter-day Ahab with his usual force, Mr. Balsam is excellent as a browbeaten Navy doctor, and Mr. Poitier is distressingly inept as a journalist. James B. Harris, who directed the picture, served, with Mr. Widmark, as one of its producers; I wish that Mr. Harris, Mr. Widmark, and Mr. Poe had spent a little less time achieving the remarkable verisimilitude of their thriller and a little more time examining its implications, which, when they are not silly, are contemptible. —BRENDAN GILL

•

Southern Michigan's peasant population, now in the midst of its nesting season, is up about 25% over the spring of 1964.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

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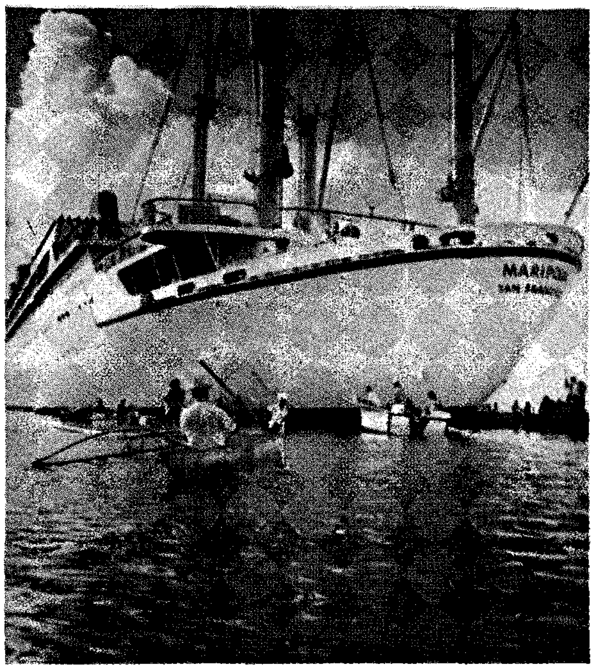

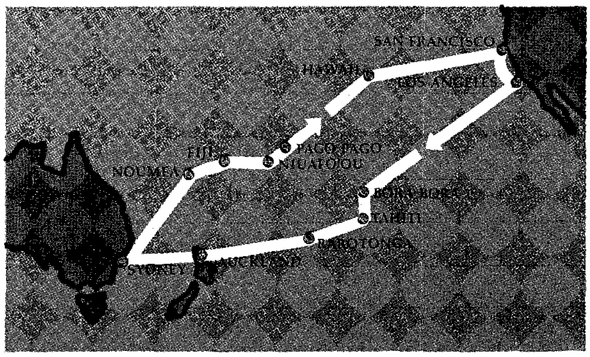

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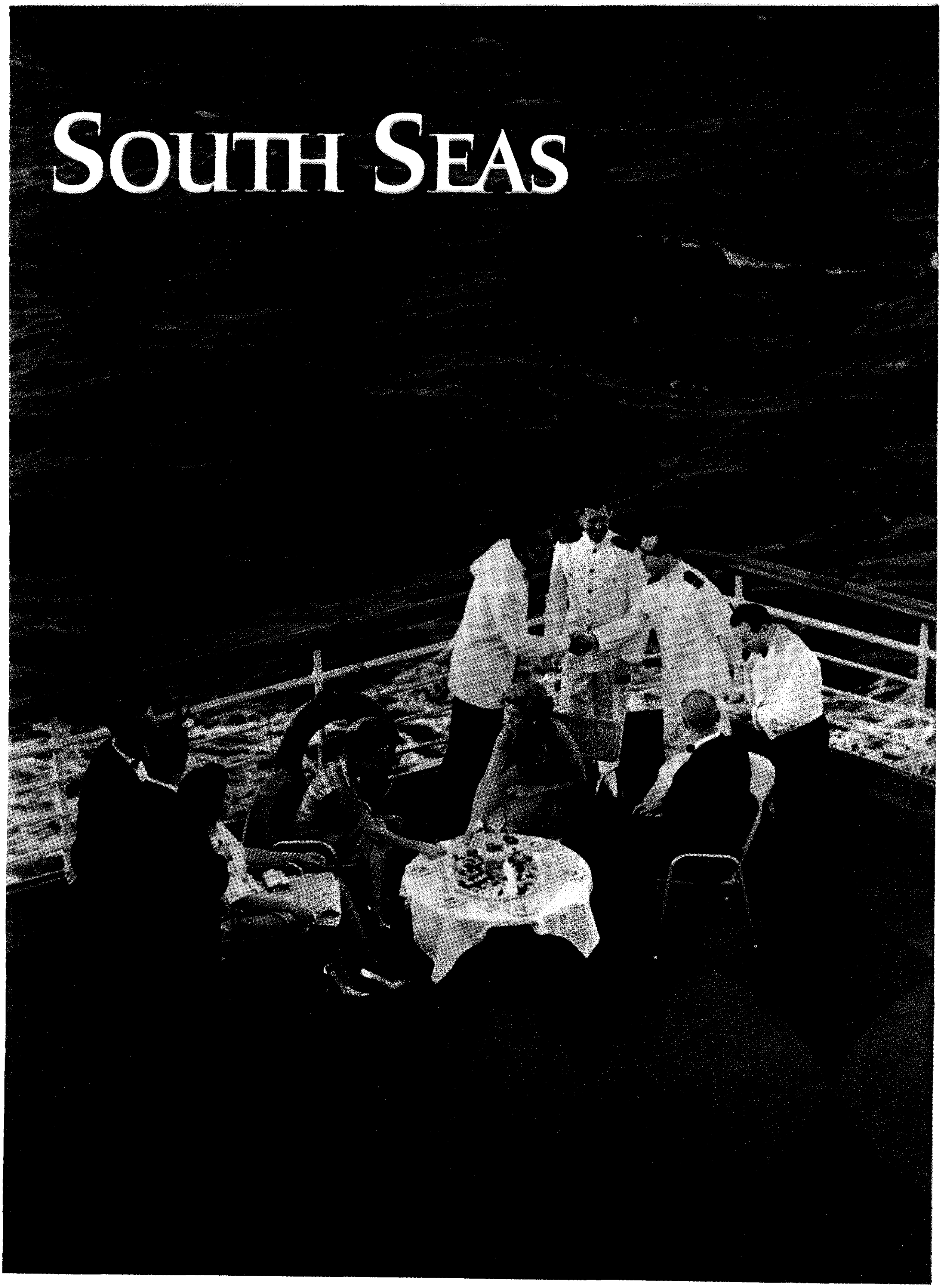

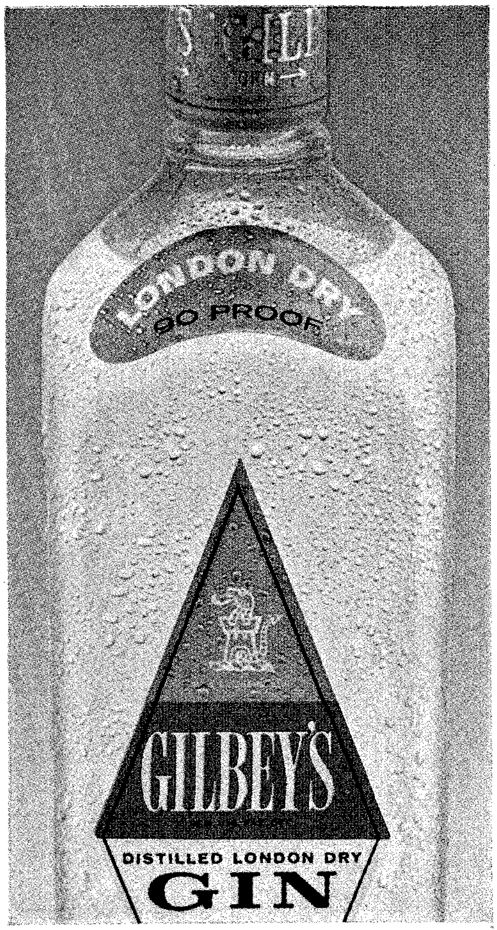

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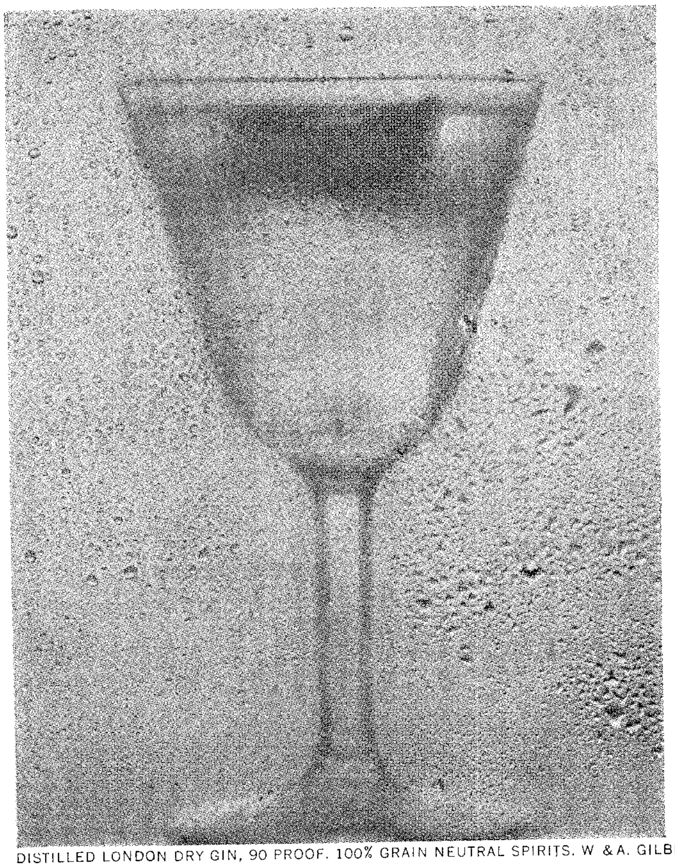

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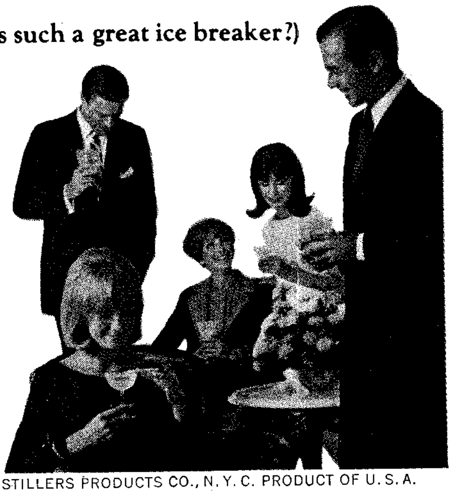

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Endpieces

THERE are two great masters of considerable longevity who composed remarkable operas in their later years, and whose operas dating from those years show the same sort of playful attitude toward the art they were about to take leave of. I am referring to Giuseppe Verdi, who composed "Falstaff" at the age of seventy-nine, and Richard Strauss, who composed "Capriccio" at the age of seventy-eight. "Falstaff" is the greater masterpiece of the two, but largely, I think, because its libretto is based on Shakespeare. "Capriccio" is the last of several operas of an almost chamber-music intimacy that Strauss wrote in his final years—operas that go beyond the ordinary conventions of the art in much the way that Beethoven's last quartets go beyond the ordinary conventions of the sonata form. These late Strauss works have always been considered "connoisseurs' operas"—that is to say, operas not expected to be hits with the general operatic public—and so has Verdi's "Falstaff." The general operatic public, however, is in our day becoming much more sophisticated from a musical standpoint than it once was, owing to the widespread availability of good phonograph recordings, and "Falstaff," at least, is now regarded as a fairly popular work. The problem involved in the public acceptance of "Falstaff" and the late Strauss operas is, of course, that none of them offer ideal vehicles for the exhibition of great singing stars, although they all present difficulties that require the *abilities* of great singing stars, and that they all are constructed on the subtlest possible lines, with orchestral fabric and ensemble looming as importantly as solo singing. By a coincidence, both "Capriccio" and "Falstaff" were done here last week. "Capriccio" was given its first professionally staged New York performance by the New York City Opera at the City Center last Wednesday evening (there had been a student performance of it at the Juilliard School of Music ten years ago), and "Falstaff" got the most recent of numerous performances at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday night.

Since the "Capriccio" performance was, for all practical purposes, a pre-

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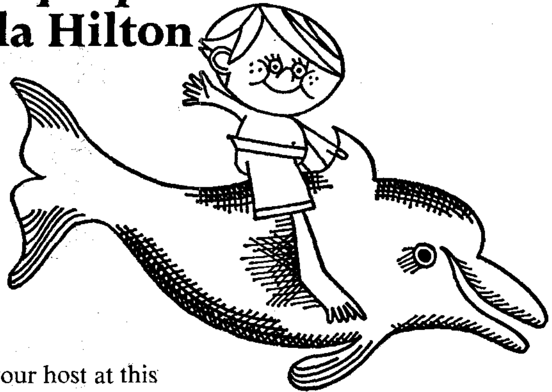

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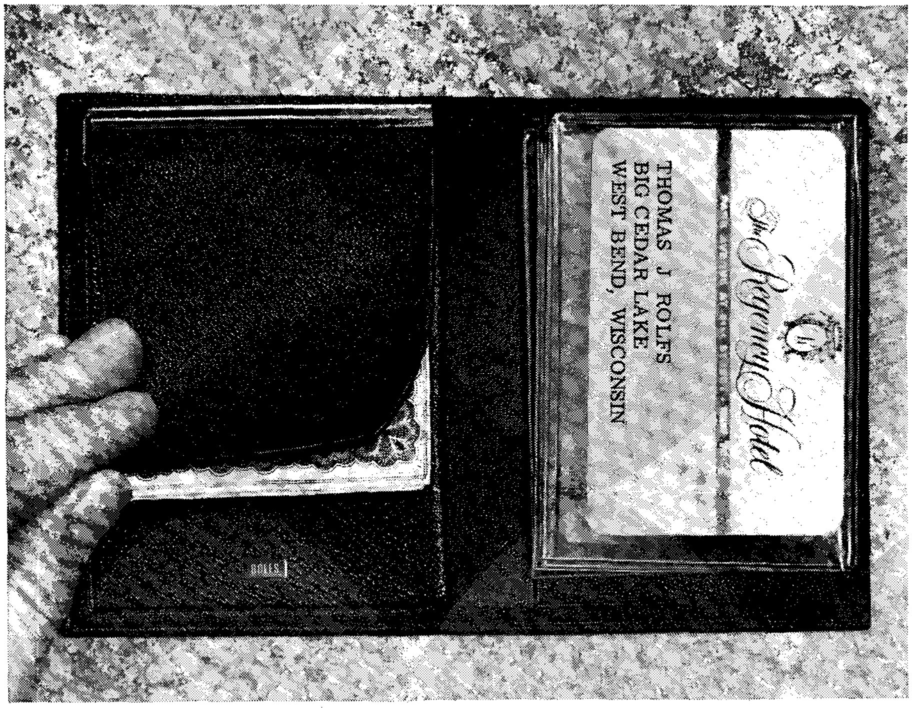

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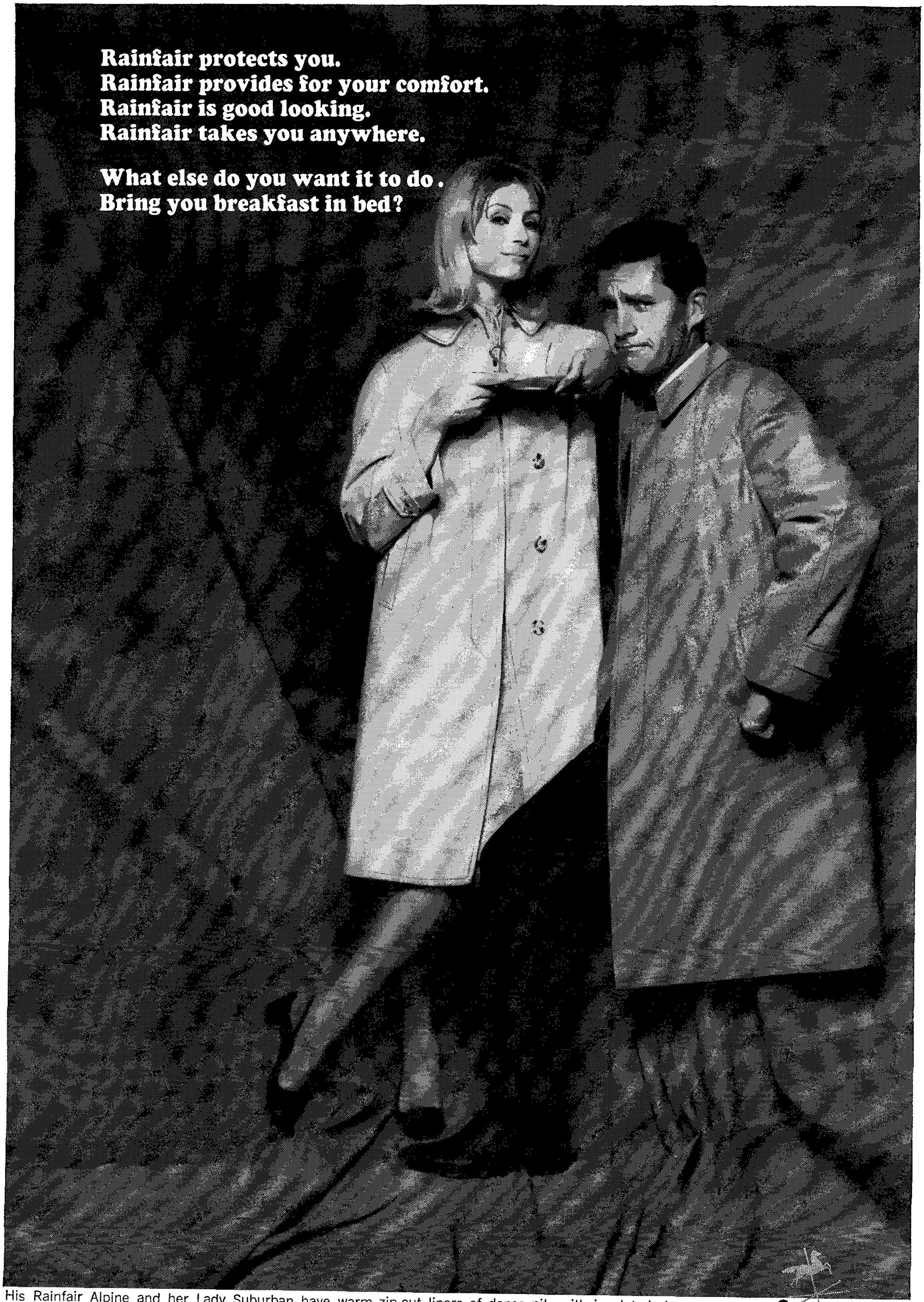
mière, let me consider that opera first. Its libretto, concocted by the composer himself in collaboration with Clemens Krauss, is the flimsiest sort of thing imaginable. Few composers would have had the temerity to set such a static, talky affair to music. But Strauss always had a flamboyant streak, and in "Capriccio" he seems to be in the neighborhood, chuckling and saying, with all the authority of a lifetime behind him, "Really, you know, nobody could bring off this kind of an opera except me." And he is right. The story, placed in a French château at the time of Gluck, when such arguments were current, involves a continuing conversation between a countess, a poet, a musician, a theatrical director, and a number of incidental characters about the relative importance of words, music, and theatrical spectacle. It lasts almost two and a half hours without an intermission, and it is enthralling. Not because of the rather obvious aesthetic points that are made by the characters but because of the leisurely beauty of the score and the incredible adroitness with which this score underlines the most evanescent shades of emotion. As is well known, the argument about aesthetics is not all there is. The poet and the musician are both in love with the countess; both seek an assignation, both think they have arranged one, but, as it turns out, the proposed meeting is not with the countess but with each other, in the library, where they are expected to start writing an opera together. Meanwhile, the countess makes a bemused exit reminiscent of the finale of "Der Rosenkavalier." Lightweight? Yes, light as a feather. A "connoisseurs' opera"? No doubt. But go and see it. You may be surprised.

The New York City Opera's production is generally a superb one. A major part was played by a young conductor named Ernst Maerzendorfer, from the Vienna State Opera, who is something of a Strauss specialist and who guided the whole thing with a practiced and affectionate hand. Donna Jeffrey did the role of the countess adequately, though she didn't have quite the stage presence or the controlled upper vocal resources to make it the stunner it becomes with more mature artists. David Lloyd was excellent as the musician, and John Reardon fully as good as the poet. Among the more incidental roles, Robert Trehy as the countess's brother, Marija Kova as an actress, and Ara Berberian as the major-domo were all well up to requirements. Ellen Faull and Enzo Citarelli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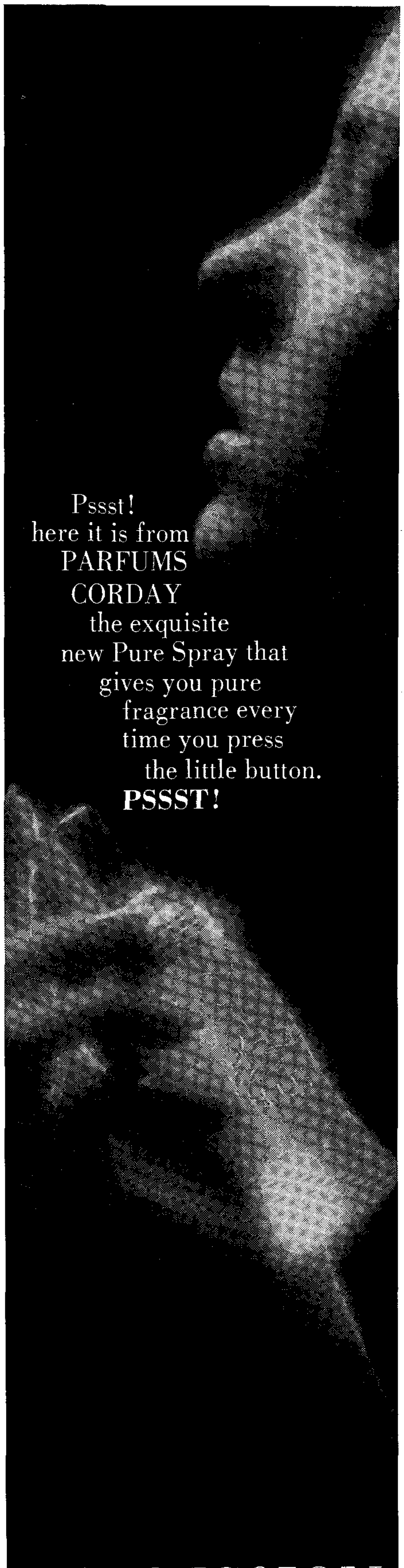

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were very funny indeed as a couple of Italian opera singers. But the most impressive figure in the cast was a new one, a Dutchman named Guus Hoekman, who undertook the role of La Roche, the theatrical director. Mr. Hoekman, who has had a lot of experience at the operas of Glyndebourne, Hamburg, and Munich, is a *basso buffo* with one of those unforgettable rubber faces sometimes found in comic men of the theatre, and he sings beautifully. Much of the credit for this production must go, also, to Christopher West, who staged it expertly.

"FALSTAFF" was a revival of the Bernstein-Zeffirelli production of two years ago, and, like most revived productions, was not quite as good as the original. The extremely delicate ensembles of the first act were a little ragged under Joseph Rosenstock's baton, Mary Costa proved to have too small and too badly focussed a voice for a first-rate Mistress Ford, and Frank Guarrera, though he had a fine flair for the stage business of Ford, lacked the power for his big scene in the second act. There were, however, great compensations. Geraint Evans as Falstaff and Regina Resnik as Dame Quickly are a pair unequalled in my memory, both for the peculiar refinement and insight with which they approach these roles as actors and for their wonderfully cultivated style as singers. Judith Raskin was, as usual, a perfect Nannetta, and George Shirley, though his voice is now graduating to more heroic proportions than the role of Fenton requires, sang, on the whole, admirably. If this was not a perfect "Falstaff," it was at least one well worth attending.

LAST Thursday evening, I went to Carnegie Hall to hear the Detroit Symphony under its Swedish conductor, Sixten Ehrling, and was agreeably surprised by a number of things. My impression of this orchestra, judged on its last year's appearance here, was of a somewhat rugged, brass-heavy ensemble. In the meantime, something has happened either to the orchestra or to me. What I heard the other night was a well-trained group of musicians playing with great clarity, the strings having a responsive, polished tone quality, and the woodwinds and brasses having precision and a sense of power held in leash. Certainly this is one of America's top-rank orchestras as it stands today, and it was a continuous pleasure to listen to it. The

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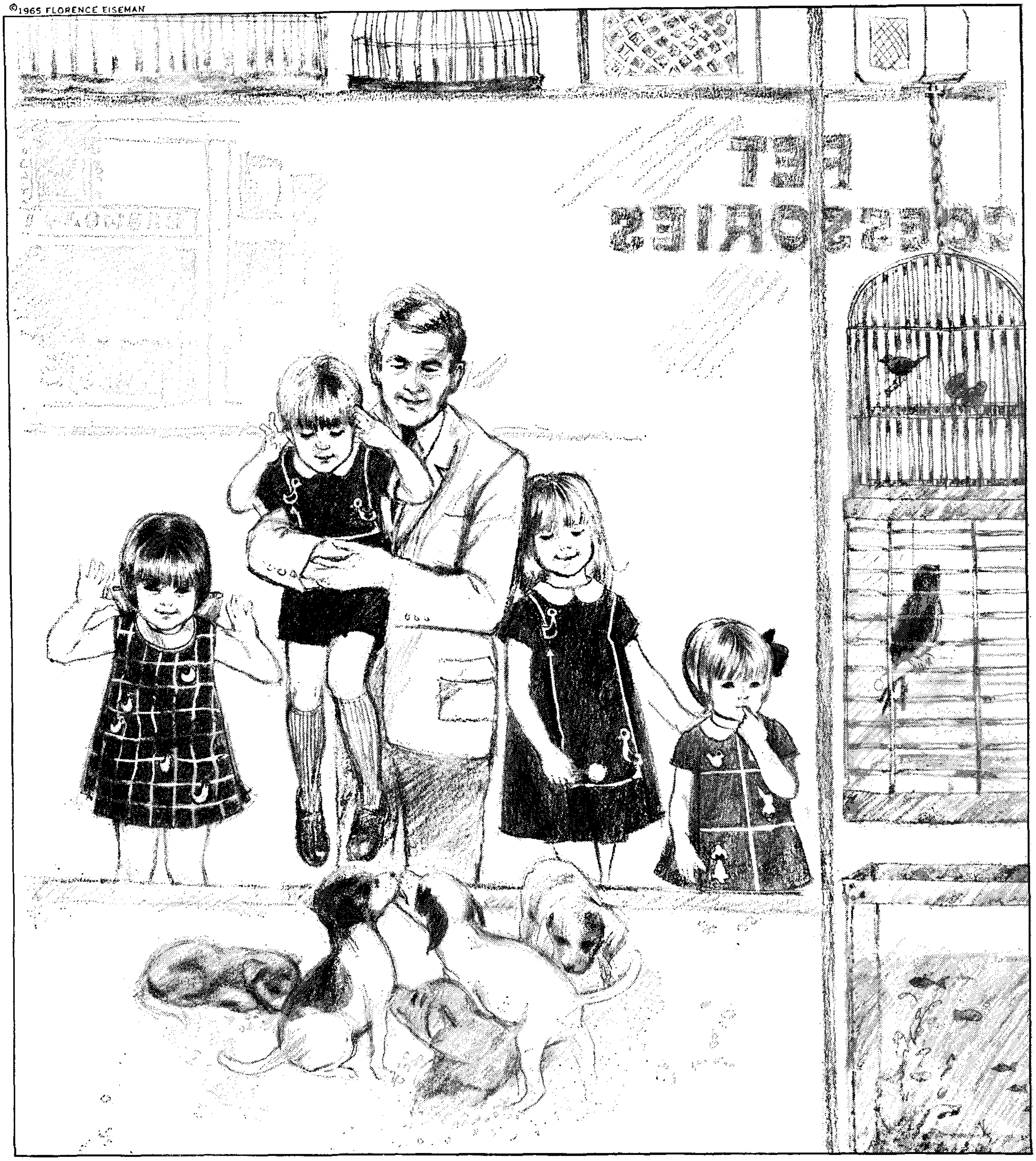

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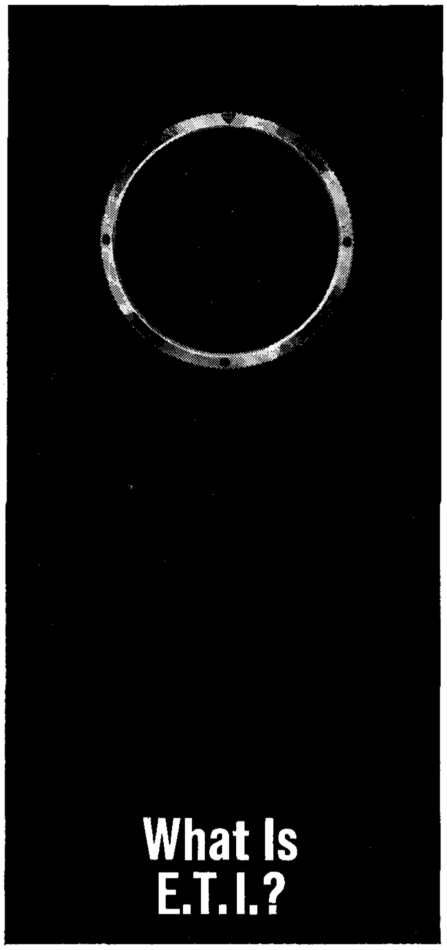

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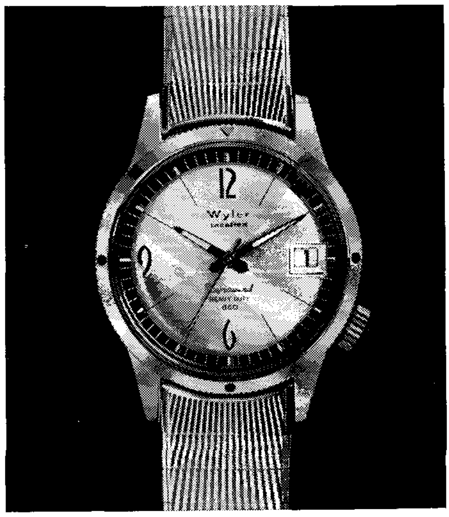

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program, given in memory of Adlai Stevenson, opened with a ceremonial performance of Bach's "Komm, Süsser Tod," and continued with the Sibelius Violin Concerto, Shostakovich's popular and likable Fifth Symphony, and a new work called "Lions," by the American composer Ned Rorem. "Lions" turned out to be an impressionistic tone poem, French in tradition, describing a childhood dream of Mr. Rorem's that seemed to me probably a little too private to be communicated with any great success. The work is admirably written from a technical standpoint, but it is hardly unforgettable. The Shostakovich symphony, with its Mahleresque second movement, was done, I thought, a shade pedantically, though this may be too strong a word. At any rate, I have heard more fluent and less analytical performances of it. But the show was stolen by a twenty-year-old Israeli violinist named Itzhak Perlman, who played the solo part in the Sibelius concerto. Mr. Perlman has suffered from polio, and while he can walk onto the stage with the aid of crutches, he has to play the violin sitting down. This circumstance, however, has no bearing on my opinion of his playing, which is of a quite sensational nature. First of all, he has a tone that can sound as big as a cello's if he wishes it to, and can also diminish to the most delicate pianissimos. Then, his bow arm is something special; he can attack a note with the intensity of a cannon shot, and his staccatos are probably unique in their vigor. There is, moreover, nothing in the whole field of violin playing that he cannot do with his left hand. It is accurate in the most terrifying double stops, fingered octaves, and flying arpeggios, and it has a rich vibrato to back up the tone produced by the bow arm. Add to this an obvious musical instinct of great sensitiveness, and you have a violinist of extraordinary accomplishments. I look forward to hearing Mr. Perlman again. I cannot remember when a first encounter with a violinist has made such an impression on me.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

Zutty

THE knell that is sounded periodically for jazz is ringing again. The jazz press, which loves to weep over even fancied catastrophe, is itself pulling the rope, and there are other signs. Folk music has seized a considerable chunk of those listeners who, fifteen years back, might have been study-

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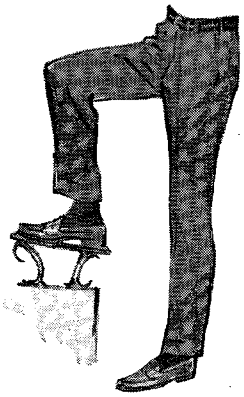

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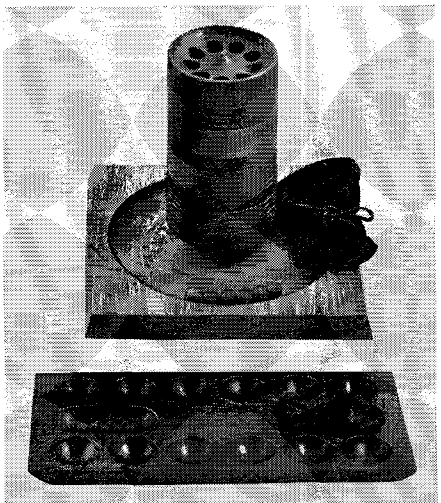

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ing jazz. The night-club business, which is probably outmoded anyhow, is rapidly falling away, and fewer jazz records are being made. Radio and television have again slammed their doors. Musicians of every stripe are scratching for work. But these are, I'm sure, transitory difficulties sown by faddism, and they have little to do with a problem in jazz that does deserve brooding and even melancholy: the chill that has crept into the music in the past decade. One feels it in the glittering younger pianists, in the crushing sarcasm of Sonny Rollins and the autonomous frenzy of John Coltrane, in the vapid musings of Miles Davis, and, most depressingly, in the drummers shaped by Max Roach. Sounding their shrill, high-pitched sets, these drummers create—with their insistent monomethod of accompaniment—a hard, false background. They are bric-a-brac performers who clutter and infect the air. (Max Roach plays with passion? Rather with a frightening, cold anger. He is the first *social* drummer.) In an effort to ease these damp humors, I stopped in last week at Jimmy Ryan's to hear Zutty Singleton, the great sixty-seven-year-old New Orleans drummer. I confess that I hadn't really listened to Singleton since the days when he was a fixture at the old Ryan's, and hearing him again was a lovely experience. He is, of course, seminal. (So was Baby Dodds, but, with the exception of Dave Tough, his followers never surpassed him.) Sidney Catlett, from whom Roach borrowed all the wrong things, drank of him deeply, and it would profit every drummer under fifty to do the same. The warmth and drive and pleasure that flow out of Singleton and his drums are irresistible. He is a sun.

Singleton's style—to say nothing of his appearance: a gentle, Teddy-bear face, with a high forehead and heavily lidded eyes and a generous mouth, sits easily on a short, solid figure—probably hasn't changed much since 1915. It grew directly out of parade-band drumming, and is centered on the snare and bass drums. Covering these foundations is a steadily changing layer of embellishments, carried out on the cymbals (in addition to a high-hat, which he rarely pedals, he has three cymbals, one shaped like a floppy garden-party hat and sounding like a sharp intake of breath), on three tomtoms, on three cowbells and a wood block, and on the rims of his drums. In the course of an ensemble chorus, Singleton's accompaniment goes like this: He will start with a heavy, accented snare-

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drum roll, which bulldozes the horns, and a two-beat rhythm on the bass drum. Then he will break the roll, silence the bass drum, and sprinkle his cymbals with fairy beats, shift his sticks to the high-hat, which he leaves agape, and pile into four bass-drum beats to the bar. The high-hat work will be accented with lightly struck eighth notes on the tomtoms, and at the end of the bridge he will circulate between the snare and the cowbells and the wood block and the bass drum, the last of which he smacks with his sticks. Back to the snare for a series of press rolls and rimshots, a couple of tomtom beats and bass-drum accents, and the chorus ends. Singleton's backgrounds are a continually revolving dream of carefully pitched sounds (his drums are tuned to an almost basso-profundo level), which both nourish the horns and move on a private, self-sufficient course. His brief solos are simply extensions of his accompanying, and usually consist of massed rolls topped by a rattling, around-the-set explosion. These solos rear up and burst genially. He exudes delight when he plays. Emotions chase and flicker through him, appearing when he drops his eyelids and hoists his eyebrows, when, abruptly lunging at a cymbal, his stick a truncheon, he clamps his lips shut, and when, delivering a mighty roll, he shakes his head from side to side with a fury that only compounds his rhythms. But just his arms and head really move; his trunk is a rigid, stately pivot. Singleton is an elegant primitive. His technique is probably no better than Ringo Starr's. He is apt to speed up or drag the tempo, and he can be punishingly ponderous. He does not even use the traditional 1 2-3 cymbal beat. But, oddly, his wayward cymbal work, his constant broken rushes around his set, and his always surprising rhythmic deviations are not in the least old-fashioned. In fact, they are strikingly similar to the heretic experiments of Milford Graves, the best of the "new-thing" drummers. Singleton, who has surely never even heard of Graves, would shock him.

At Ryan's, Singleton carried the band he was with as though it were a baby. Herman Autrey, its trumpeter, is of the Roy Eldridge persuasion, and its trombonist, Herb Gardner, is a young, highly skilled performer who intelligently knows the work of everyone from Tricky Sam Nanton to Urbie Green. Cliff Jackson, the lazy-dog stride pianist, was on hand, and the group was led by the clarinettist Tony Parenti. Go and hear Singleton; he is what we all need.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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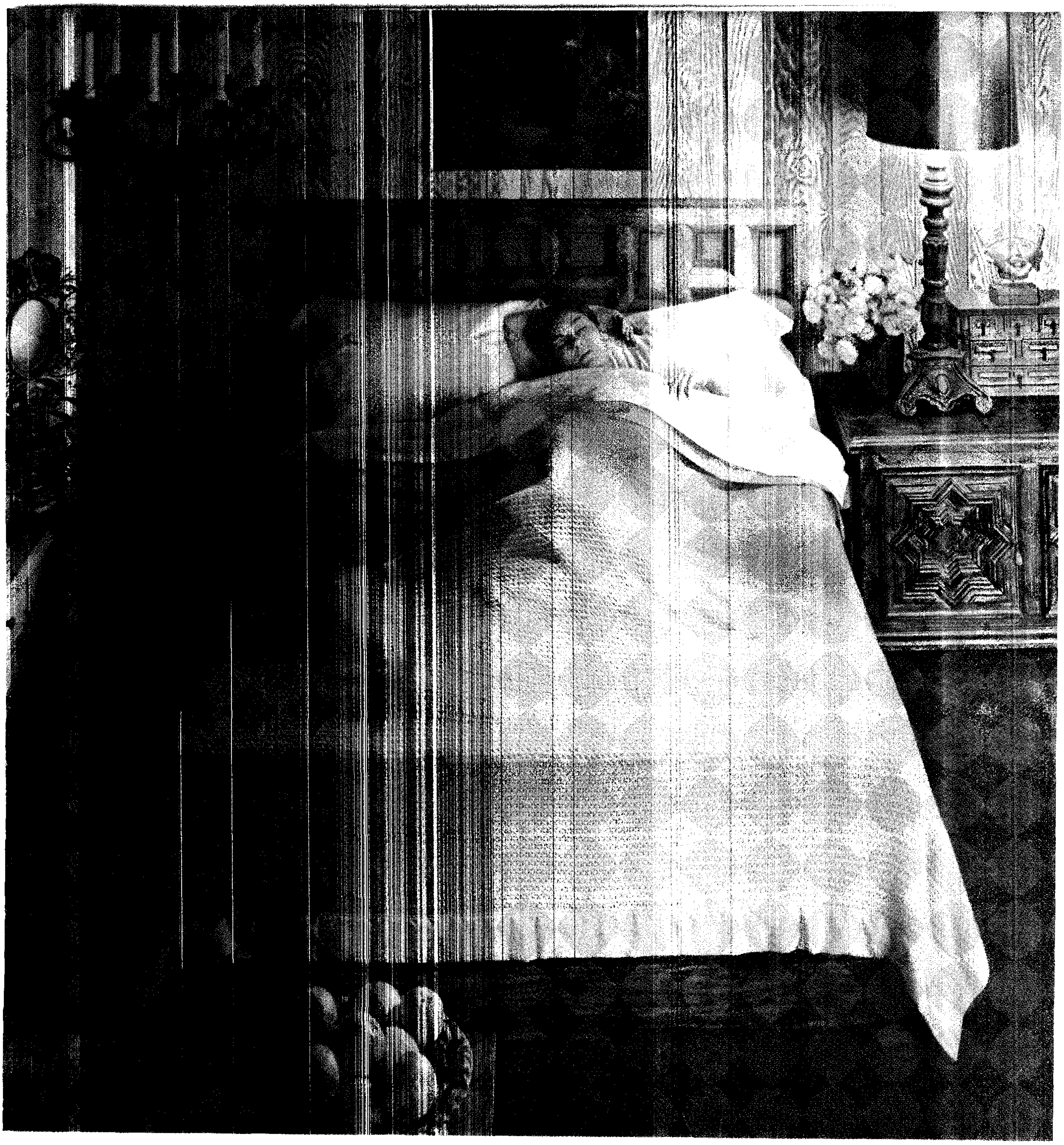

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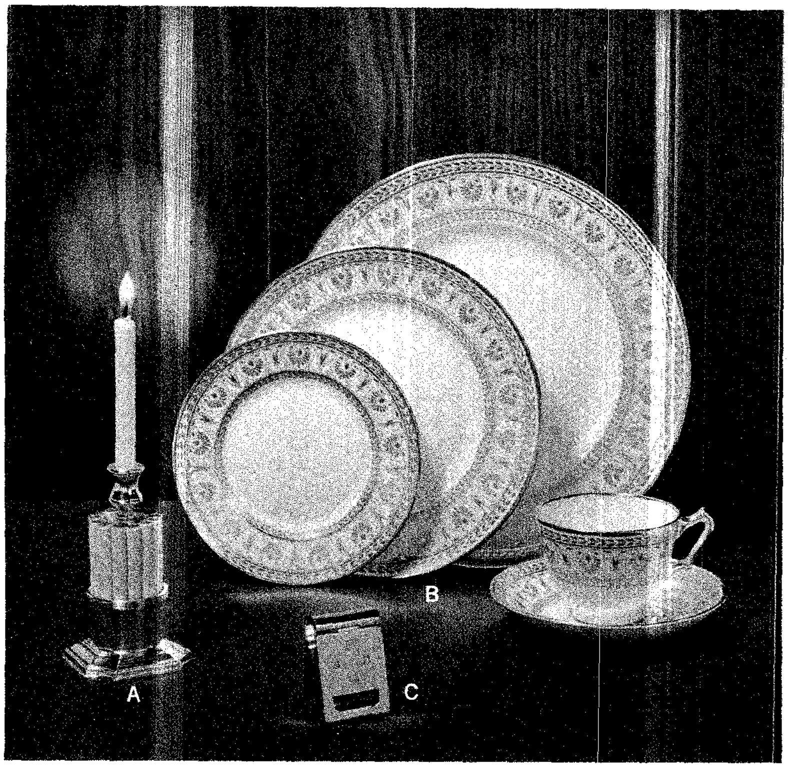

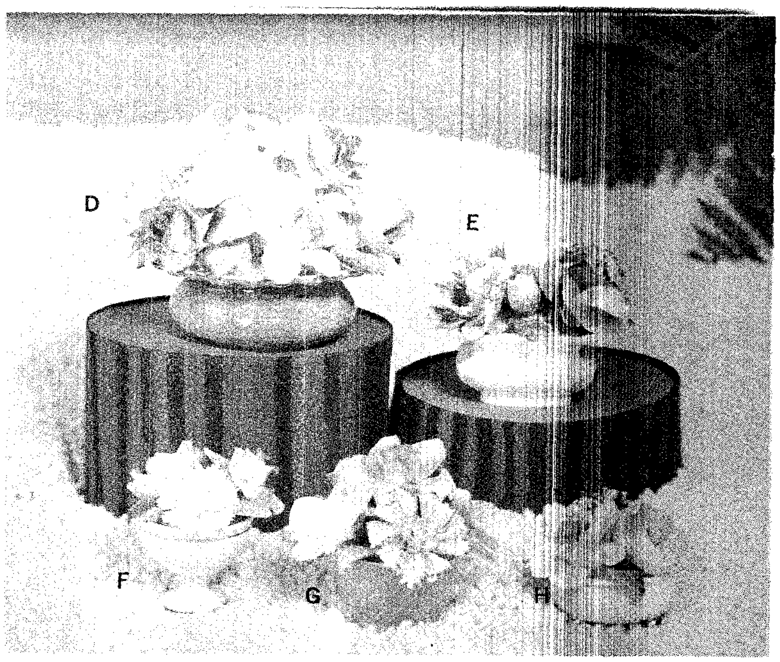

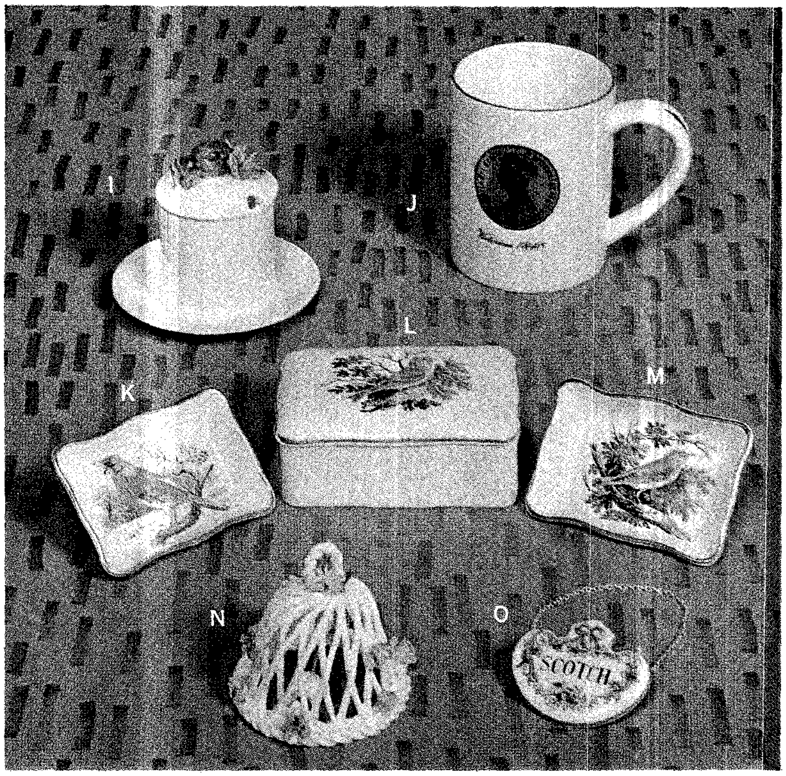

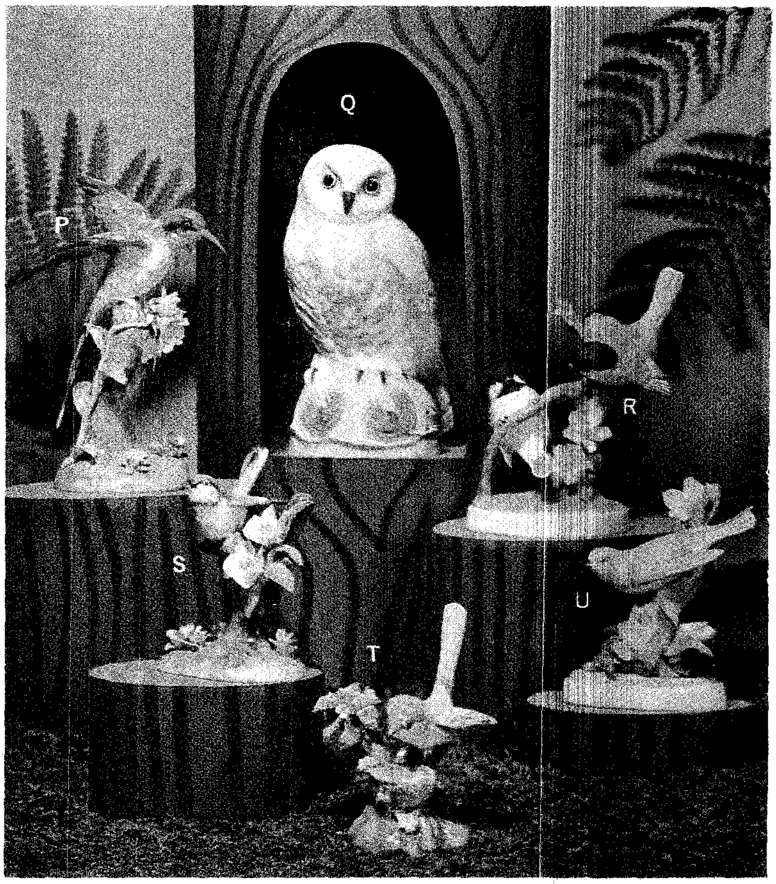

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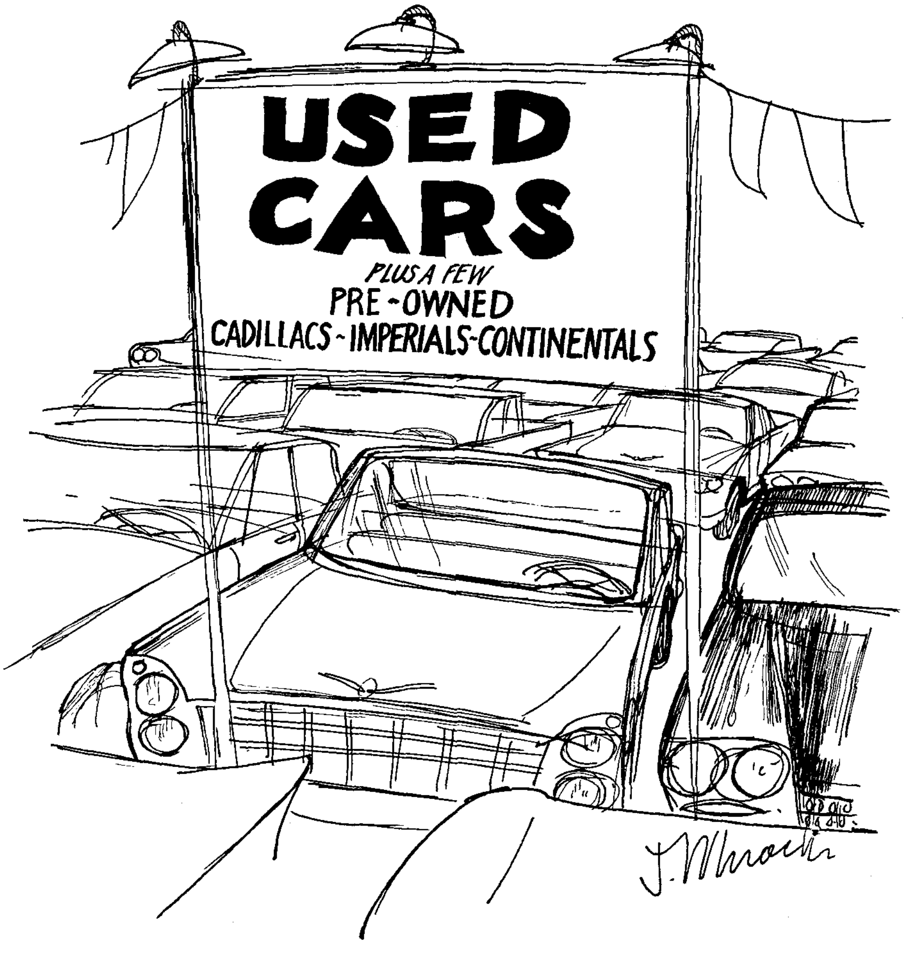
SATISFYING THE GHOST OF G.B.S.

IN just two hundred and ninety-one years, England will have a chance to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Bernard Shaw, as last year it elaborately marked the fourth centenary of the birth of Shakespeare—the only writer of plays in English with whom Shaw felt that he should be compared. Though his view is shared by quite a number of other people, Shaw's quadricentennial promises to be fairly bleak, if one is to judge by the way he has fared in his adopted country since his death, in 1950. The denigration of great men of letters after their death is scarcely unusual, but with Shaw the process has been uncommonly quick, sweeping, and spirited. Shaw saw it coming. During his later years, according to his longtime secretary, Miss Blanche Patch, he was more than once offered the Order of Merit, the highest distinction within the gift of the Commonwealth. "In each case," Miss Patch recently recalled, "he declined it in the following terms: 'I need no publicity; I have already more than my fair share of it. I shall have my period of staleness and out-of-dateness for years after my death (it is beginning already), but an Order of Merit will not save me from this. . . . Either I shall be remembered as a playwright as long as Aristophanes and rank with Shakespeare and Molière or I shall be a forgotten clown before the end of the century. I dare not anticipate the verdict of history.' " Since Shaw expected the verdict no later than the year 2000, about a third of the evidence is now in. Some of it, I think, would have amused him.

LATE in the afternoon of September 11, 1950, Shaw, who was then ninety-four but still ceaselessly active both physically and mentally (a few weeks earlier he had sent off a sparkling letter to the *Times*—his last—on "The Wages Paradox," which he said he felt obliged to write because "when the basic income and miseries of the rich are in question, I cannot keep silent"), was pruning a plum tree in the garden of his home, known as Shaw's Corner, at Ayot St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire, when he fell and fractured his thigh. "When one is very old, as I am," he had said four years earlier, on the occasion of being made the first Honorary Freeman of the Borough of St. Pancras, in London, "one of the unpleasantnesses is that your legs give in before your head does. Consequently, you are always tumbling about. I tumble down about three times a week quite regularly." He had therefore made a practice, when out-of-doors, of wearing a whistle on a cord around his neck, and so was able to quickly summon members of his household. He was taken to a hospital, where an operation to set the broken bones was performed. Four days later, the *Times* reported that he "felt up to protesting vigorously against an excess of baths," and added, "He demanded from the sister, we are told, a certificate that he had had a bath, 'otherwise, someone will come along in five minutes and give me another one.' " Early in October, he was taken home in an ambulance, and thereafter was confined to a wheelchair. On October 29th, his physician, Dr. T. C. Probyn, reported that he had developed "a slight temperature;" the next day he was "very weak," and the day after that he was "going downhill." He died shortly before daybreak on November 2nd. F. G. Prince-White, a newspaper reporter who had been assigned to the watch at Shaw's Corner, was asked by Shaw's housekeeper to compose a bulletin announcing the news to the local townspeople, and he obliged by writing, in longhand on a sheet of white paper, "Mr. Bernard Shaw passed peacefully away at one minute to five o'clock this morning, Nov. 2. From the coffers of his genius he enriched the world." This notice was attached to the iron gate at the entrance to Shaw's property. Mr. Prince-White's tribute thus became the first, and perhaps the most graceful, of the scores that followed.

Although Shaw's will had specified that his body be cremated, and had made clear his "desire that no public monument or work of art or inscription or sermon or ritual service commemorating me shall suggest that I accepted the tenets peculiar to any established Church or denomination nor take the form of a cross or any other instrument of torture or symbol of blood sacrifice," the office of the Public Trustee, which Shaw had named as the executor of his estate, allowed three weeks to pass before disposing of the ashes, in order, the Trustee said, "to see if any request for the remains were made by a responsible national authority." No such request



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was made. "The whole question of a Westminster Abbey burial has been given very careful consideration," the Public Trustee then explained, "and in view of the declaration in Mr. Shaw's will, and the views expressed in many of his writings, it was thought that the feelings of Churchmen would be offended if ecclesiastical authorities made any move to allow the burial of his ashes in any religious national shrine." On a rainy morning in late November, therefore, the Public Trustee proceeded to follow the testamentary instructions that Shaw had given in the first place—that his ashes be "inseparably mixed with those of my late wife" and be scattered in the garden of the house at Ayot St. Lawrence, where they had lived together for thirty-five years. A few weeks later, the officials of the Borough of St. Pancras honored Shaw by placing a plaque on the building at No. 29 Fitzroy Square, where Shaw had once lived, and where he had written his first seven plays. The plaque is set in the wall near the front door of the building—a cream-colored structure that is part of a four-story block of flats, many of them occupied by business concerns—and it casts Mr. Prince-White's aphorism in more lasting form:

George Bernard Shaw
Lived in This House
From 1887 to 1898
"From the Coffers of His Genius
He Enriched the World"

Aside from a small marker near a mulberry tree that Shaw once planted in Malvern, the plaque in Fitzroy Square is, as far as I have been able to discover, the only monument that has been erected to him anywhere in England.

In March, 1951, the full text of Shaw's will, consisting of forty-seven clauses and running to some eight thousand words, was made public. It was variously described by English newspapers as "absurd," "ridiculous," "stupid," and "a tomfool will." What prompted this reception was Shaw's instructions directing his executor to use the income from his estate for twenty-one years after his death to promote a phonetic alphabet. After twenty-one years, the income was to be divided equally among the British Museum ("in acknowledgement of the incalculable value to me of my daily resort to the reading room of that institution at the beginning of my career"), the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and the National Gallery of Ireland. There was immediate speculation that at least two of the residuary legatees would contest the alphabet

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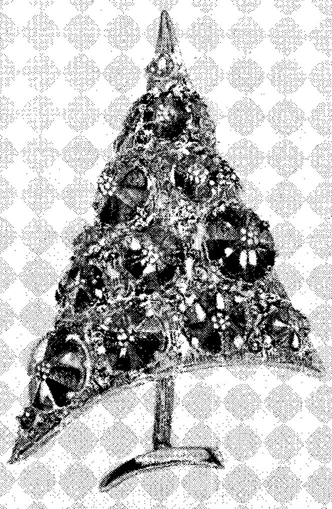

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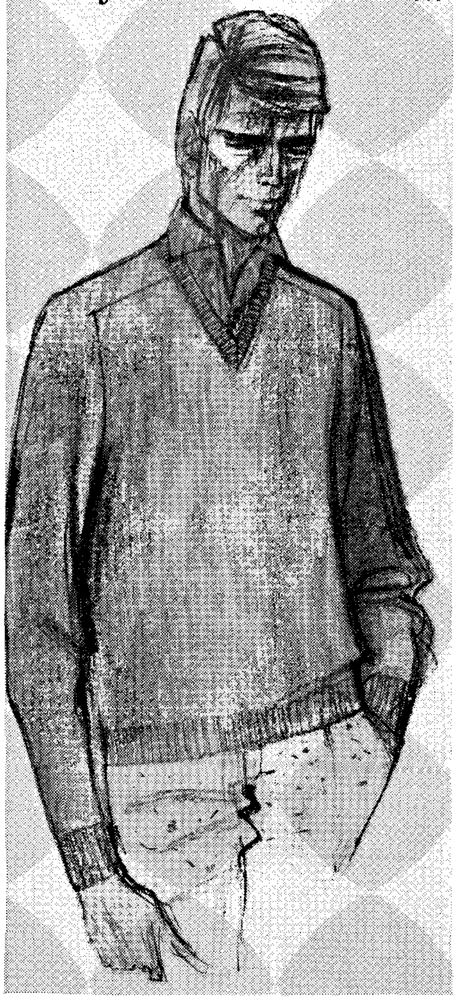

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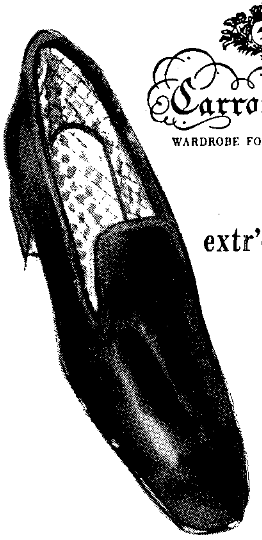
provisions of the will. That wrangle, however, could not get started until another one, already under way, had been settled. This argument was between Shaw's executor and the tax authorities over the value of the copyrights that formed such a large part of Shaw's estate. In addition, a bequest that Shaw had made during his lifetime was causing trouble.

Six years before his death, Shaw gave his house and the three acres of property on which it is situated to the National Trust—a privately supported organization that preserves British places of historic interest and natural beauty—with the understanding that he would continue to occupy it during his lifetime. Like many other donors to the National Trust, Shaw left no endowment for the maintenance of his place. He evidently felt (if he concerned himself with the matter at all) that the cost of upkeep would be met by receipts from admissions. For a while, it looked as if he had calculated correctly. The house was officially opened on March 17, 1951; some two hundred Shaw admirers, including Dame Edith Evans, attended the ceremony, which was held on the lawn in a steady drizzle. By the end of March, 2,286 people had paid two shillings (about twenty-eight cents) apiece to see Shaw's Corner. The stream of visitors swelled in April. On Easter Sunday, some six hundred cars made their way into Ayot St. Lawrence, and on Easter Monday there were more than a thousand. The resulting traffic jams were spectacular. Ayot St. Lawrence, though only twenty-five miles from London, is normally a serenely peaceful village, containing the ruins of a fifteenth-century abbey and a small collection of whitewashed, thatch-roofed cottages that date from Tudor times. In 1800, when the first census was taken, the population numbered a hundred and fifteen; it hasn't varied by more than two dozen souls since. The nearest public transportation, a bus line, is almost three miles away, in the village of Wheathampstead, and the only road to Wheathampstead is a twisting one-lane dirt track bordered on either side by impenetrable hedges; if two motorists meet, one has to back up into a lay-by to allow the other to proceed. The weekend influx of sightseers to Shaw's Corner not only blocked this artery completely but created a parking nightmare in the village. A piece of vacant land opposite Shaw's Corner was hastily converted into a parking lot of sorts, but rain, which seemed to be almost continuous on weekends,



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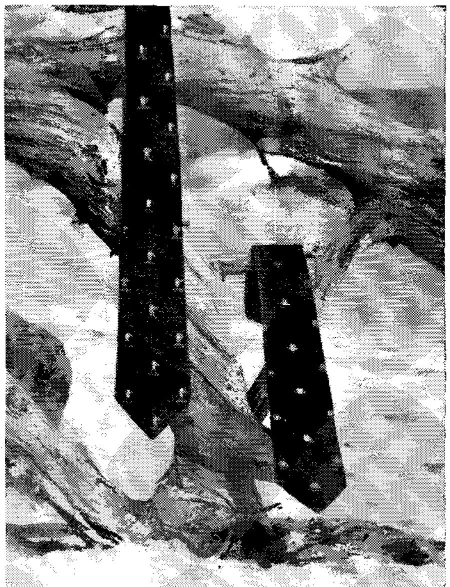

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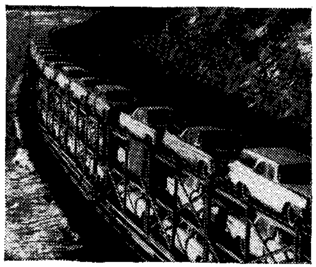
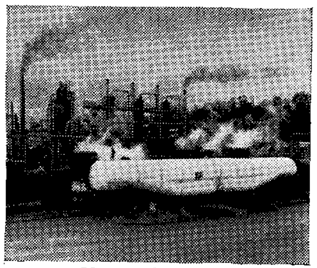
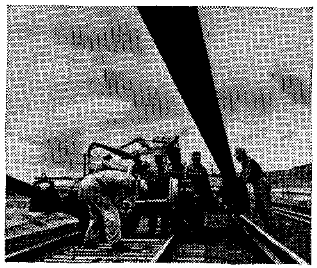
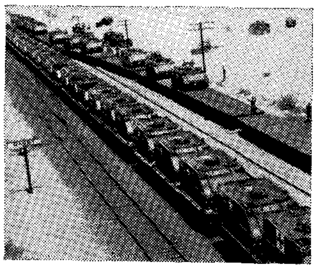
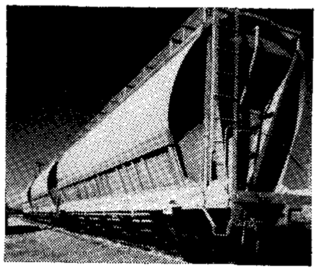

Rack cars

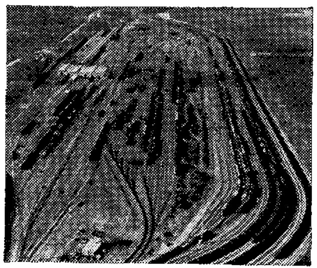
Data processing

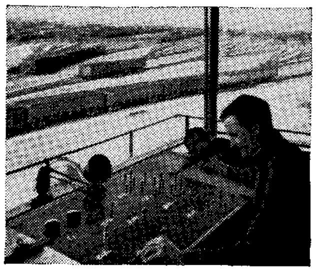

Giants of the rails

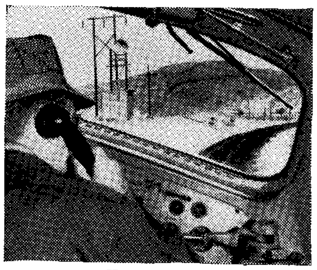

Welded rail


Workhorse for defense

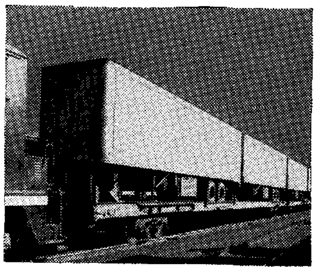

Modern design

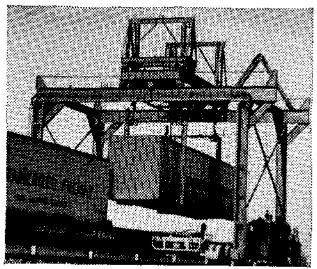

Automated yards


Push-button control

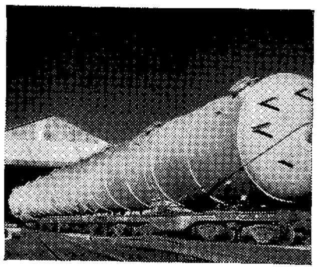

Train radio

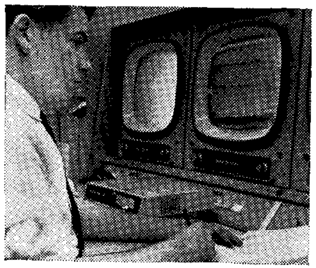
Unit train

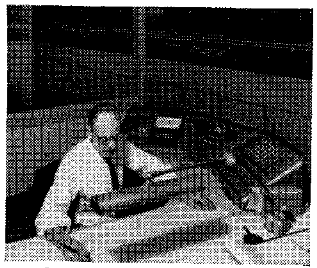

Piggyback express


Container loader

Microwave service


Super-size loads


TV car monitor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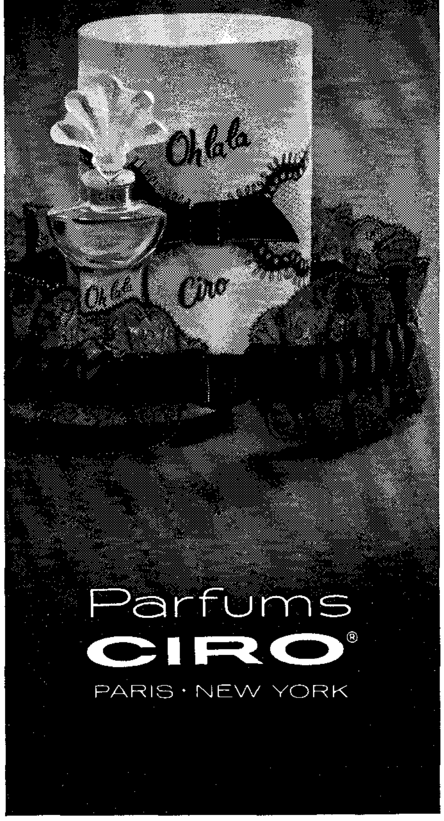

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rendered this unusable. A bulldozer was brought in to level Shaw's vegetable garden, which the National Trust had decided to turn into a parking area; the bulldozer got bogged down on its first run, and the project had to be temporarily abandoned. The villagers, irate at the invasion, struck back by tearing down road signs and holding protest meetings. As things turned out, all they had to do was be patient. Though the number of visitors climbed to a new high in May, a decline began in June and continued through the rest of the year. It was now evident that, as the *Times* had intimated in an editorial when the flood was approaching its peak, a great many of the people who had rushed to Shaw's Corner were not admirers but ordinary rubbernecks, "as ready, if given the chance, to stare round a room in which a murder was committed as round one in which a masterpiece was conceived." It was also clear that once the peep-show crowd had satisfied its curiosity, the receipts from admissions would be insufficient to pay the upkeep, estimated by the National Trust at the equivalent of about thirty-four hundred dollars a year. The *Daily Mirror* took advantage of this situation to give Shaw another kick, for having made the "stupid bequest of his ugly Hertfordshire home without a solitary bean to provide for its maintenance." Of course, if he had provided a bean, he would have been accused of gross conceit.

As the fiscal problem at Shaw's Corner worsened, the Shaw Society, a band of dedicated admirers, conceived the idea of launching a public drive for funds to provide, among other things, an endowment for the upkeep of the house. "The idea was soon taken out of our hands by a number of other people, all quite famous," I was told recently by Mr. Eric Batson, a librarian who also lectures on Shaw, and who was secretary of the Society at the time. "I daresay we allowed ourselves to be played off the stage by these big people, who then proceeded to mishandle the matter very badly indeed, though whether we could have done any better I don't know—there was very little public sympathy. One reason, I think, is that Shaw alienated public opinion with his will. It seemed very cold and inhuman, although, in fact, he was doing what Julius Caesar did—he was making a public will. He was giving his money to a public cause rather than making private benefactions, but, rightly or wrongly, people made no attempt to understand his idea. Beyond that, I

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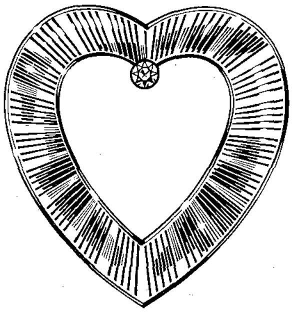

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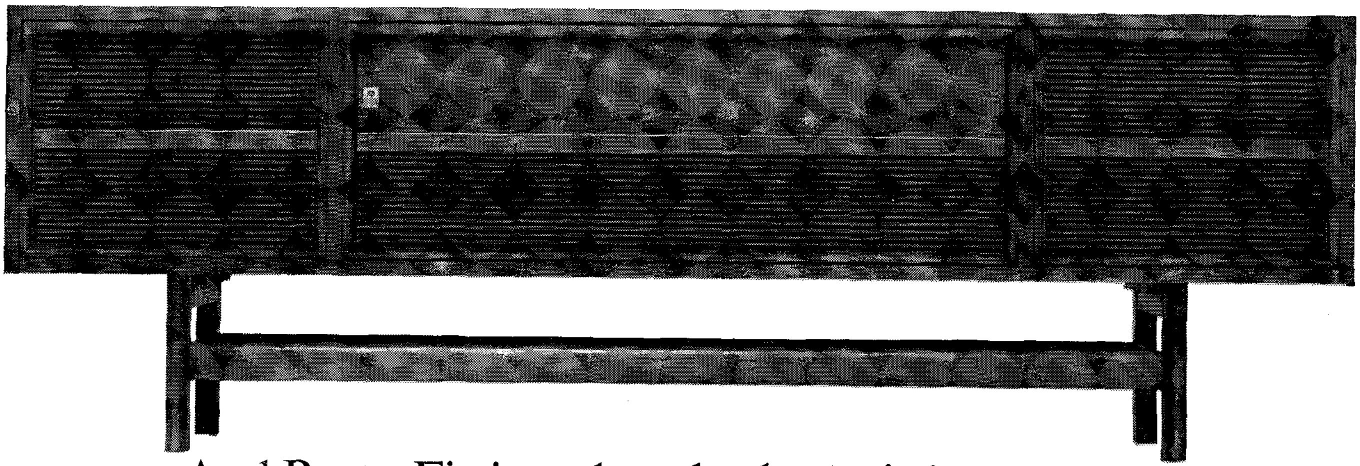

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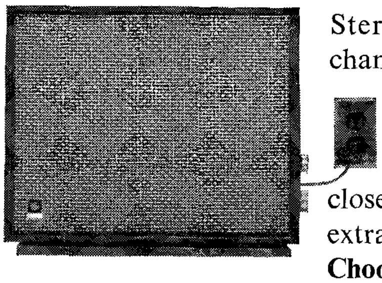

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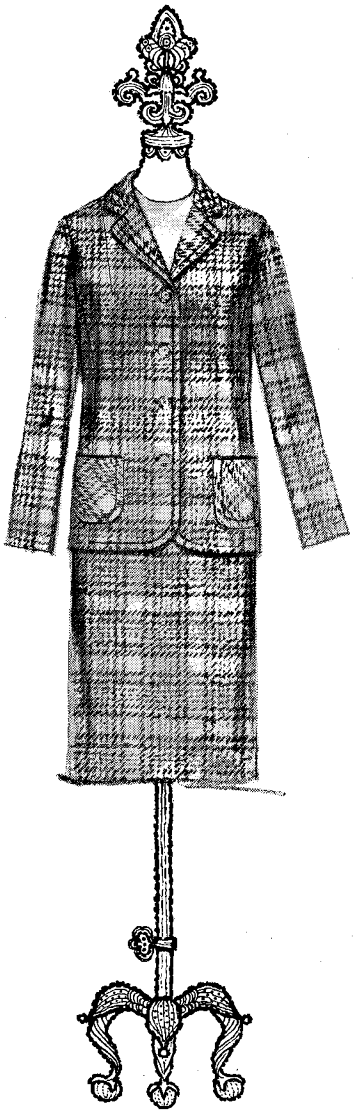

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think the lack of public sympathy derived from the fact that Shaw was a successful nonconformist. This disturbs the English considerably. It is true that eccentricity does flourish here in a small way, but anyone who is a genuine nonconformist—and gets away with it in a big way, as Shaw did—is certain to be regarded with suspicion and hostility. And, you see, Shaw concerned himself with the large problems, but he wasn't unhappy. He didn't suffer, like Swift, who got distraught about it all. There was Shaw, the Socialist, riding around in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, enveloped in this general air of gaiety, and all the while scolding others. His very existence, in fact, created a disturbing feeling. This helped to make very heavy going for the group that was trying to raise money to honor him."

The new sponsors of the project, which came to be known as the Shaw Memorial Appeal, consisted of a committee of fifteen well-known figures. It was headed by the writer and critic Ivor Brown and included former Prime Minister Clement Attlee; the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. R. A. Butler; Lady Astor; Dr. Marie Stopes, the scientist and birth-control propagandist; and several theatrical and literary personalities, among them Sir Barry Jackson, Sir Lewis Casson, and Mr. St. John Ervine. Ten of the fifteen committee members bore titles—a piece of irony that was not lost on members of the Shaw Society, who were mostly watching from the sidelines. However, Mr. Batson did attend the meeting at which the Shaw Memorial Appeal was launched, at the end of November, 1951. "It seemed determined to commit suicide right at the beginning," he has since remarked. Mr. R. A. Butler, in his capacity as president of the Royal Society of Literature, led off the proceedings by paying a nice tribute to Shaw and announcing that the goal of the drive was two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It had three objectives: to help young playwrights, authors, and musicians in the publication or performance of their work; to encourage the production of Shaw's plays in appropriate settings, such as the Edinburgh and Malvern Festivals; and to provide such endowment as might be necessary for the upkeep of Shaw's Corner. The goal was an ambitious one, Mr. Butler said, but—speaking now like an Exchequer man—he added, "If a quarter of the population of this country gave sixpence each, the target figure would be exceeded."

At this point, Lady Astor spoke up

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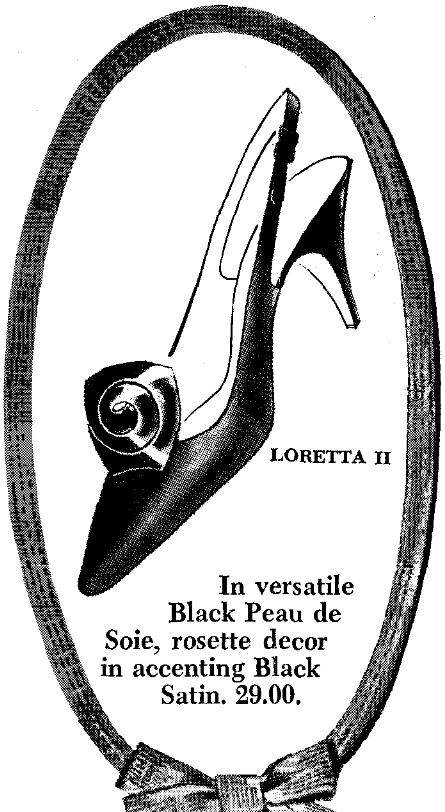

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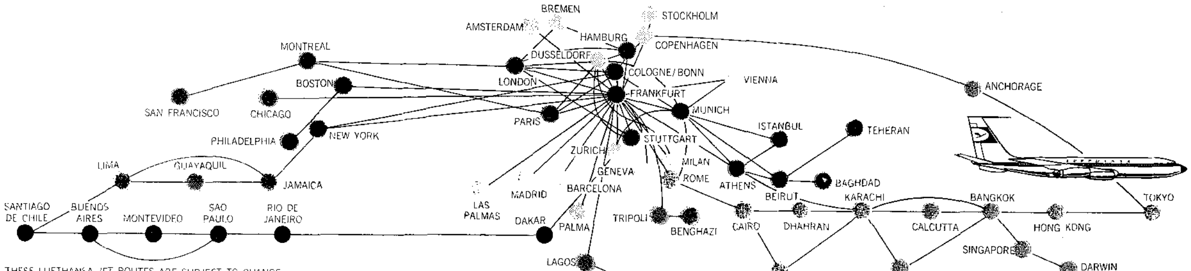
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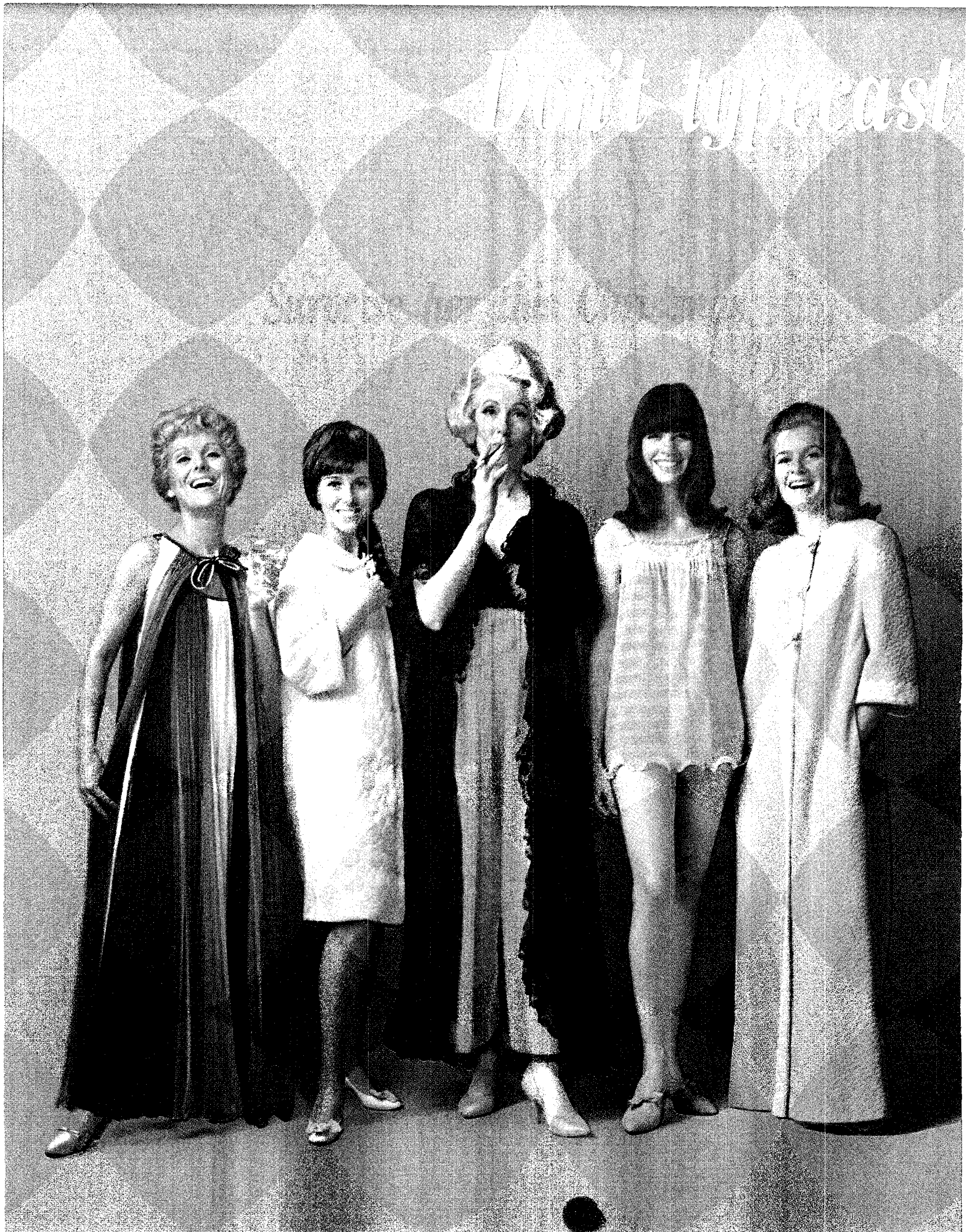

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to criticize what she called Shaw's "ridiculous will." She said that she had called on him two days before he died and implored him to change it, but he had been adamant. She then urged the Chancellor of the Exchequer to exert his influence "to break that ridiculous will."

Sir Lewis Casson next complained that he found it "desperately depressing" to solicit funds to maintain "that dreadful house," and added that if Shaw had wanted it kept as a memorial, he should have endowed it himself. "The National Trust made a great mistake in accepting it," he said.

Lady Astor said that the idea of leaving his house to the nation had occurred to Shaw after he visited Tolstoy's house, which she described as "the ugliest in the world."

Dr. Marie Stopes wound up the already somewhat confused meeting by suggesting a brand-new way of honoring Shaw—erecting a life-size statue of him in the Embankment Gardens.

The Shaw Memorial Appeal never got off the ground. In eleven months, it received contributions totalling four hundred and seven pounds. Since this was significantly short of the target figure of a quarter of a million pounds, the project was quietly abandoned.

Now that any hope of endowing Shaw's Corner had evaporated, the National Trust decided that the only way to make the shrine pay its way was to rent it. Early in 1954, accordingly, the property was put on the market, with the stipulation that the hall and the study would be open to the public one day a week, the tenant to retain half the receipts. The house was offered at an annual rental of slightly less than the equivalent of seven hundred and fifty dollars, on a seven-year lease. At the outset, the National Trust was swamped with seventy applicants; however, one by one—usually after inspecting the premises—sixty-nine dropped out. The seventieth, an American businessman, made and broke four appointments to sign a lease on the property, and then he, too, finally decided against it.

BY the early summer of 1956, when I happened to be in England, a tenant still had not been found for the house, so I decided to pay it a visit. I drove to Shaw's Corner one weekday afternoon and parked my car in the former vegetable garden, which is capable of accommodating a couple of dozen cars. Mine was the only one there. Looking at the house from the

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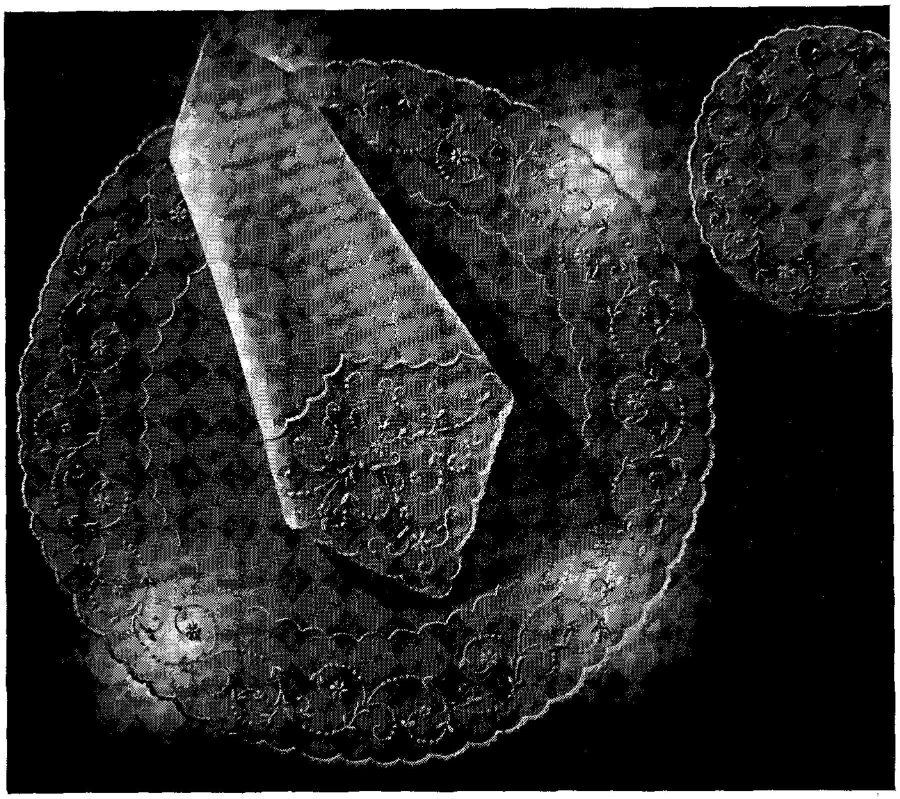

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outside, I could see how some of Shaw's friends might have found it depressing. Built in 1906 as a vicarage—and looking as if it might still be one—the house is a solid, boxlike three-story red brick structure with a red tile roof and green trim. It is totally lacking in style or distinction. The only exterior note of individuality is the brass knocker on the front door—a likeness of Shaw's head, beneath which is lettered, "Man and Superman. To G. Bernard Shaw, Esq., from Rose Banks, Daincourt." I knocked, and the door was answered by a tall, ruddy-faced, white-haired man who was wearing gray trousers, a brown double-breasted jacket, a blue-striped shirt, and a clip-on bow tie. His name, I learned, was Frederick Boucher; he was a retired provincial police officer, and, with his wife, had been handling the custodial chores at Shaw's Corner for the past five years.

I asked him about the door knocker. "Mr. Shaw had lots of lady friends," Mr. Boucher said. "That was a gift from one of them—a lady in Cornwall."

After I had paid an entrance fee of two shillings, Mr. Boucher, who said that he had prepared for his present job by reading two biographies of Shaw as well as some of his work, took me on a tour of the house, starting in the front hall. Against one wall was a Bechstein piano. "Mr. Shaw was a very good player of the piano and also a very good singer, but he would do neither in public," Mr. Boucher said. "When the air-raid sirens were wailing away during the war, he used to sit there and drown them out singing Italian operas to his own accompaniment. He also made quite a name for himself as a music critic. That picture by the piano is called 'First Night in the Stalls.' It was painted by Dame Laura Knight. She and him were great friends." In one corner of the hall stood a clothes tree, on which hung a large collection of hats and caps, as well as a green-and-yellow tweed cape. "He had that cape for some sixty years," Mr. Boucher said. "Something of an advert for the maker, isn't it? The old hat with the black veil was for the bees. Mr. Shaw was very interested in bees, and very good with them. The salt-and-pepper cap he used especially for motoring. Mr. Shaw graduated from a push bike to a Rolls-Royce. He is one of the very few who has done that. He owned a Rolls-Royce model called a Wraith. It was a brown sedan, which he sometimes drove himself. Oh, he had a

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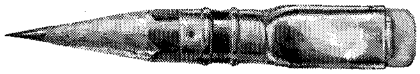

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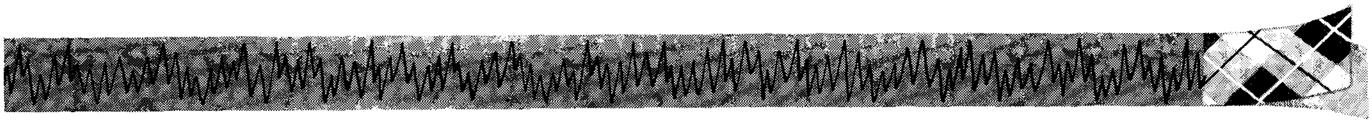

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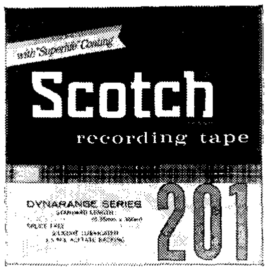

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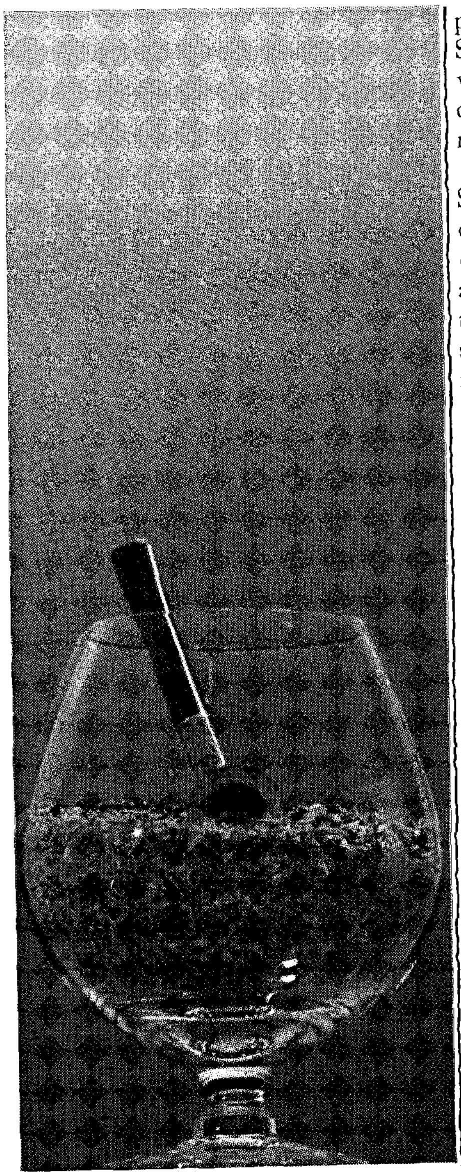

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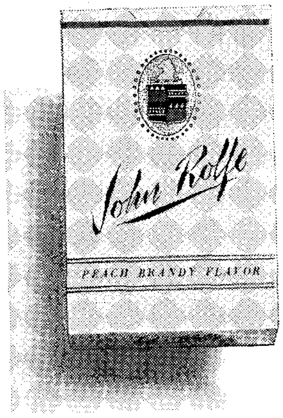

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proper chauffeur as well, of course." Shaw's Rolls-Royce, I later learned, was sold at auction in London after his death, and brought the equivalent of ninety-five hundred dollars.

Mr. Boucher led the way into Shaw's study, a medium-sized room crammed with furniture of the most commonplace sort and with books and bric-a-brac. The figured carpet on the floor was nearly threadbare. Despite the abundance of personal mementos, this room seemed as curiously colorless as the hall. In front of the window was a large desk, where, Mr. Boucher said, Shaw went to work at ten-fifteen each morning. On the desk were, among other things, French, German, and Italian pocket dictionaries; a small biographical and historical dictionary; a 1950 *Who's Who; Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes*, 1950; a Remington noiseless portable typewriter sitting on two thick pieces of felt; a glass holding three toothbrushes that had been used to clean the typewriter keys; an initialled black attaché case; an adjustable metal lamp; and two large Bibles and one small one. On the flyleaf of the small one Shaw had written, "G. Bernard Shaw, 4 Whitehall Court, London, S.W. 1. My travelling Bible. 18/8/39." To the left of Shaw's desk was a smaller one, used by his secretary, Miss Patch; on this were several reference works, including Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations." Next to Miss Patch's desk were bookshelves that covered the wall; on one shelf were three postal scales of varying sizes. "Mr. Shaw always weighed and stamped all his letters himself before taking them to the post office," Mr. Boucher said. In one corner stood a wooden filing cabinet with drawers bearing such labels as "Collected Ed.," "Touring," "Self," and "Keys & Contraptions." Displayed nearby was the parchment certificate commemorating the award of the Nobel Prize to Shaw in 1925. "Mr. Shaw gave the money back to Sweden," Mr. Boucher said. "They used it to set up the Anglo-Swedish Literary Foundation. He was the only Nobel Prize winner to give the money back."

I followed Mr. Boucher into the drawing room, which has windows on two sides looking into the garden. Like the other rooms, it was cluttered. "This was very much Mrs. Shaw's room," Mr. Boucher said. "After she died, in 1943, Mr. Shaw used it very little, except when he had visitors. Some say that they feel sorry for her, but I don't think they need to. The Shaws were

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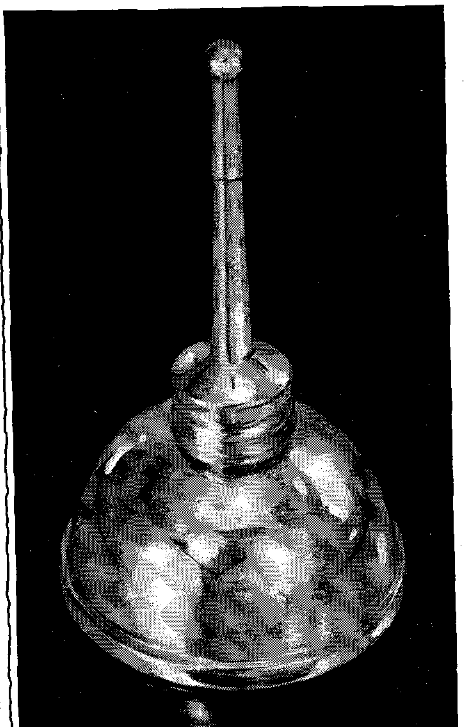

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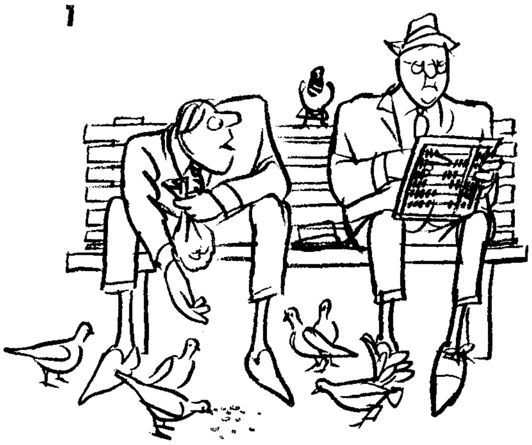
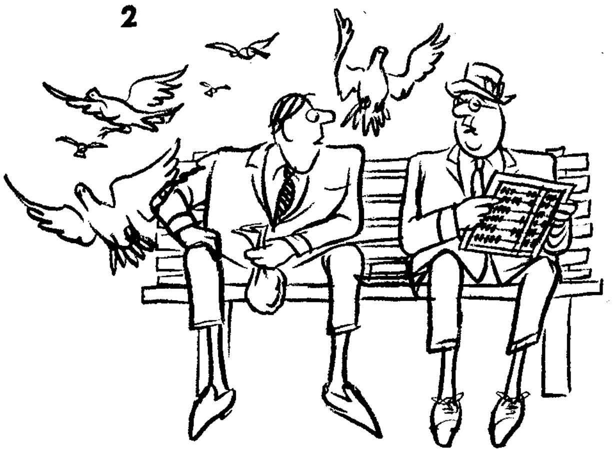


Aren't you a little old for that?

Ah So recommended it.

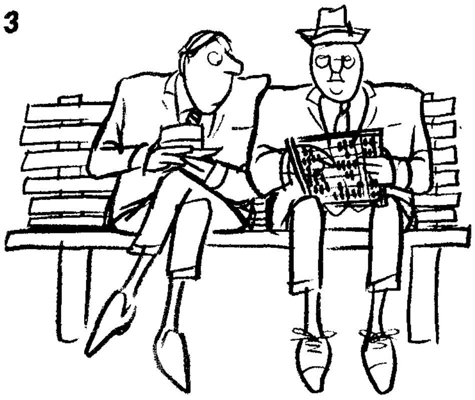
2



Pardon me?

Ah So, my neighbor.

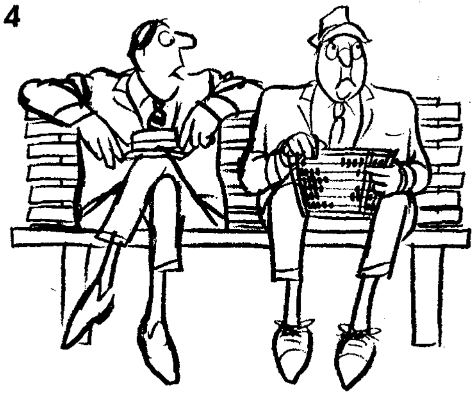
3



An abacus?

To figure out how long my money will last now that I've stopped working.

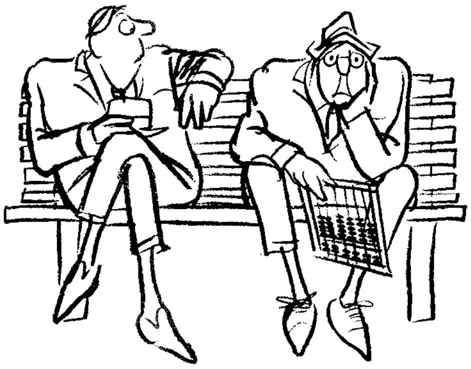
4



I thought you were loaded.

According to my calculations, I'll run out of dough long before I run out of gas.

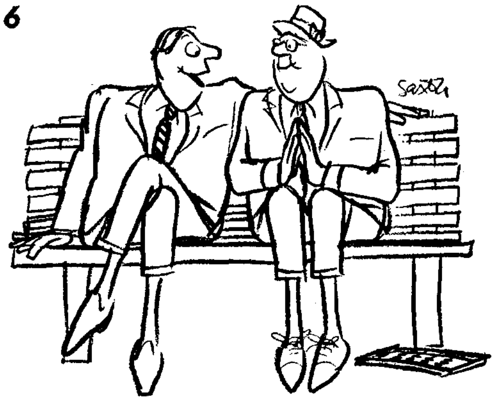
5



I don't believe it.

You can't argue with an abacus.

6



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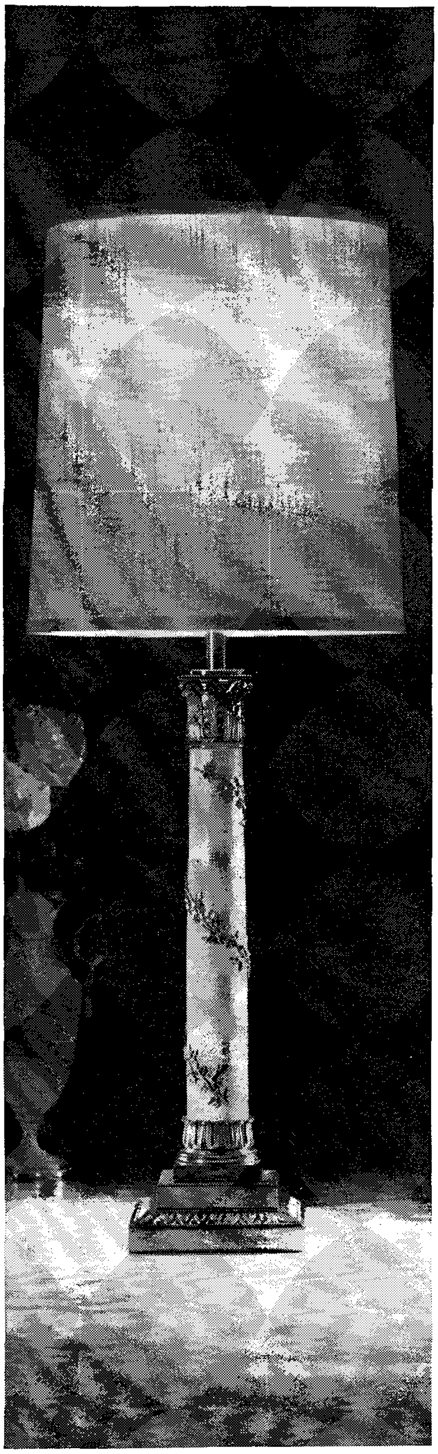

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**slightly higher West, South and Canada*

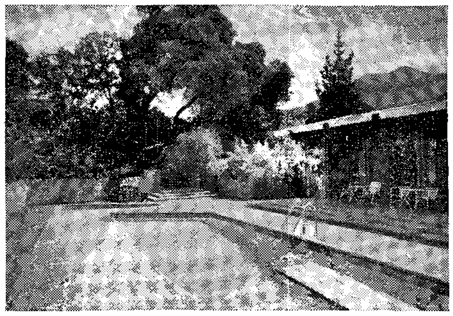
very happy together. It was not a love match, really—it was more a marriage for companionship." He went on to identify a number of objects in the room, including a cushion on which was embroidered the Shaw motto, "*Te Ipsum Nosce;*" a marble of Shaw's hand, done by Sigmund Strobl; a bronze bust of Shaw by Rodin and another by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy; and, on the mantel, the Oscar that Shaw won in 1939 for writing the screenplay of "Pygmalion."

The dining room, to which I was next conducted, was filled with the usual nondescript furniture. On the walls hung, among other things, the handsome oil portrait of Shaw by Augustus John and framed parchments certifying Shaw to be a Freeman of Dublin and of St. Pancras. Lined up on the mantel were framed photographs of Gandhi, Lenin, Stalin, Granville-Barker, Ibsen, and of the house at 33 Synge Street, Dublin, where Shaw was born. At one side of the fireplace stood the wheelchair that he used during his last illness. "Mr. Shaw used this room a good deal," Mr. Boucher said. "He liked to read during lunch. Sometimes he spent as long as two hours over the meal. He usually had dinner at seven-thirty, and then he would sit over there in the Morris chair by the fire and read or listen to the wireless until he went to bed. During the last years, he generally stayed up until midnight or one o'clock." Lying on the dining-room table was a large book containing photographs of Shaw and of many of his friends; there were several of Charlie Chaplin, including one inscribed, "What does one write to the greatest man living? Bless you. Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood, Cal., March 1, 1947."

I asked if Chaplin had visited Shaw's Corner since it had been open to the public.

"No, he's one who hasn't, though quite a good public follows Mr. Shaw," Mr. Boucher replied. "The famous person who's been here most, I should say, is Katharine Hepburn. She's made three visits, perhaps four. My wife and I are very fond of her. She comes into the kitchen and sits down and talks, but mostly she just seems to like to wander about and absorb the atmosphere."

Leaving the dining room, I followed Mr. Boucher outside and down a gravel path leading into the garden, which, in contrast to the house, looked simple and inviting. Among the decorative objects that I noticed was a small, graceful statue of St. Joan that was done on commission from Shaw by



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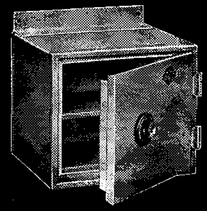

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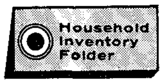

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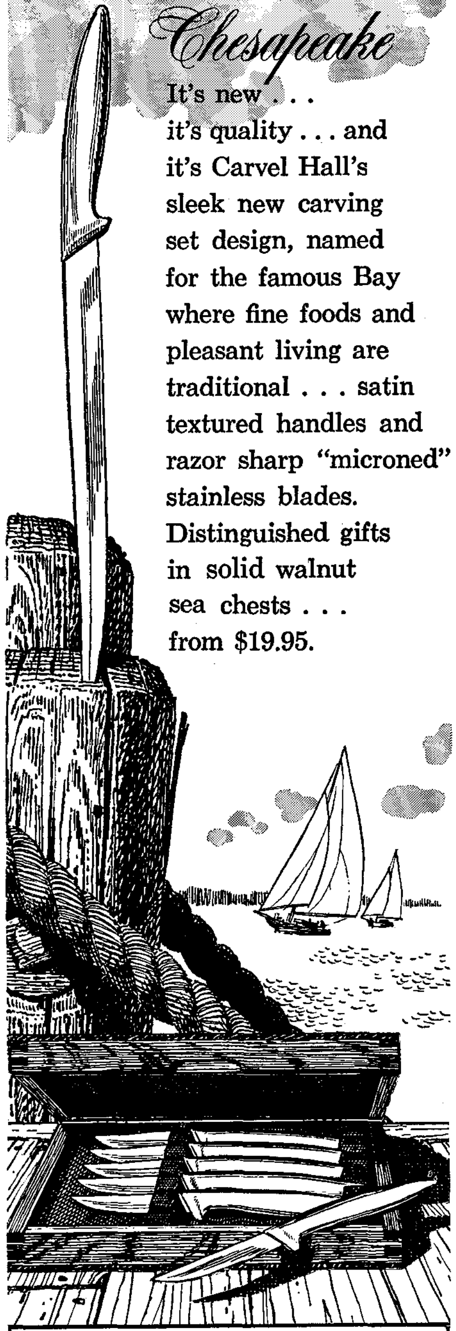

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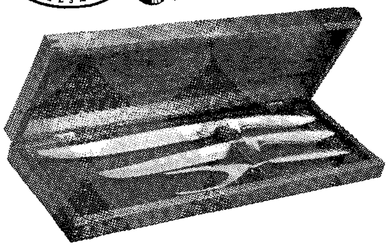

MASTERCRAFTED IN AMERICA SINCE 1895

Clare Winsten. In a secluded spot at the bottom of the garden, where wild violets, primroses, and cowslips were growing, Mr. Boucher showed me the so-called garden hut to which Shaw often retreated to work when the weather was good. This little structure, made of wood and canvas, was furnished with a flap table, a wicker chair, and a cot. A recorder was lying on the cot, and a green eyeshade hung from a nail in one of the walls.

"You can almost imagine the old gentleman sitting in there right now, can't you?" Mr. Boucher said, peering inside. "He was an amazing man. Oh, he was one of the greats."

When I returned to the parking lot, my car was, as before, the only one there.

SHAW'S CORNER was still without a tenant at the time of Shaw's centenary—July 25, 1956. The occasion was not marked by an excess of demonstrations, though the Malvern Arts Festival Committee put on a Shaw Centenary Week, a four-week Shaw season was staged at the Old Vic, and the Society of Authors organized a Shaw luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, which was attended by the Norwegian and Swedish Ambassadors, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Edith Evans, Lord and Lady Attlee, and a number of other titled persons. Among those who did not attend were the high-minded members of the Shaw Society, who, noting that Shaw was a vegetarian and a teetotaller, took exception to the menu, which included meat and spirits. Mr. Eric Batson, himself a vegetarian, said later, "I preferred to stay away, not doubting the Savoy Hotel's ability to supply me at table with a bit of lettuce for my thirty bob, but considering it a bit thick that Shaw's literary executors should think Shaw's own vegetarian predilections of so little account at a luncheon supposed to be held in his honor."

Within a month of the luncheon, a tenant at last moved into Shaw's Corner. He was a twenty-nine-year-old public-relations man named Christopher J. Casserley, who was married and had two small children. He was interested in writing but had little else in common with Shaw. As the newspapers gleefully pointed out, Mr. Casserley smoked, drank, and ate meat, and was a Catholic and a Conservative. When a reporter asked whether he would not "find the lingering fumes of Fabianism too humid to breathe," Mr. Casserley said he didn't think

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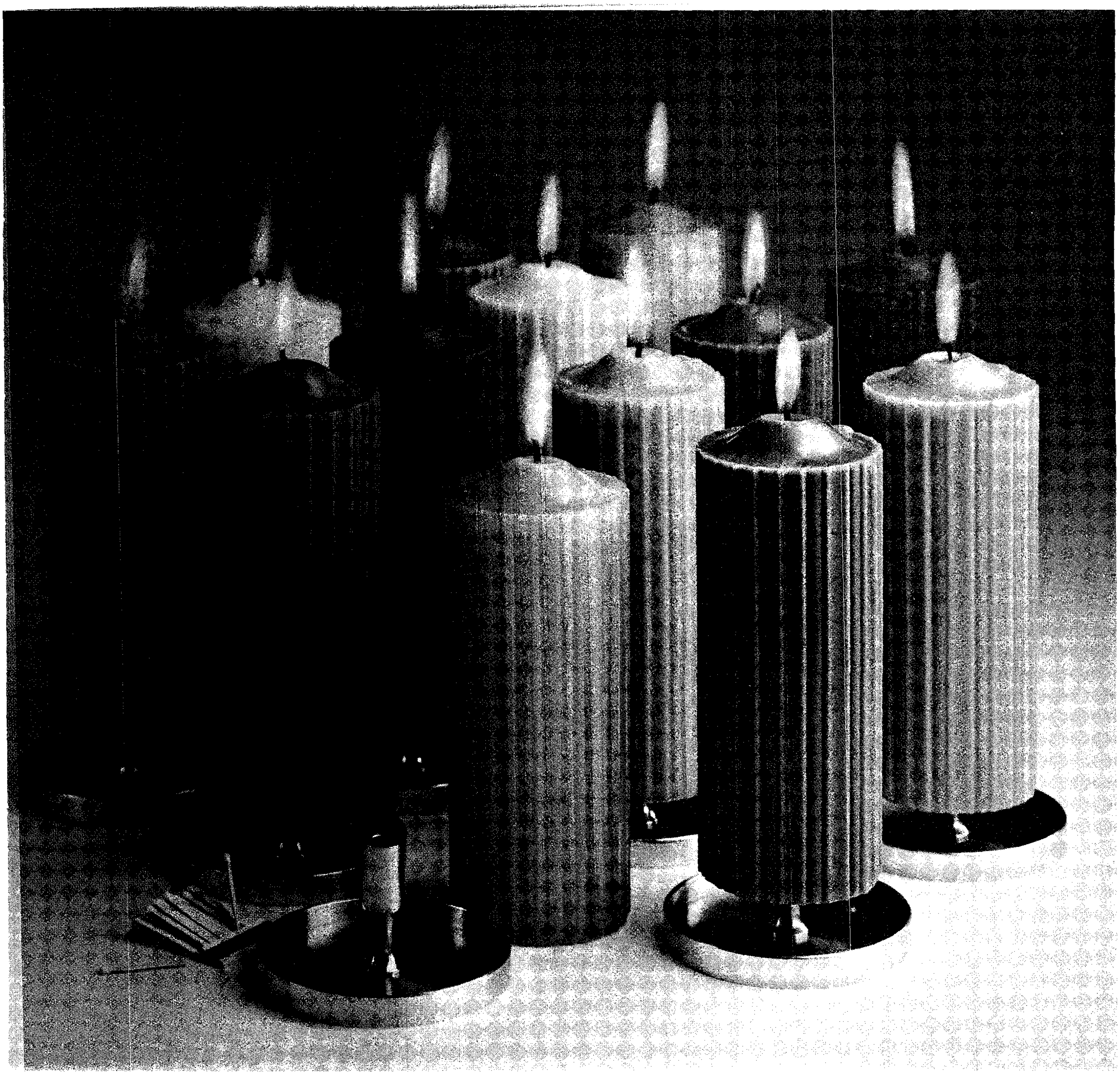

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Miss Puotila, (say "por-til-uh") is Dansk's prize fabric designer, and a demon with the dyepot. So they had her come up with a new palette of candle colors. Ritva created a brilliant dozen, from Kumquat through Plum Purple. Plus a frosty Olympian white for purists.

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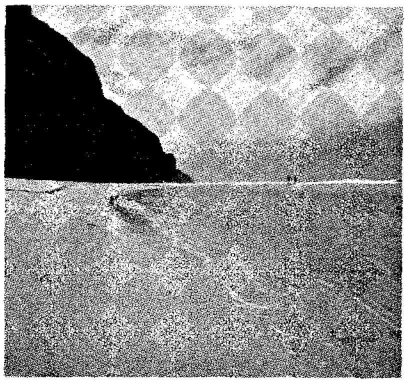

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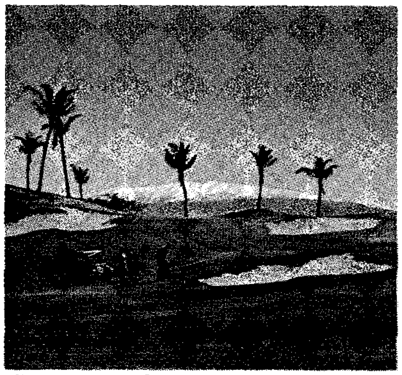

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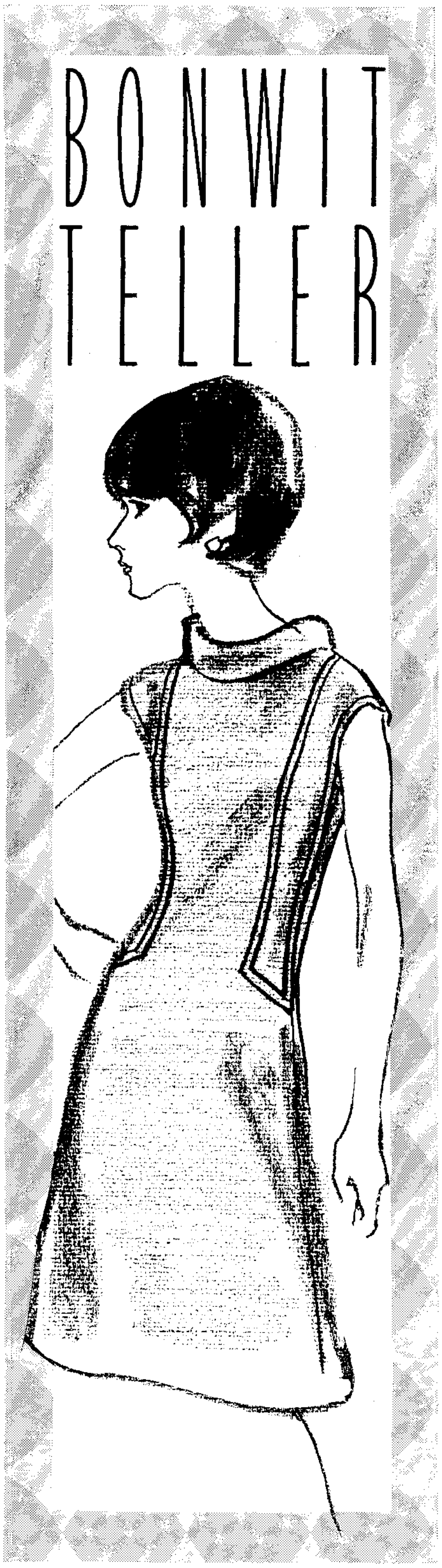
so. "If you're a chap who puts words on paper, you have to have a brassy self-confidence," he added. "So I can't think of anywhere more suitable to live. After all, if I'm feeling a bit low about something I'm trying to write, I can walk into the study, take a look at that illuminated Nobel award, and go back and start again."

Though the Casserleys' lease on Shaw's Corner ran for seven years, they moved out after two. Being curious to know why, I recently got in touch with Mr. Casserley, who now lives with his family in a smaller but considerably more comfortable house in London, and he invited me to drop around late one afternoon and have a drink with him and his wife. "There were two primary reasons for leaving Shaw's Corner," he said. "First, I got a new job, which was much more responsible and demanding. As a result, it appeared that the whole weight of running Shaw's Corner would fall on my wife. We had been successful in building up the place to the point where it took a good deal of our time, but not quite successful enough to warrant hiring a staff to handle the custodial chores. So we had always to be there. It was, I suppose, like running a farm or a pub. The other problem was the schools, which were four or five miles away. In time, that became quite intolerable."

"One is really very isolated at Shaw's Corner," said Mrs. Casserley, an attractive woman whose third child was born there. "In addition, the house presented a few problems. It did have a Frigidaire, which I'm sure was one of the original models, but that was the only modern equipment. There was no central heating. There were six bedrooms but only one bathroom, and there was no water at all on the third floor, where the servants' quarters were. I don't know how the Shaws' servants managed. We had none. We had not been there long when we had to hire the local contractor to do a few urgently needed jobs around the place. He told us that the last time any serious work had been done on the house was when he was an apprentice, just before the First World War."

"It was never our expectation to live on our share of the admissions," Mr. Casserley said, "but my income then was considerably less than it is now, and we had small children, so increasing the traffic was of considerable interest to us. One thing we found was that attendance was directly related to publicity. Whenever we had something in the papers, the number of



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visitors climbed. For example, Shaw left in his study twenty-eight bound sets of proofs of his work. I elected to 'discover' these volumes, and that brought a lot of newspaper stories with headlines like 'NEW FIND AT SHAW'S HOUSE.' Then I 'found' an American who wanted to buy the twenty-eight copies for a hundred thousand pounds, and that brought many more stories. I also wrote letters to the newspapers, and gave a talk about Shaw's Corner on the B.B.C. Furthermore, we kept looking for ways to encourage bookings from schools and such places. All these things—natural promotional exercises—helped to boost the traffic. When we arrived at Shaw's Corner, there were about thirty or forty visitors a week. By the time we left, it was running steadily around two or three hundred a week, and up to five hundred a week during summer. Unfortunately, the village didn't much appreciate the increase. There was a certain amount of subtle warfare—signposts directing people to Shaw's Corner got turned around in the night, and so on—and contending with that sort of thing took a lot of time and energy. I daresay we earned our share of the admissions. Still, the whole thing was quite an experience."

Since the Casserleys' departure from Shaw's Corner, I learned upon visiting the headquarters of the National Trust, no effort has been made to find another tenant. "We thought it quite hopeless, really," a Trust official told me. "I mean, along with everything else, when Mr. Casserley left, he gave a story to the newspapers that came out with a headline quoting him as saying 'LIFE IS HELL AT SHAW'S CORNER.' That wouldn't have helped much in renting the place again, you know." The former custodians—Mr. and Mrs. Boucher, who had been assigned to another Trust property—had been brought back to resume their duties at Shaw's Corner; Mr. Boucher had since died, the Trust official said, and his widow was now handling the job alone. Up to the end of last year, approximately a hundred thousand persons—an average of about seven thousand annually—had visited Shaw's Corner, and, according to the National Trust's calculations, the equivalent of thirty-one thousand dollars had been spent on keeping up the property. This had resulted in an over-all operating deficit for Shaw's Corner to date of some eighteen thousand dollars. "It's a bit dicey, relying on admissions to maintain the place," the Trust official

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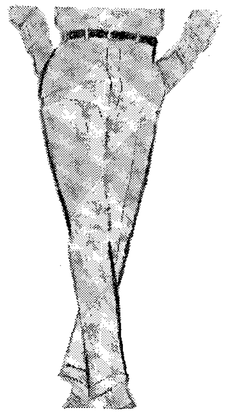

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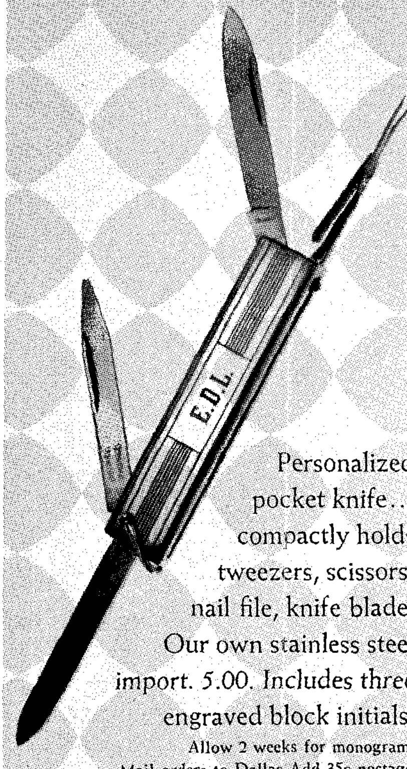

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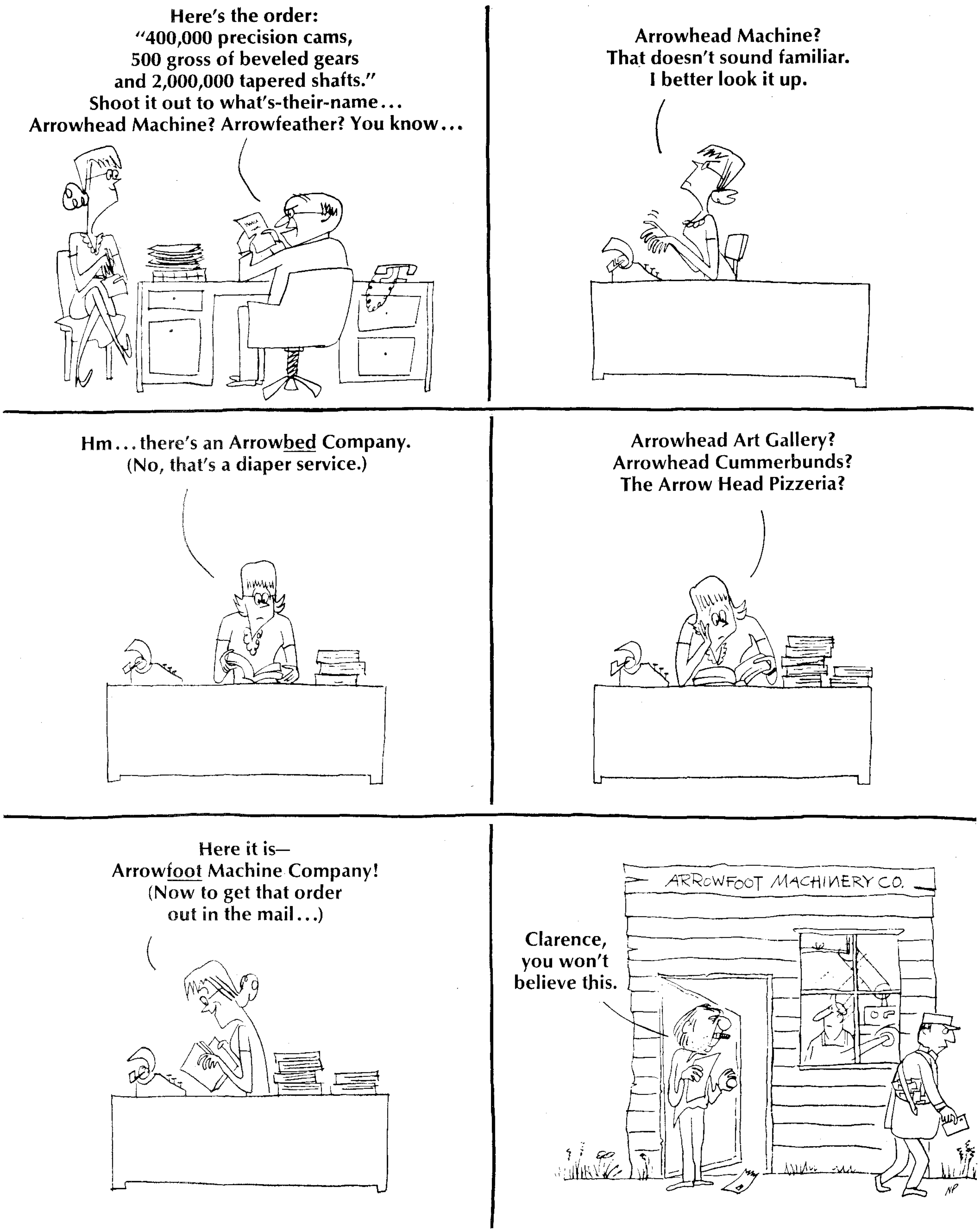
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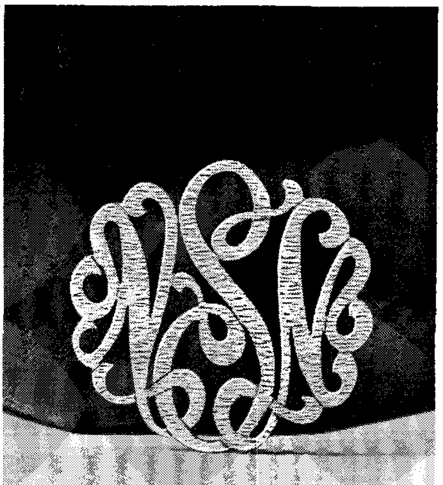
said, "but there isn't much else we can do, is there?"

Another event that occurred during Shaw's centenary was that the office of the Public Trustee and the Estate Duty Office finally reached an agreement on what they considered a fair valuation of Shaw's copyrights. It had taken them six years to do so. The reason, I found upon calling at the office of the Public Trustee, was that in this matter, as in many others, the usual rules could not be applied to Shaw. "If you are dealing with an ordinary novelist, who writes more or less the same kind of works that have more or less the same size sale and bring more or less the same income from subsidiary rights, you can take an average of his earnings and place a reasonably accurate valuation on his copyrights," I was told by Mr. B. L. M. Davies, a lean, gray-haired, pipe-smoking man, who has been from the outset the trust officer directly in charge of Shaw's estate. "With Shaw, the situation was different. For one thing, he wrote all kinds of works—plays, novels, movie scripts, tracts, essays, criticism. For another, his plays have been translated into practically every known language and are performed throughout the world. Shaw is universal. All this made it difficult for both sides. The Estate Duty Office, of course, wanted to put a high valuation on the copyrights in order to collect as much as possible in death duties, while the Public Trustee wanted to keep the valuation down, to achieve the opposite result." In the end, the value of the copyrights was set at the equivalent of $1,212,400. This brought the total value of the estate to $2,004,800. Of this, seventy per cent—$1,467,200—was paid in death duties. "Shaw's was a very considerable fortune," Mr. Davies remarked, "especially when you recall that between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine his total earnings from writing amounted to six pounds, and that he didn't begin to make money to speak of until he was forty-eight. He is the only writer I know of who, under the prevailing income-tax rates, made a fortune solely from his writing. He didn't speculate in stocks, nor did he buy pictures, as Somerset Maugham did. He just wrote."

THE tax authorities having been satisfied, the Public Trustee was ready at last to deal with the provisions of Shaw's will directing him to promote a new phonetic alphabet. This was, of course, the nub of the testamentary matter. Shaw considered our present twenty-six-letter Romanic alphabet un-



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satisfactory because it cannot express sixteen sounds in the English language without combining vowels, such as the "oo" in "look," or using digraphs, such as the "th" in "though." What was needed, Shaw said, was an alphabet in which one letter would produce one sound. Such a "fit British alphabet," he believed, would require no fewer than forty letters, sixteen of them vowels. He further believed that each letter in his proposed alphabet should be capable of being written with one stroke, like a shorthand symbol, and that an entirely new set of alphabetical characters would therefore have to be designed. In this respect, Shaw parted company with what he called "cranks," who advocated simplified spelling and other reforms of the existing alphabet. As he once wrote in a letter to the *Times*, "No Englishman will ever have himself set down as illiterate, ignorant, ridiculous, and even occasionally indecent by beginning his epistles with 'Deer Sur.' " Shaw based his case for a new alphabet solely on economic grounds. "It may seem only a laughing matter that we have to spell the common word 'though' with six letters instead of two, as the time lost is only a fraction of a second," he said in a letter to the *Times* in 1944. "But multiply that fraction of a second by the number of times the word has to be written in the British Empire and in North America every hour, every day, every month, every year, every century, and its cost grows from the fraction of a farthing to pounds, tens of pounds, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions of pounds; and the cost of a change becomes unspeakably negligible."

In the same year that Shaw made these observations, he sent a four-page letter to twenty-two departments of the British government, as well as to a large number of colleges, learned societies, and similar institutions, in which he stated his arguments for a phonetic alphabet (if Shakespeare had used one, the letter said, he might have written two or three more plays in the time saved), and offered to leave his fortune to any of the organizations that would volunteer to undertake the propagation of his pet project. All declined. Shaw therefore devised another way to sponsor the campaign. He provided in his will for the establishment of private trusts to finance a series of statistical inquiries "to ascertain or estimate as far as possible" the saving of time, labor, and money to be achieved by the replacement of the present alphabet with a phonetic one of at least forty letters;

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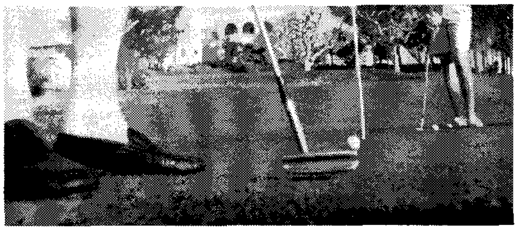

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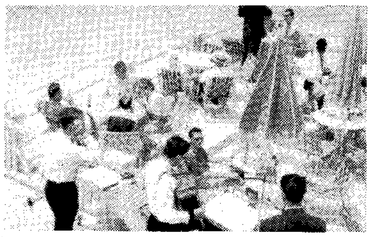

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to prepare such an alphabet; and to publish and distribute his play "Androcles and the Lion" in an edition presenting the work in both the new and the existing alphabets.

Though the alphabet provisions of Shaw's will were widely regarded as just another Shavian caprice—a kind of posthumous joke—they actually represented one of the earliest, and probably the most consistent, of his convictions. "His interest in phonetics, shorthand, spelling reform, and typography was first aroused in 1879 by his friend James Lecky, through whom he got to know the phonetician Henry Sweet—the original of Professor Higgins in 'Pygmalion,' " the present secretary of the Shaw Society, Miss Barbara Smoker, has written. "This 'fad,' as he characteristically called it, forms the main theme of a number of his articles, prefaces, and letters spanning more than half a century." Perhaps the person with whom Shaw corresponded most on the subject was Sir James Pitman, a grandson of Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the well-known system of shorthand. Shaw, who for more than forty years composed his plays and other works in Pitman, writing at a speed of twelve words per minute, customarily referred to its originator as "the Great Isaac," and he called Isaac's grandson "a chip off the old block"—a description that Sir James doubly treasures, because of his enormous regard both for his grandfather and for Shaw. Sir James, a tall, gray-haired, gracious, and articulate man, who now heads the family firm and was for many years a Member of Parliament, is himself the inventor of a forty-four-symbol alphabet called the Initial Teaching Alphabet, designed primarily for children who are just beginning to read; it is under widescale—and highly successful—experimentation by the Ministry of Education in British schools, and is also being tested by schools in some forty of the United States. In addition, Shaw, in a letter written six years before he died, designated Sir James as his unofficial representative in carrying out the alphabet clauses of his will. "You are, I should say, by far the best-equipped adventurer in the field," Shaw wrote.

"I regarded Shaw's request as a challenge," Sir James told me when I called on him a few weeks ago in his office in London, "and I should say that insofar as I've succeeded in this watchdog assignment, it's because I've been about the only person who has really understood what Shaw was talk-

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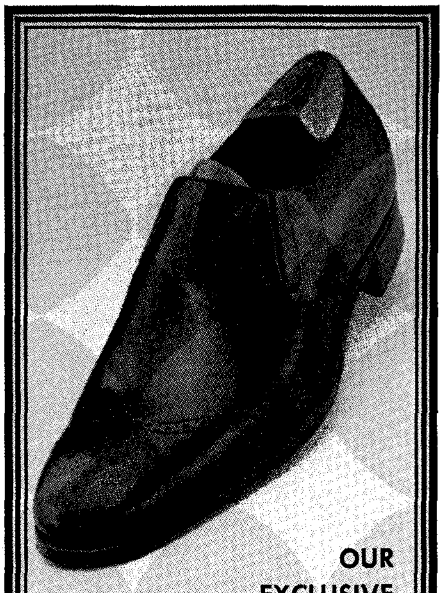
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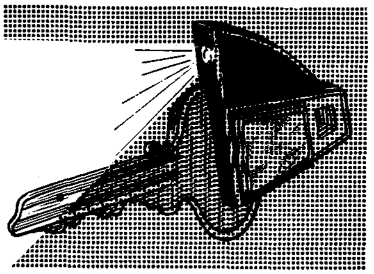
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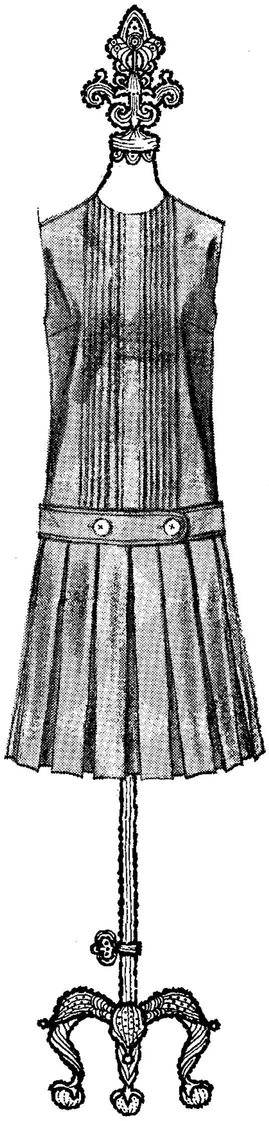
ing about. I back him completely and utterly, but I'm independent-minded in many respects, so you mustn't necessarily think that because I do a good job of upholding Shaw I necessarily accept everything he says hook, line, and sinker. Nevertheless, I am quite satisfied that a Shavian approach is the right one." Contrary to the general impression, Sir James continued, Shaw did not advocate that the present alphabet be discarded in favor of the one he wanted brought into existence. Rather, he proposed that the two coexist. "Shaw's intention was to provide an alternative to the Romanic alphabet in much the same way that Arabic numerals provided an alternative to Roman numerals," Sir James explained. "He believed that if those who tried the new alphabet found that it had sufficient advantages, they would adopt it, and it would earn the following it deserved. The idea was that the new medium and the old would have parallel currency. We need hardly argue today the superiority of Arabic numerals, but I am told it was six hundred years after their invention that they came to be used at all in Britain. Shaw was convinced that astronomical savings would be realized from the use of his alphabet, and that this would be the main factor in swaying people to it. I remember in a letter I received in 1947, he said, 'Write up in letters of gold around your office: "England knows nothing of phonetics, hates education, but will do anything for money." ' "

This characteristic Shavian remark reminded me of Shaw's spectacularly unsuccessful effort to find an organization in England that was willing to accept his money in return for doing something about his alphabet. I asked Sir James whether he thought it curious, if the project had as much merit as he himself ascribed to it, that not one of the government departments, colleges, or other groups that Shaw had approached would have anything to do with it.

"Not at all," he replied. "They all thought that if they did, everybody else would think them utterly crackpot. Really, I know this. I've *lived* with this sort of thing. I've seen the way people react to any mention of the subject—those quiet little smiles. You see, my enormous strength in this matter is that, having been a Director of the Bank of England, and a Member of Parliament, the head of a respectable business, on lots of boards, well known at Eton and Oxford, a Rugby Blue, and all that, I confuse



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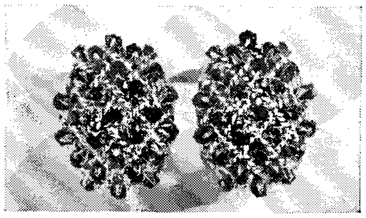

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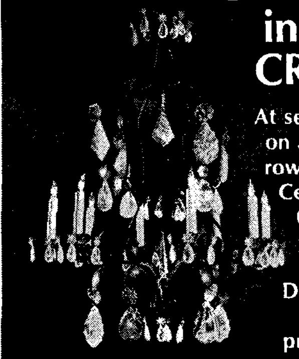

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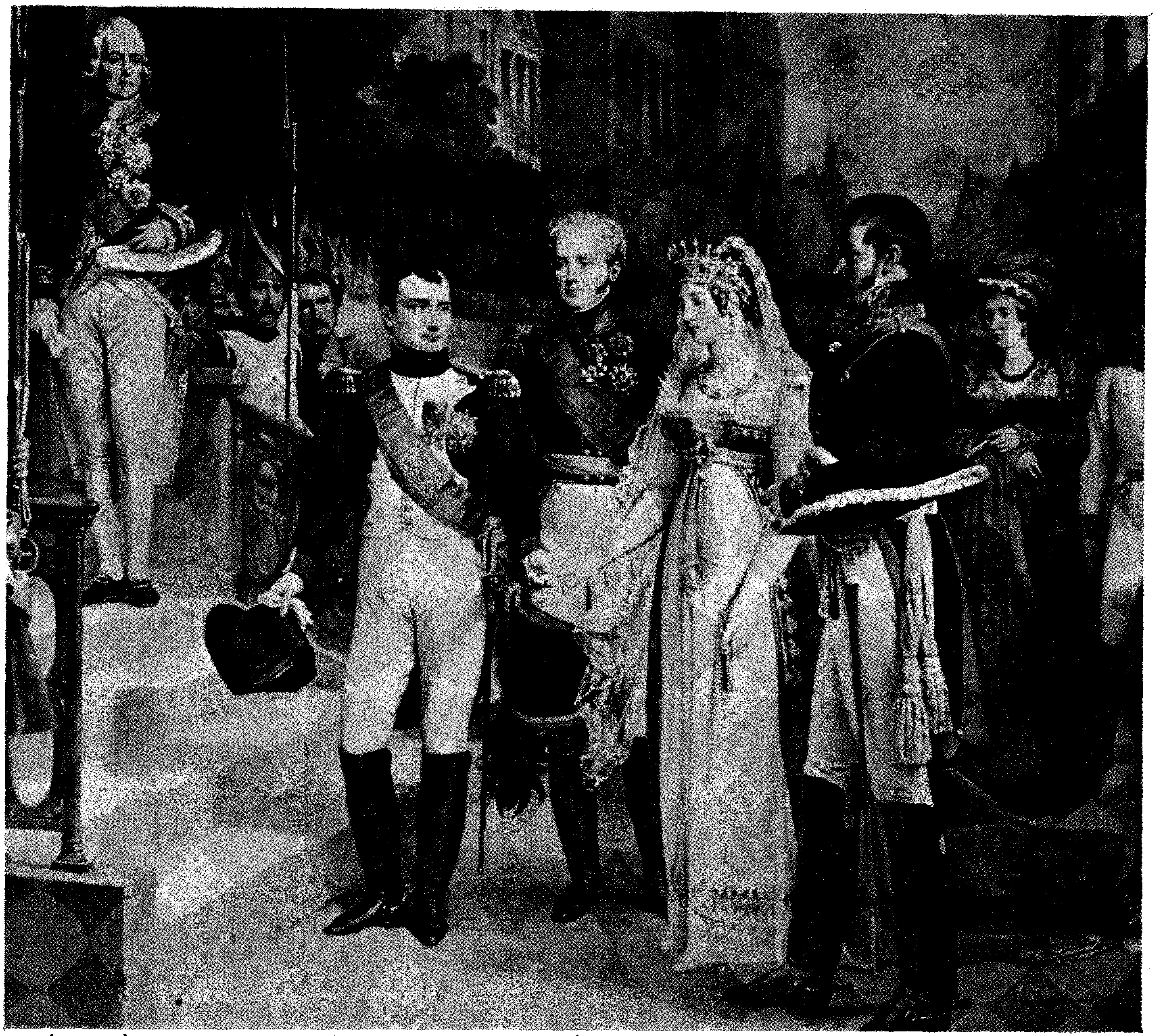

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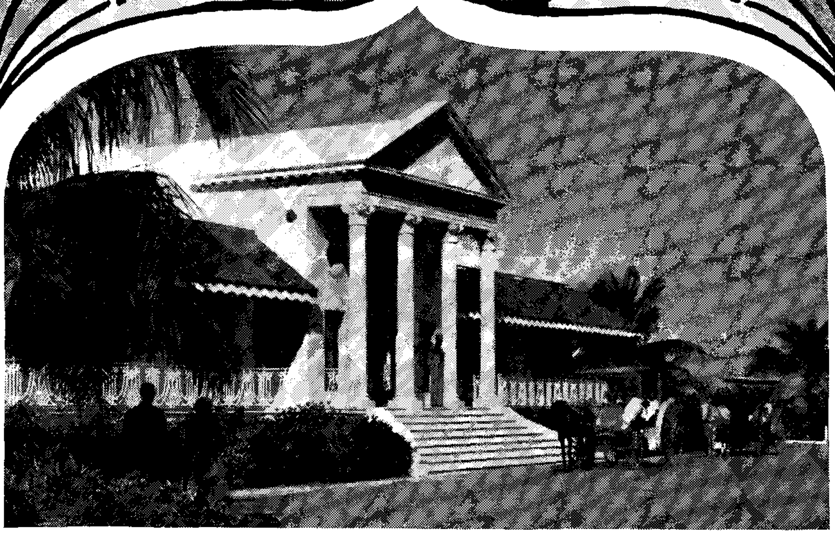
people who try to reconcile the one set of apparently good conditions with the utterly-crackpot postulate. I mean, it has taken a little of the asperity out of the accusation. With the success of the Initial Teaching Alphabet, I'm becoming respectable—really, I have almost become respectable now. But you have to go back to realize the extent to which an interest in this subject marked you down as a lunatic. Shaw suffered as much as I did. Furthermore, he was considered to be a crackpot on many other subjects, so that his interest in a new alphabet could be dismissed as the ultra-crackpotism of the whole of his life. Since nobody wanted to get involved with what was considered the culmination of his crackpotism, Shaw was obliged to set up private trusts to advance his alphabet concept. He realized, as he remarked more than once in letters to me, that because of the unusual nature of the bequest the trusts might well run into trouble in the courts. He was right about that, too."

As Shaw had suspected, the alphabet trusts provided a field day for the lawyers concerned with his estate, who disagreed on whether or not the trusts were legally valid charities. To settle the question, the Public Trustee took the necessary steps to bring the case into court. On one side was the Attorney-General, who is charged under English law with the protection of charities in general; on the other were the British Museum, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and the National Gallery of Ireland—the residuary legatees that stood to gain nicely if the trusts were ruled invalid. The Public Trustee was neutral; his duty was to assist the court by bringing arguments before it but to refrain from showing preference for one party over another. The case was argued in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in January, 1957, before Mr. (now Lord) Justice Harman, whose remorseless pursuit of wittiness did much to set the tone of the proceedings. After the imposing battery of lawyers representing the residuary legatees had been introduced, Mr. Justice Harman asked Mr. Robert Lazarus, representing the Public Trustee: "And who appears for the poor alphabet?"

MR. LAZARUS: The Attorney-General, My Lord.

HIS LORDSHIP: I see. A.G. for A.B.C.

As the hearing got under way, Mr. Lazarus had occasion to remark that



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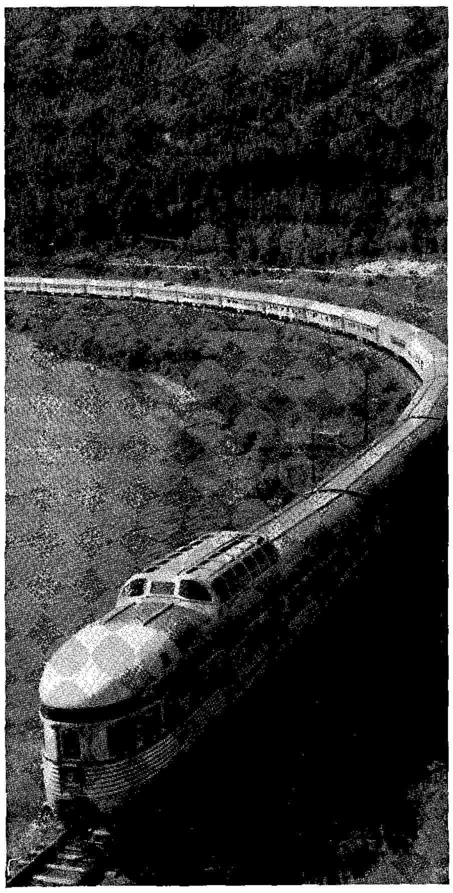

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three persons claimed to have produced an alphabet in accordance with Shaw's views, and that they called it Shavio Phonetica.

HIS LORDSHIP: It sounds like a safety razor.

Later, when one of Shaw's letters to the *Times* about the alphabet was being read into the record, His Lordship remarked, "There is another way of spelling 'Shaw'—and that is by beginning it with a 'P.' "

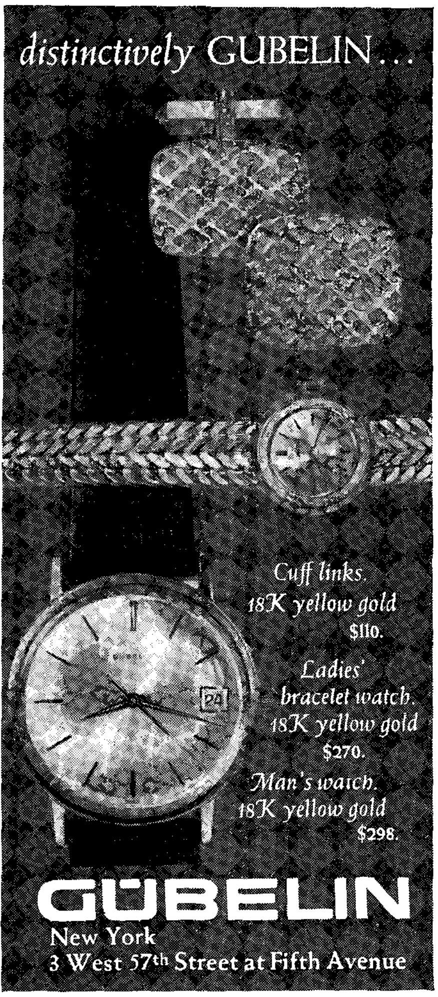
His Lordship's roguish manner deserted him for a moment when, the time having come for the National Gallery of Ireland to present its case, the Gallery's counsel quietly announced that he had been instructed to argue neither for nor against the alphabet trusts.

"Is that in order to put the Court in a greater difficulty by having no help from you, or what?" His Lordship asked, visibly annoyed.

"No, Your Lordship, that is not the purpose," counsel replied. "The National Gallery of Ireland does not wish to put forward any argument to defeat the intention of a very distinguished fellow-Irishman in a matter very dear to his heart."

To the surprise of nobody who had followed the proceedings, Mr. Justice Harman, in a judgment in which he described Shaw as "a kind of itching powder to the British public," ruled that "the alphabet trusts are invalid and must fail." Sir James Pitman immediately announced his intention of asking the Public Trustee to appeal the judgment. "I was very displeased indeed with certain aspects of the hearing—though not at all, I hasten to add, with the Public Trustee," he said later. "He was absolutely first-class. He did everything legally possible to carry out Shaw's wishes. No testator could have been better served. But the British Museum and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—behaving, I think, unsympathetically—grabbed at the opportunity to do the old man down."

It developed that an appeal was complicated by the fact that although the Public Trustee had been entitled to use money from Shaw's estate to secure the original judicial ruling, he was not allowed to use a penny for further legal action. Sir James disposed of this difficulty by promising to pay for the appeal out of his own pocket. In the name of the Shaw Society, he deposited thirty-five hundred pounds with the Public Trustee to guarantee payment of the costs of an appeal. This enabled



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the Public Trustee and the Attorney-General to set the appeal machinery in motion. However, while the appeal was pending, the Public Trustee, with the approval of Sir James, worked out a compromise with the residuary legatees; they agreed, in return for the quashing of the appeal, to give the Public Trustee £8,300 ($23,240), which, according to his calculations, was the minimum sum required to carry out the provisions of the alphabet trusts. After this agreement had been approved by the courts, Sir James' deposit was returned. "Virtue was rewarded," he said recently. "I'd had to sell out a lot of my securities to raise that money, and I sold them out at the top of the market. When I bought them back, I had quite a nice four-figure profit. Also, when the Public Trustee gave the money back, he paid interest on it, which I thought was very decent of him. I turned the interest over to the Shaw Society, and they were quite happy with a capital profit." The British Museum, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and the National Gallery of Ireland came out very handsomely, though just how handsomely the Public Trustee is not permitted by law to reveal. However, figures from other sources make it certain that since Shaw's death the income from his estate, including royalties from "My Fair Lady," has been enough to enrich each of the residuary legatees by at least one and a half million dollars, with more to come.

When the Public Trustee was at length able to get down to actual alphabetical business, his first move was to appoint an advisory committee, consisting of Sir James Pitman; Mr. Peter MacCarthy, head of the Department of Phonetics at the University of Leeds; and Mr. Alan Dodson, Chief Typographer at Her Majesty's Stationery Office. His second step was to announce, in December, 1957, a public competition for the design of a Shavian alphabet, with a prize of five hundred pounds for the winner. When the contest ended, on January 1, 1959, four hundred and sixty-seven entries had been submitted. None satisfied the judges (the Public Trustee and his committee) completely, so they divided the prize money among the four designs that came closest, and declared that the best features of each would be incorporated in "a final British alphabet." This idea did not prove feasible; the design ultimately chosen was the alphabet—one of the four co-winners—that had been submitted by Mr. Kingsley Read, a free-

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lance designer and alphabet aficionado, who, in 1942, had sent a preliminary version of his final effort to Shaw and had received in return a postcard saying, "This is far and away the best alphabet with the best head at the back of it that has come my way. G. B. S." Mr. Read was also chosen to design the type fonts with which to print the so-called Shaw Alphabet Edition of "Androcles." This was published in 1962, in both hard cover and paperback. The hard-cover edition consisted of thirteen thousand copies, which, in accordance with Shaw's will, were distributed free to all public libraries in the British Commonwealth and in the United States and to all national libraries in the rest of the world. The original print order of the paperback edition, for sale to the public, was twenty-five thousand copies, but advance interest was sufficient to increase the first (and, so far, the only) printing to forty thousand. The two editions are identical in the presentation of the text, which is printed in the Shaw Alphabet on the left hand pages and in the traditional alphabet on the right:

·𐑨𐑯𐑛𐑮𐑩𐑒𐑤𐑰𐑟 𐑯 𐑞 𐑤𐑲𐑩𐑯

·𐑤𐑩𐑝𐑦𐑯𐑾. 𐑲'𐑥 𐑯𐑪𐑑 𐑕𐑴 𐑖𐑫𐑼.

·𐑕𐑐𐑦𐑯𐑔𐑴. 𐑛𐑴𐑯𐑑 𐑕𐑱 𐑞𐑨𐑑. 𐑞𐑨𐑑'𐑕 𐑚𐑤𐑨𐑕𐑓𐑩𐑥𐑦. 𐑛𐑴𐑯𐑑 𐑕𐑱 𐑞𐑨𐑑, 𐑲 𐑑𐑧𐑤 𐑿. 𐑢𐑰 𐑖𐑨𐑤 𐑚𐑰 𐑕𐑱𐑝𐑛, 𐑯𐑴 𐑥𐑨𐑑𐑼 𐑢𐑪𐑑 𐑢𐑰 𐑛𐑵.

·𐑤𐑩𐑝𐑦𐑯𐑾. 𐑐𐑼𐑣𐑨𐑐𐑕 𐑿 𐑥𐑧𐑯 𐑢𐑦𐑤 𐑷𐑤 𐑜𐑴 𐑦𐑯𐑑𐑵 𐑣𐑧𐑝𐑩𐑯 𐑚𐑮𐑱𐑝𐑤𐑦 𐑯 𐑦𐑯 𐑑𐑮𐑲𐑩𐑥𐑓, 𐑢𐑦𐑞 𐑿𐑼 𐑣𐑧𐑛𐑟 𐑦𐑮𐑧𐑒𐑑 𐑯 𐑜𐑴𐑤𐑛𐑩𐑯 𐑑𐑮𐑳𐑥𐑐𐑩𐑑𐑕 𐑕𐑬𐑯𐑛𐑦𐑙 𐑓 𐑿. 𐑚𐑳𐑑 𐑲 𐑨𐑥 𐑖𐑫𐑼 𐑲 𐑖𐑨𐑤 𐑴𐑯𐑤𐑦 𐑚𐑰 𐑩𐑤𐑬𐑛 𐑑 𐑕𐑒𐑢𐑰𐑟 𐑥𐑲𐑕𐑧𐑤𐑓 𐑦𐑯 𐑔𐑮𐑵 𐑩 𐑤𐑦𐑑𐑩𐑤 𐑒𐑮𐑨𐑒 𐑦𐑯 𐑞 𐑜𐑱𐑑 𐑭𐑓𐑑𐑼 𐑩 𐑜𐑮𐑱𐑑 𐑛𐑰𐑤 𐑝 𐑚𐑧𐑜𐑦𐑙. 𐑲 𐑨𐑥 𐑯𐑪𐑑 𐑜𐑫𐑛 𐑷𐑤𐑢𐑱𐑟: 𐑲 𐑣𐑨𐑝 𐑥𐑴𐑥𐑩𐑯𐑑𐑕 𐑴𐑯𐑤𐑦.

·𐑕𐑐𐑦𐑯𐑔𐑴. 𐑿'𐑼 𐑑𐑷𐑒𐑦𐑙 𐑯𐑪𐑯𐑕𐑩𐑯𐑕, 𐑢𐑫𐑥𐑩𐑯. 𐑲 𐑑𐑧𐑤 𐑿. 𐑥𐑸𐑑𐑼𐑛𐑩𐑥 𐑐𐑱𐑟 𐑷𐑤 𐑕𐑒𐑹𐑟.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

LAVINIA: I'm not so sure.

SPINTHO: Dont say that. Thats blasphemy. Dont say that, I tell you. We shall be saved, no matter WHAT we do.

LAVINIA: Perhaps you men will all go into heaven bravely and in triumph, with your heads erect and golden trumpets sounding for you. But I am sure I shall only be allowed to squeeze myself in through a little crack in the gate after a great deal of begging. I am not good always: I have moments only.

SPINTHO: Youre talking nonsense, woman. I tell you, martyrdom pays all scores.

"You will notice from the comparison," Sir James says in the introduction, "that Shaw's Alphabet is more legible and one-third more economical in space than traditional printing, and this should lead to a great increase in reading speed. . . . The economy in space and the greater simplicity of characters ought also to increase the speed and ease of *writing*. . . . In other words, reading may be 50-75 per cent, and writing 80-100 per cent faster, and even 200-300 per cent, by using simple abbreviations." Shaw's preface to "Androcles and the Lion" does not appear in the Shaw Alphabet Edition of the work. This omission, Sir James told me, was agreed to for the sake of economy at the time the compromise was arranged with the residuary legatees. "But in many ways, I'm glad that their grudging every penny required dropping the preface," he added. "Anything calculated to make Shaw—and, by extension, his alphabet—more enemies among Christians would be hard to find."

Even without the preface, the work doesn't seem to have made many friends for the Shaw Alphabet. It has not been endorsed by any society of phoneticians or similar professional group; it is not being taught in any school, nor, as far as anyone knows, is there any plan to do so; and no funds exist to win it more friends. However, the Shaw Alphabet is not being entirely neglected. From his home in rural England, Mr. Kingsley Read, who gives his age as "seventyish," operates an unpaid one-man propaganda bureau for Shavian, as he prefers to call the Shaw Alphabet; his chief effort is the publication in Shavian of a quarterly journal called *Shaw-Script*, which at present has about a hundred subscribers. About the only other person who is still actively engaged in promoting Shaw's "fad" is Professor MacCarthy, of Leeds, who, on behalf of the Public Trustee, is conducting the statistical inquiry to determine the economies that might be effected by a new alphabet. Nobody at the Public Trustee's office is willing to guess when he will complete the job. "What we will do with it when we get it, I don't know," one of the staff recently remarked. "But I expect it will create a little stir—at least in the newspapers."

Though Shaw would no doubt have had some pertinent comment on the handling, or mishandling, of his will, he might not have been disappointed by the outcome. "I cannot guard against litigation over my definition of a British alphabet," he remarked in a letter to Sir James Pitman in 1944, "but as I attach much more importance to the advertisement of the need for the alphabet than to the success of my attempt to provide it, my ghost will be perfectly satisfied if the lawyers and litigants keep the subject in the headlines for twenty years after they begin the argument." That being the case, Shaw's ghost must already be reasonably satisfied.

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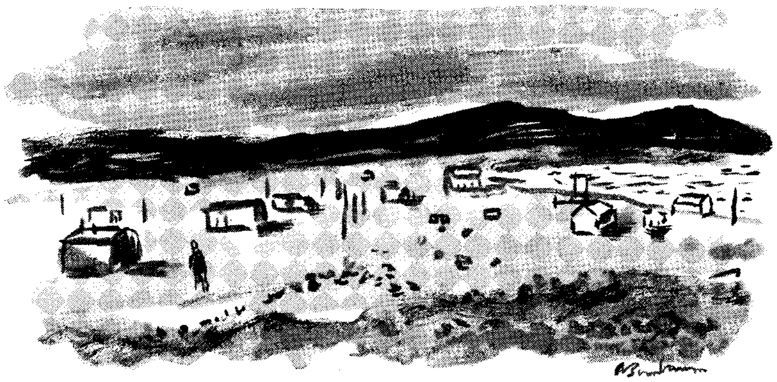
A REPORTER AT LARGE

RETURN TO GEORGE RIVER



IN the Canadian Arctic, where everything is in transition, there is a saying that you can never go back to the same place, because it will have changed so much. Three years ago, I attended a meeting of Canada's first Eskimo coöperative society, in a wild and rocky spot in northern Quebec that had been chosen as the site of a new settlement to be called George River. Later, as the seasons passed, I longed to return there and find out what had happened to the hundred and thirty-five Eskimos who had made a momentous decision at that time to abandon the nomadic life of their ancestors and form a permanent community. On my initial trip north, I had travelled a thousand miles in late winter by plane and dogsled with Canadian officials to attend the coöperative sessions, which lasted three days. They were held in a lonely log cabin perched high on a snowy bank of the frozen George River, which flowed north through Quebec into a huge, ice-covered bay called Ungava, from an Eskimo word meaning "far away." Just below the cabin, halfway down the riverbank, was the only other structure in the settlement—a flimsy, open-framed sawmill, in which logs that the Eskimos floated from forests to the south would be cut up to provide lumber. Three Eskimo families had pitched their tents for the winter out of sight across the river, and other Eskimos had come as far as a hundred miles by dogsled from camping grounds on neighboring rivers or on the shores of the bay. After the presiding official, Donald Snowden, who was then chief of the Industrial Division of the Canadian government's Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, had finished discussing the coöperative's activities—fishing, logging, boatbuilding, and handicrafts—he told the Eskimos of a plan for the government to help them build houses if they decided to settle in this place. To his astonishment, since he had been told earlier that only three Eskimo families wanted to build houses, all the Eskimos said they wanted to do so as soon as possible. Just before the meetings ended, I stood in the bright sunshine outside the cabin while another official, Max Budgell, paced off in the snow the dimensions of the type of house that the government proposed. The Eskimos were very still, watching, their parkas flashing red, green, and blue against the white landscape.

I departed by plane shortly afterward, and from the air the George River site was revealed as a very large slope bounded on three sides by high hills of black rock. The sun, shining over a hill to the east, cast an iridescent light across the snow and across a small fishing boat frozen fast in the river at a lopsided angle. The log cabin, which had seemed very roomy when we were meeting inside, looked small and lost in the great emptiness.

George River was unique in my experience—a community with no past, made up of individuals who had no preconceived ideas about what it would be like to live in houses, send their children to school, or conduct their own civic affairs. In this pilot project, I knew, the Canadian government hoped to begin finding the answer to the question of how the independent-minded Eskimo could remain in his own country and support himself decently, free from the threat of starvation that had hung over him always.

I RECEIVED my next news of the people at George River a couple of years later, when I went to Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island, to attend the first conference of representatives of Eskimo coöperatives, of which there were by then seventeen, scattered through the Canadian north. At the conference, a big, burly, friendly man introduced himself to me as Don Pruden and told me that he was the Industrial Division's project officer at George River. He went on to say that his wife was the schoolteacher there, and he urged me to make a return visit and see how the place had changed. As I became better acquainted with Pruden, I decided that though he had little formal education, I would match his keenness of mind and depth of perception with that of any trained social scientist. Moreover, he possessed the fairly unusual accomplishment of fluency in the difficult language spoken by the Eskimos of the eastern Arctic. I told him I would like nothing better than to accept his invitation but didn't know how or when it could be arranged.

As it turned out, my return trip to George River was almost totally unpremeditated and unplanned. The following summer, I made a flight to the north with some Canadian officials to visit a remote area of Baffin Island. Ice floes prevented our plane, which was equipped with pontoons, from landing there, and we were obliged to head south with our mission unaccomplished. On our way, we landed at a place called Fort Chimo, in northern Quebec, which is about a hundred miles from the George River settlement, and I decided, on an impulse, to see if I could find a charter plane to take me to George River. I was lucky enough to do so, and Chimo's local government administrator agreed to radio George River and tell Pruden I was coming. Having changed into the standard female summer attire in the Arctic—blue jeans, rubber boots, and a parka—and packed a few extra clothes in a knapsack, I set off with that and a sleeping bag in a dilapidated bus that would take me to a nearby lake where I would board the plane. It would not only fly me to George River but would pick me up there two days later, in time to catch a southbound scheduled flight at Chimo. I had previously seen Fort Chimo only in winter, and it looked in summer like a small, sad Western cow town without cows—dusty, with a few low trees and dirt streets, which were mainly lined with one-story prefabricated houses, though there was also a white frame Hudson's Bay Company general store, a coffee shop in an old Quonset hut, two small churches, and, down by the waterfront, Eskimo tents, small warehouses, and docks. At the end of a crazily bumpy road that chewed its way for a mile through

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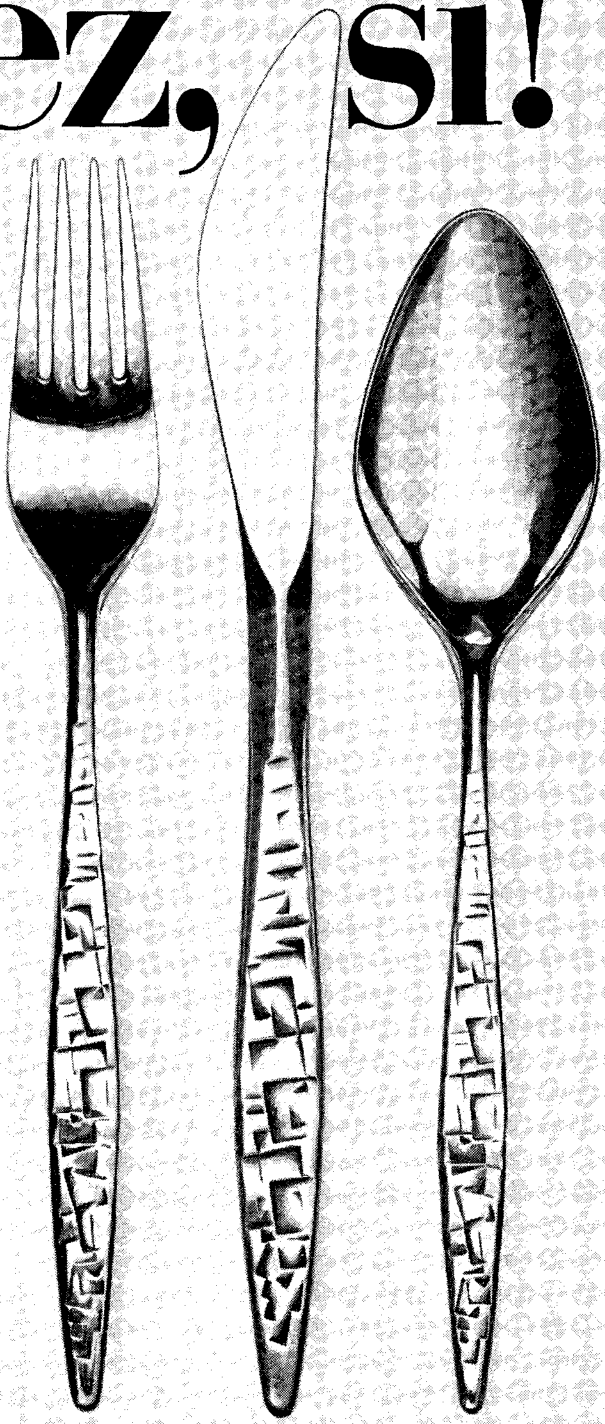

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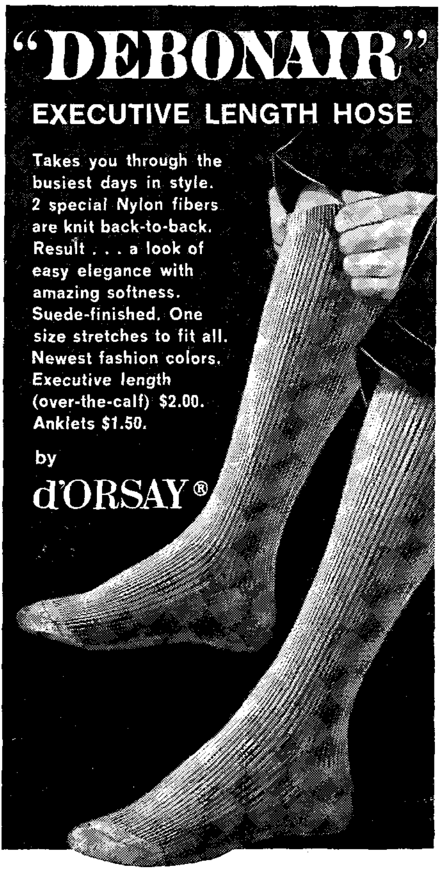
scrub and rocks, we found the lake and my plane, a shiny red-and-white Cessna that looked rather like a small, elegant car on pontoons. There were seats for three passengers, and, as usually happens in the Arctic, where the cost of chartering a plane is a hundred and twenty dollars an hour, the expenses were to be shared with some fellow-passengers. These two people, I found out, had been waiting a day or so for a third party to come along. One of them was an Eskimo boy named Joshua Annanack, who was returning to George River from a stay at Chimo, and whose father, Josepie Annanack, I had met at the Frobisher coöperative conference, where he served as George River's Eskimo representative. Joshua was in one of the two back seats, and I climbed in beside him; we sat with our shoulders resting against several sleeping bags, which are required equipment on all small Arctic aircraft, in case of a forced landing. The other passenger, sitting in front with the pilot, was Fred Lueder, the Industrial Division's coöperative development officer for the area, who was going on to the only other settlement in eastern Ungava—Port Burwell, a hundred miles beyond our stop.

As our plane taxied down the lake and rose lightly into the air, Lueder, a blond, jovial man, said to the pilot, "Try not to crash, will you?" Then he lit a cigar, turned halfway around, and began shouting local news to me over the roar of the engine. "Nothing much going on this week at George River but fishing," he said. "How long has it been since you were there? . . . Three years? You'll find everything changed. What was at the settlement when you were there?"

"Just the community hall, the sawmill, and an old fishing boat," I said.

"The sawmill is still there, and the co-op is going to build more fishing boats," Lueder said. "We built a warehouse this year, too, and we've had to keep the sawmill going continuously. The logs come a hundred and twenty miles down the George River. A lot of them have been lost, because the boat that is supposed to pull them ashore out of the fast current has broken down and they have gone out into the bay. Even so, eleven houses have been built, making a total now of twenty-four. Up until Christmas, everybody was busy building, but then caribou showed up not far away in especially large numbers, so most of the Eskimos went hunting. In the spring, six families went to the Labrador coast on an experimental seal hunt, and supplies were brought to them by plane. They came



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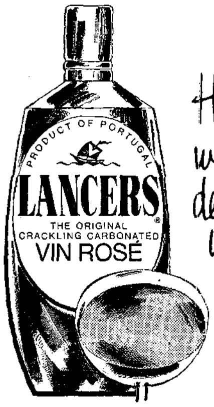

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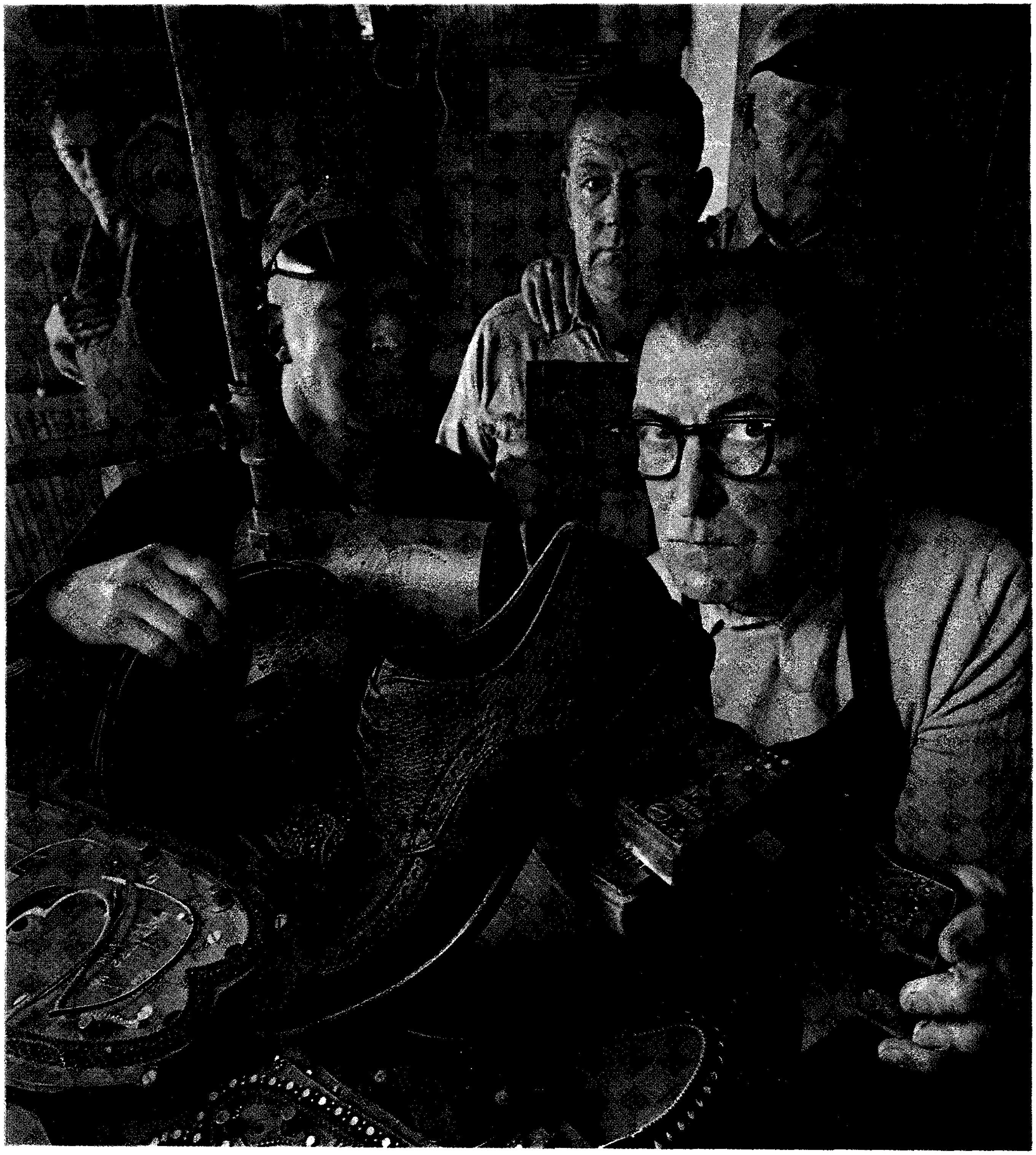

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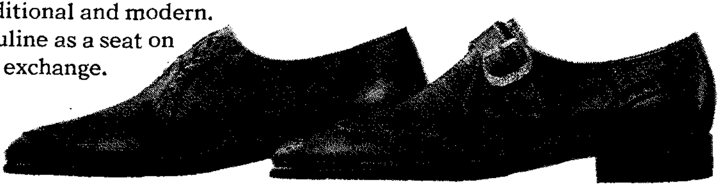

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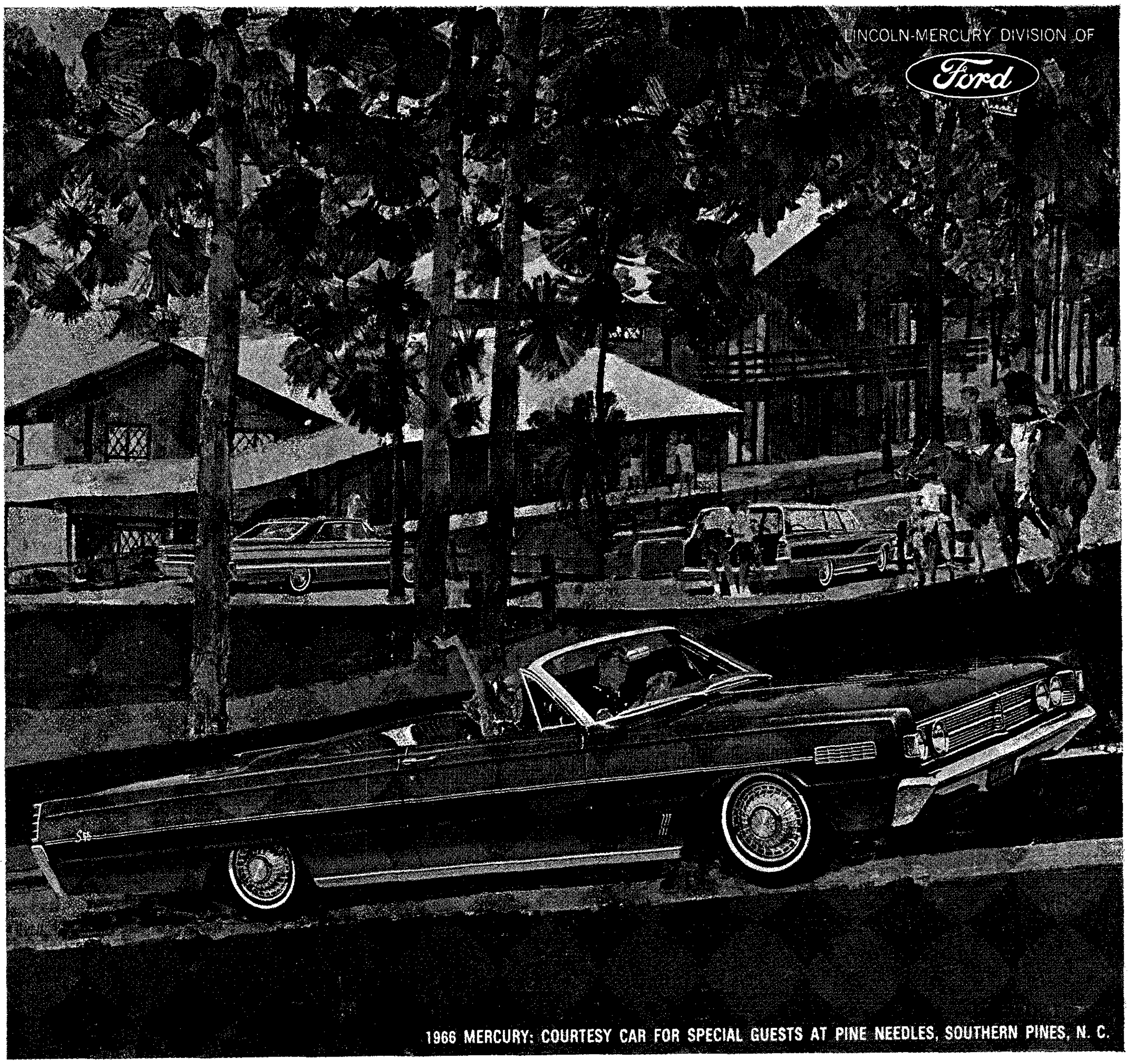
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back with about a hundred and ninety sealskins, which the co-op sold for twenty-eight dollars each." He paused to relight his cigar, then asked, "Do you remember Willi Imudluk?"

I was silent for a moment, recalling my previous arrival at George River. Our plane had landed on river ice near a Hudson's Bay Company outpost, and as we came down, Eskimo sleds and dog teams that were waiting for us looked like fascinating toys. As soon as we debarked, we were surrounded by smiling men with ruddy-brown skin and black hair, all of whom shook our hands. The first one to greet us was Willi Imudluk, the operator of the Hudson's Bay outpost, to which we were escorted for lunch. There we met his mother, his child, and his wife, Selima, and then he joined us on the five-hour sled journey to the site of the coöperative meeting.

I told Lueder all this, adding that I still had some Eskimo sealskin boots made by Selima.

"Willi has moved to George River," Lueder said. "The co-op decided to establish a retail store, and in a close vote Willi was elected manager. The Hudson's Bay outpost was closed, and Willi, on his own, has bought the buildings. He is moving them to a beautiful island in the river, twenty-five miles from the settlement, for a tourist camp. If he can make a go of it, it will be the first Eskimo-owned-and-run tourist operation in the north."

The Cessna was travelling at a hundred and ten miles an hour at an altitude of about two thousand feet. I leaned my head against the windowpane and closed my eyes. Three years ago, I remembered, Willi had had dinner with us after the final co-op meeting. "Someday I will live at George River, and my kids could go to school," he had said. When I opened my eyes, I saw the shadow of the Cessna moving over scrubby green and yellow vegetation, gray rocks, and rusty-brown pools of water. The Arctic in summer was a new world to me—low and rolling and soft-colored, with wonderful hills shading from lavender to mauve to deep purple. The landscape was easy on the eyes, with none of the glare that made sunglasses indispensable in winter. The water in the rivers, which looked placid from our height, was a clear, rich blue, but Ungava Bay, to our left, was a dark green, with no visible land beyond it. We approached a broad, winding river with sloping banks and began to descend. "The George River," Lueder said. As the plane banked, the sleeping bags and

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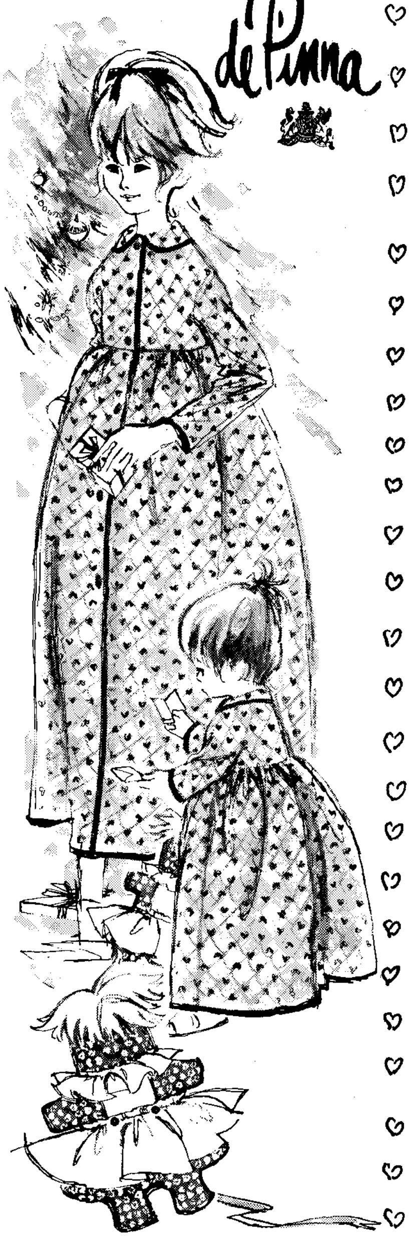

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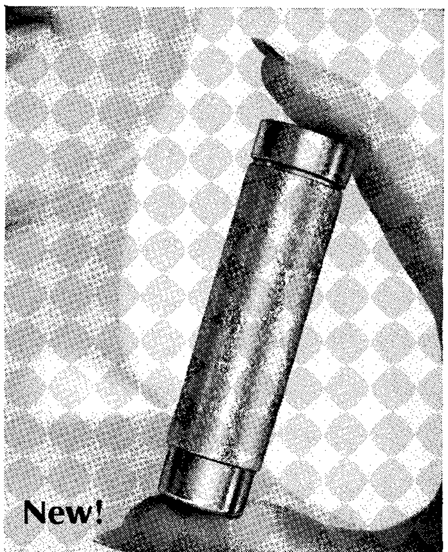
other gear behind Joshua and me fell on us, and by the time we disengaged ourselves the plane had landed and was taxiing bumpily across the water. We were moving into a large cove, away from the main channel of the river. We passed an anchored fishing craft, of the sort called a Peterhead boat, with a cabin and a mast that rose high above the water, and came to a stop. Chugging toward us was a big canoe with an outboard motor, and standing up in the craft were five or six Eskimo men. In the center, sitting erect with her arms folded across her chest, was an attractive brown-haired young woman who was peering anxiously in my direction.

WHEN the canoe came alongside, the pilot opened his door and climbed out on a pontoon, and Joshua and I handed him our baggage, which he swiftly passed into the canoe. I climbed out, inched my way across the slippery surface of the pontoon, and stepped into the canoe. When I looked up, it was into the smiling, intelligent face of Willi Imudluk. Willi shook my hand with an enthusiasm that surprised me, for I had previously thought him remote and austere compared to most of the other Eskimos. Otherwise, he was just as I remembered him—close-cropped black hair, deep-set eyes, a long nose, and a pointed chin. Eskimos are great handshakers, and before I could sit down I was expected to shake each of the hands that were thrust shyly toward me. A young man whose name, I remembered, was Mark Annanack motioned to a cleared place in the canoe and said, in English, "Sit here."

The white woman, who had sat quietly while the Eskimos were greeting me, now smiled and said, "I'm Gwen Pruden. We didn't know until this afternoon that you were coming. Don left yesterday with Brian, our seven-year-old son, to camp out on the coast. Mark might be able to interpret for you, but I imagine you really want to see Don. You can go to his camp, which is three hours from here by canoe, or else the pilot can drop Don a message telling him you are here, and he'll come back."

I had certainly counted on Pruden's being at George River. "I'm afraid I have only two days here," I said.

"Well, then, we must get Don back, because if you went to the camp and the weather changed, you might be stuck there for a week or two," Mrs. Pruden replied. Anticipating the problem, she had placed a message to her



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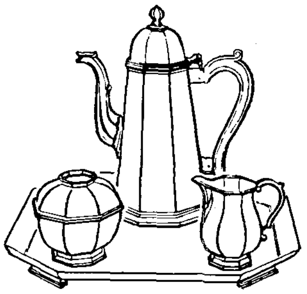

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husband within a tightly closed tin can, which she now gave the pilot, who agreed to drop it at Pruden's camp. "If Don waves his arms, that means he is coming home, and you can radio me," Mrs. Pruden told the pilot. When I protested at the trouble I was causing, she laughed, and said, "When Don's away, I'm in charge, and something's always happening."

The plane departed, and our canoe headed for shore. For years, I had carried in my mind my first view of George River: after hours of travelling down an ice-choked river, the only sound the scraping of our sled runners and the barking of our dogs, we had turned a bend and seen first a wispy curl of smoke in the half-dark of an Arctic evening and then the cabin, surrounded by a snowy wilderness. What I now saw ahead of me bore no relation to that memory. There was a small dock, and a cluster of little pale-green buildings nestled on the side of a brown hill. My eyes, searching for something familiar, found the frail wooden roof of the sawmill, but added to it was an extension larger than the original structure. Finally, looking up at the top of the bank, I saw the old log-cabin community hall that I remembered. On the wall facing the water was a big sign bearing the word "CO-OP" in large red letters on a white background. Behind the hall and towering above it was a new square frame structure, and beyond, in gently terraced rows, were the green, boxlike houses. I turned uncertainly toward the Eskimos, who instantly understood my confusion. Willi spoke to Mark, who then said to me, "The hall where meeting was held when you come before is now co-op store. Behind, we build a warehouse for store supplies."

The canoe's motor was turned off, and as we glided toward the shore everyone jumped out and waded through the shallow water to the beach. Now I could hear the steady shriek and whir of the sawmill. Four men were lifting heavy logs and feeding them into the saw, but they paused long enough to wave at us when Mrs. Pruden and I started climbing the slope. Between frequent stops to permit me to shake hands with Eskimos, Mrs. Pruden hurried me along, past the store and a schoolhouse, past green houses, from which Eskimo women and children were emerging, and across a small gully and up another slope, to where a row of four frame buildings stood alone. These were government structures. The first one was the Prudens' house, which overlooked

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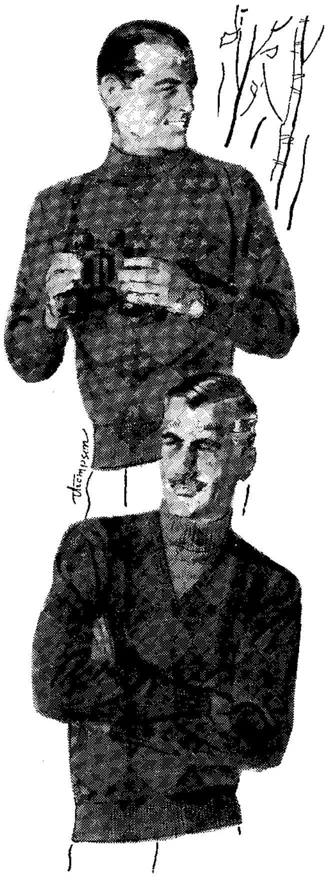

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the entire community; next was a house for the school principal, who was expected to arrive several weeks later; then came Pruden's office; and at the end of the line was a building to accommodate visiting nurses and other transients. Mrs. Pruden ran up the steps of her husband's office, and I followed, entering a room furnished only with a desk, two chairs, and a large gray short-wave radio. I had become well acquainted with this instrument on my first trip. It was the only regular means of communication between George River and the outside world—including the settlement's closest neighbors, Fort Chimo and Port Burwell—and it had been carried here by dogsled from Willi Imudluk's outpost and reassembled at the community hall for use during the meetings I had attended. Mrs. Pruden now turned it on, and almost at once I heard the voice of the Cessna's pilot calling George River. He told us that he had dropped the message, and that Pruden had waved his arms to show he was coming home.

We emerged from the office and started toward the Prudens' house, and a small group of Eskimos standing at the top of the slope moved hesitantly in our direction. There were Willi Imudluk, Mark Annanack, and Mark's older brother, Stanley, whom I remembered as having the largest teeth and greenest eyes I had ever seen. Stanley had been selected by the co-op members for the all-important job of running their fish freezer, at the mouth of the George River, twelve miles from the settlement, and I had been told that he was now the president of the coöperative. Walking slowly up the hill a little behind him was the stocky figure of George Annanack, who had been the co-op's first president; he had a broad, seamed face with a long, mustached upper lip, and now he reminded me of an aging lion.

"They want to show you around," Mrs. Pruden said.

I asked Mark if I could hire him as my interpreter until Pruden returned.

Mark scratched his head and spoke to the others in Eskimo. There was an "*Aa-ah*" from all of them, Willi and Stanley nodded, George said something in his deep voice, and Mark finally replied to me, "Holy smoke! I never done it before! O.K., I try."

The first thing I asked to see was the coöperative store. Willi said that it was being repaired and repainted but that we could have a look. As we walked toward it, I noticed tall poles that held modern rectangular street lights. Power lines stretched from pole

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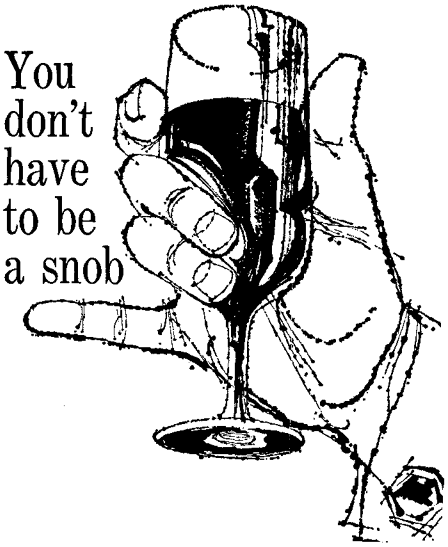

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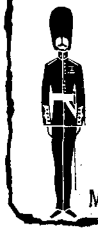

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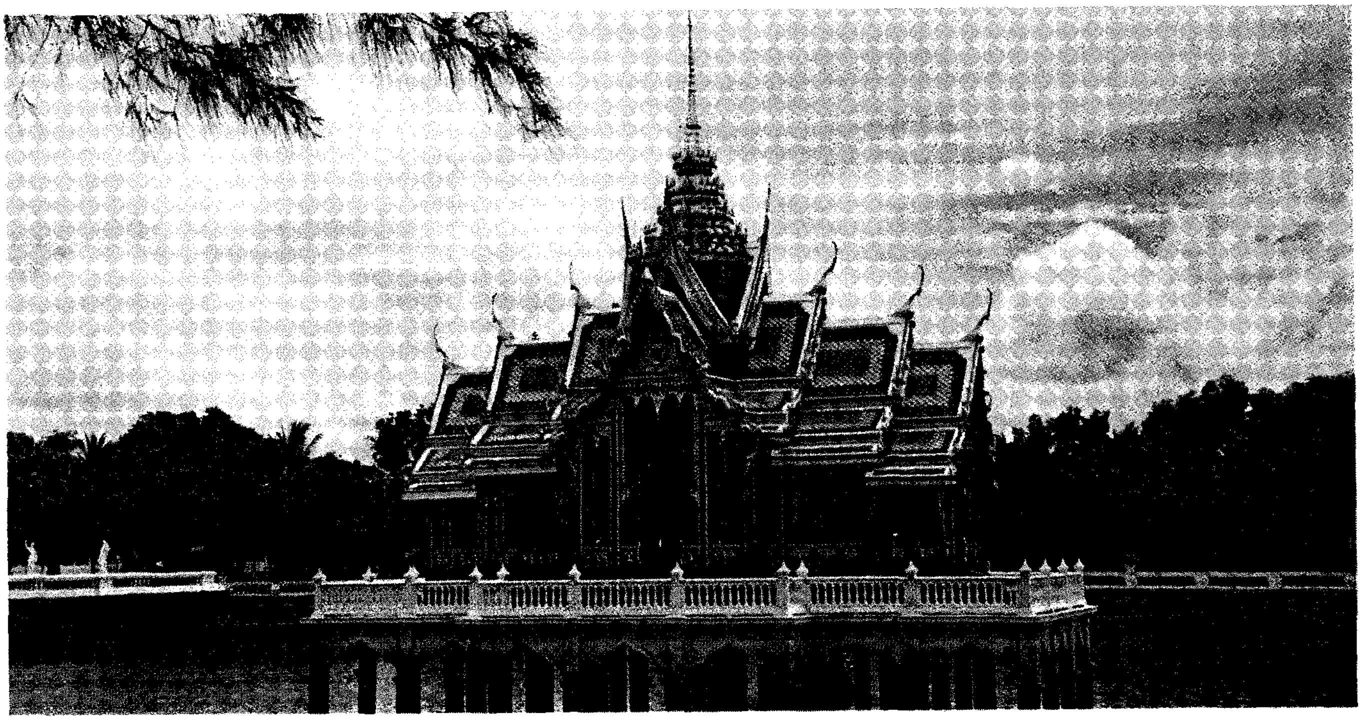
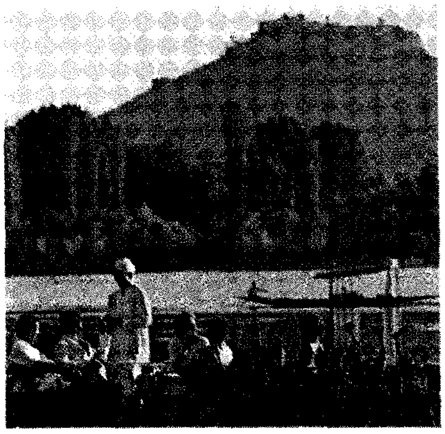


Palaces are fabulous in Southeast Asia.



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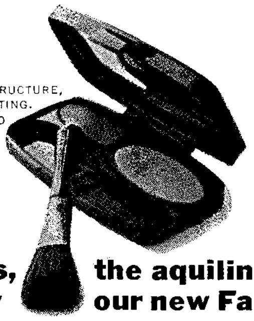

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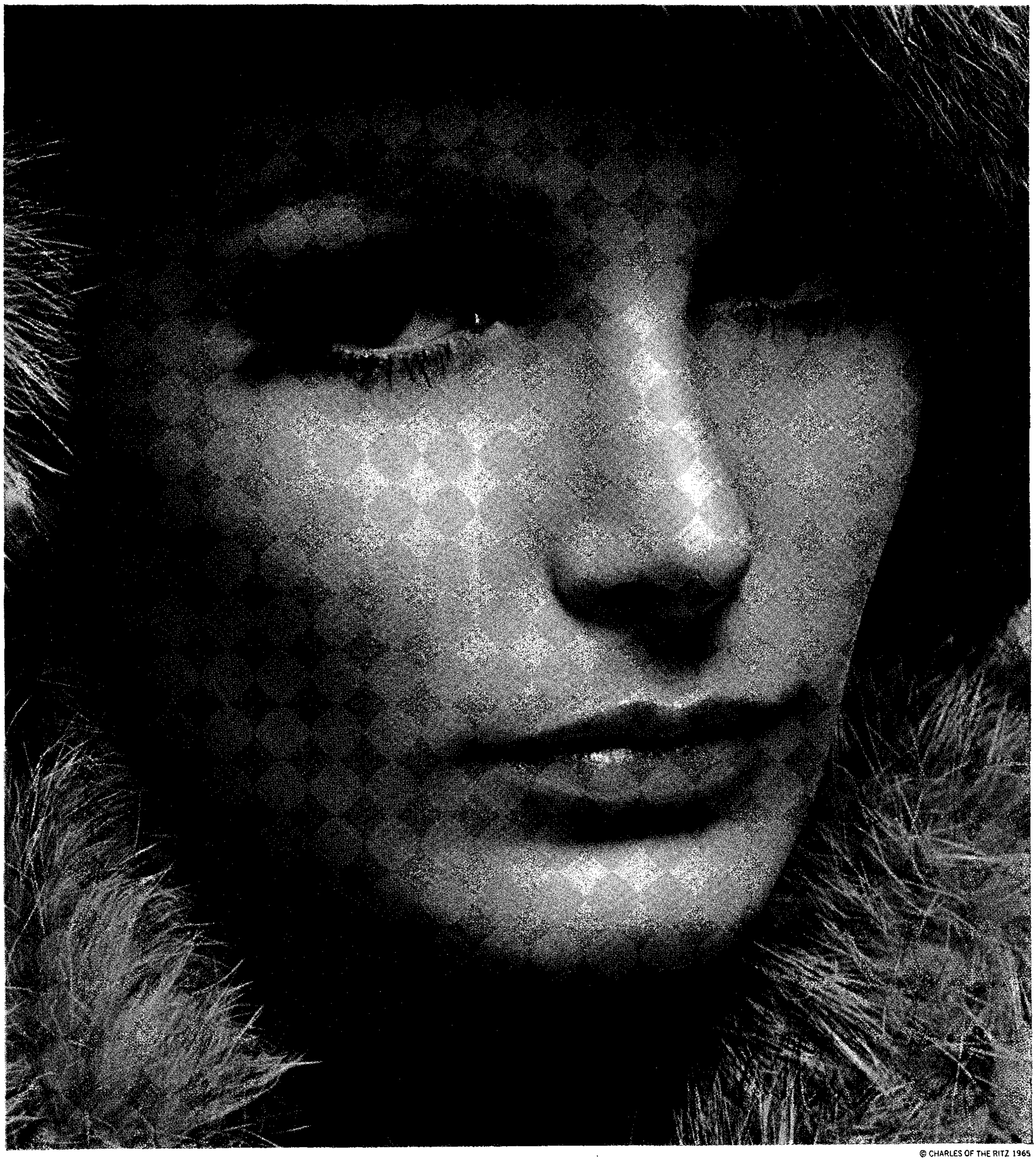

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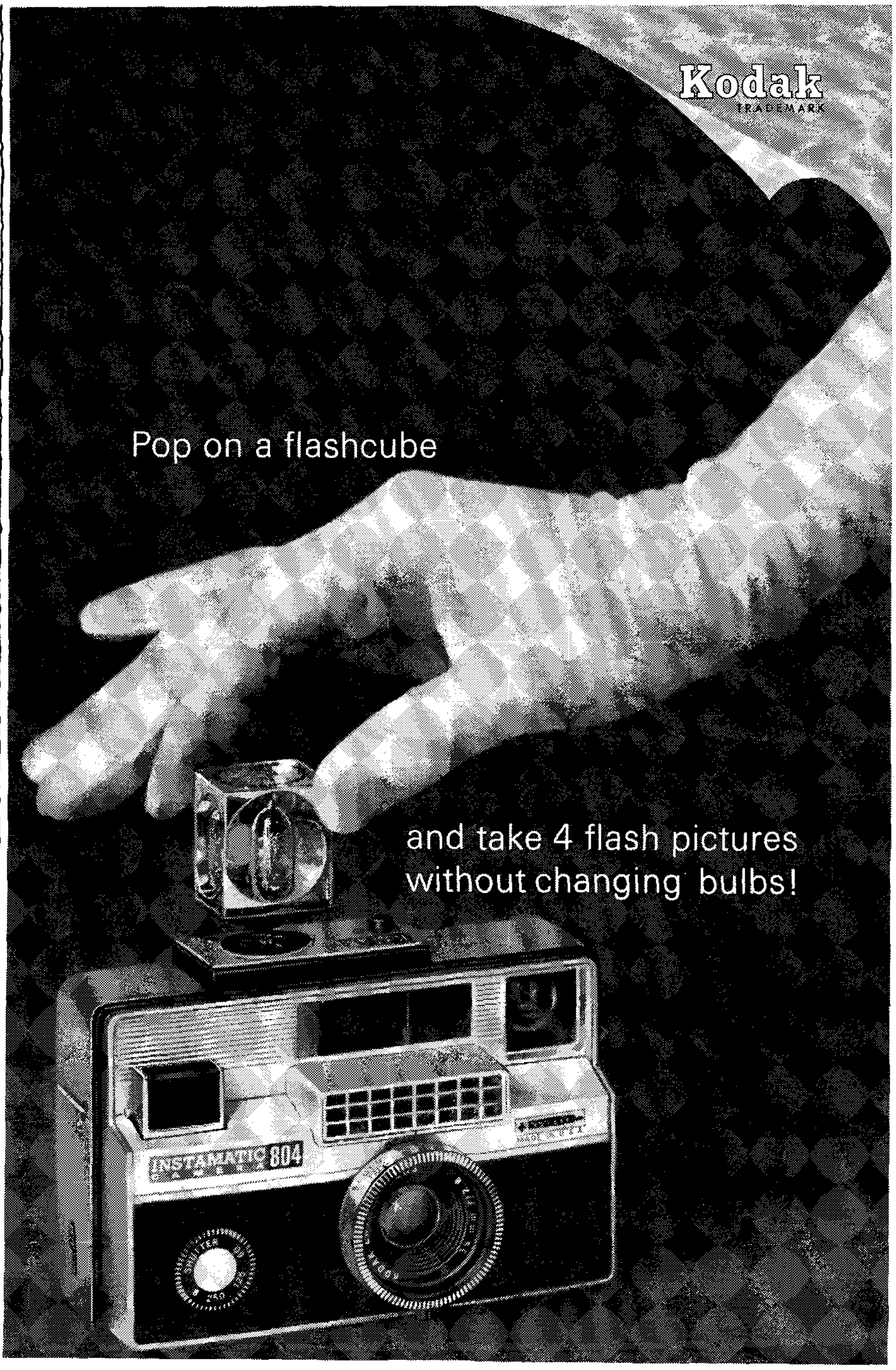
Charles of the Ritz

to pole, making a pattern in the air above the dirt paths that ran in tiers from the riverbank. Willi pointed out the powerhouse, a small shed close by the store, and said everyone had electric lights now. Two twenty-five-kilowatt diesel generators, he said, provided the community's electricity. I noticed that among the neat new houses there were log-and-canvas dwellings and occasional shacks made from scraps of lumber, metal, and insulating material. Such shacks, along with rusty heaps of kerosene drums, are to be found scarring the landscape from one end of the Arctic to the other, wherever there are people. I was surprised to see a few Eskimo dogs running loose, for I well remembered a long discussion at the initial meeting, during which it had been agreed that in order to avoid contamination of the water supply, among other things, something must be done about the dogs, and the building of a compound had been proposed as preferable to tying the animals up. Pruden had told me at Frobisher of how his son Brian had been mauled and badly injured by some of the half-wild beasts.

Before I could ask about the dogs, Willi was unlocking the heavy door of the warehouse. This was a large, windowless chamber, almost empty. A few bright-red gasoline cans hung from the rafters, and a small pile of flour bags stood against the wall; in a corner I made out boxes of soap, cereals, dried milk, and sugar, along with cans of soup, pork and beans, margarine, and coffee; on a platform was a roll of sealskins waiting to be sent out for tanning. "When the supply boat comes in next week, this place will be full," Willi said, showing me with his hand how high the supplies would be stacked against the wall. Having listened closely while Mark translated this into English, Willi suddenly said, in halting English, "This will make *electric*," and turned on a light. I exclaimed in surprise, both because I hadn't known that Willi could speak any English and because I couldn't get accustomed to electric lights at George River. Willi opened a door at the far end of the room and I found myself looking into the store, the former community hall. Attached to the rafters, from which we had hung a kerosene lantern at night among dirty fox and rabbit pelts and green fishnets, were shining electric fixtures. Rafters, ceiling, and walls had been whitewashed. The store counter and the edges of the shelves were an attractive salmon pink, and the floor was a soft gray. Through a window where once the view had been unob-



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structed landscape I glimpsed the school, a neat one-story gabled structure with a wall of windows facing the store. When we left the store, it was beginning to get dark. The setting sun made a path of soft gray-and-green light across the low surrounding hills. The street lights—triggered, I was told, by a photoelectric cell—went on, and I knew it was time for me to get back to the Prudens' for dinner.

The Pruden house, where I was staying, was much larger than the Eskimo dwellings around it, having a living room, a modern kitchen, a dinette, three bedrooms, a bath, and a storeroom. At dinner, Mrs. Pruden and I were joined by Debra Pruden, aged five, and a twenty-year-old Eskimo girl who looked after the infant David Pruden. Just as we finished eating, the door opened and Mark Annanack, accompanied by another young Eskimo, whom I knew only as Sandy, entered. "*Aü, Davi-alook!*" Mark called softly to the baby, who was lying on the sofa. Mark had come to say that he could not finish showing me the community that evening, because one of the two diesel motors that ran the fish freezer had broken down. He and Sandy tended the freezer, and they would have to go immediately to the mouth of the river to keep an eye on the one good motor until Pruden returned. The two boys explained that they were living for the summer at the freezer site, and that while they knew how to run the complicated machinery, they weren't trained to repair it. They hurried off, and Mrs. Pruden told me that her husband had spent five weeks in Halifax during the winter taking a course in diesel refrigeration, so that he could cope with minor mechanical failures. More than twelve thousand pounds of Arctic char, a salmonlike fish that was the coöperative's main source of income, was stored in the freezer awaiting pickup by a boat that would take the fish to Montreal to be sold as a delicacy. After the freezer was emptied, the George River fishermen planned to set their nets for more fish and fill it a second time. Although one motor was sufficient to hold the temperature of the freezer steady, it would take two motors to freeze the new catch, so no time could be lost.

While we were washing the supper dishes, there was a shout in the vestibule and the sound of boots being flung down. Then Don Pruden appeared at the door of the kitchen, smiling broadly, his big frame filling the doorway, with his elder son behind him. "I was between here and Burwell when your pilot found me," he said after he had

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greeted me. "I was doing some experimental fishing for shrimp and oysters. I want to boil them up and freeze them, because every year it's harder to catch our quota of char. I think the char are being fished out in this area, even though the scientists say not."

While Pruden was eating some dinner, his wife told him about the breakdown at the freezer. He paused, fork in the air. "Damn!" he said, scowling. "I hope the motor can be fixed. If not, it means the end of fishing this year." To me, he explained, "The settlement's in pretty rough shape. Our tractor's broken down, and we can't keep the place properly cleaned up without it. We need a resident mechanic. In fact, we need help of all sorts. Out of a population of a hundred and forty-six, only twenty-three are able-bodied men, and able-bodied men are what you must have when you're starting a new settlement like this. Fortunately, there are some men from Chimo who want to come. We have several programs lined up for the fall. We plan to build fifteen- and sixteen-foot net-tending boats and some more Peterhead boats. We hope to build furniture for sale locally, and we're going to put up a smokehouse for salmon. This past year, for the first time, we've done some stone carving, and we've just sent three thousand dollars' worth of it south. Our newest venture has been hunting seal along the Labrador coast—a seven-hundred-and-fifty-mile round trip. Early last spring, I went ahead to Labrador with two men and two Ski-Doos—you know, those small snow tractors with skis on the front—and fourteen other men followed, with three women, nine children, and seven dog teams. We set up a hunting camp and hunted right up the coast all through March, and in the middle of April we came back with sealskins worth over five thousand dollars. Next year, we should do even better."

He got up from the table, carried his coffee cup over to an easy chair, and sat down with a sigh, stretching his legs out in front of him. "A lot of my work is done after hours, when the Eskimos come in and talk things over," he said. "It takes a lot of talking to get a point across. I've never studied the Eskimo language, but I get along in it fine with most of these people. And now Gwen is teaching English to the young ones, and even some of the older ones. Occasionally, I have my closest friends in for dinner—Willi or Josepie or Johnny George. George Annanack is a good buddy, too, but Josepie—well, he and I travel a lot

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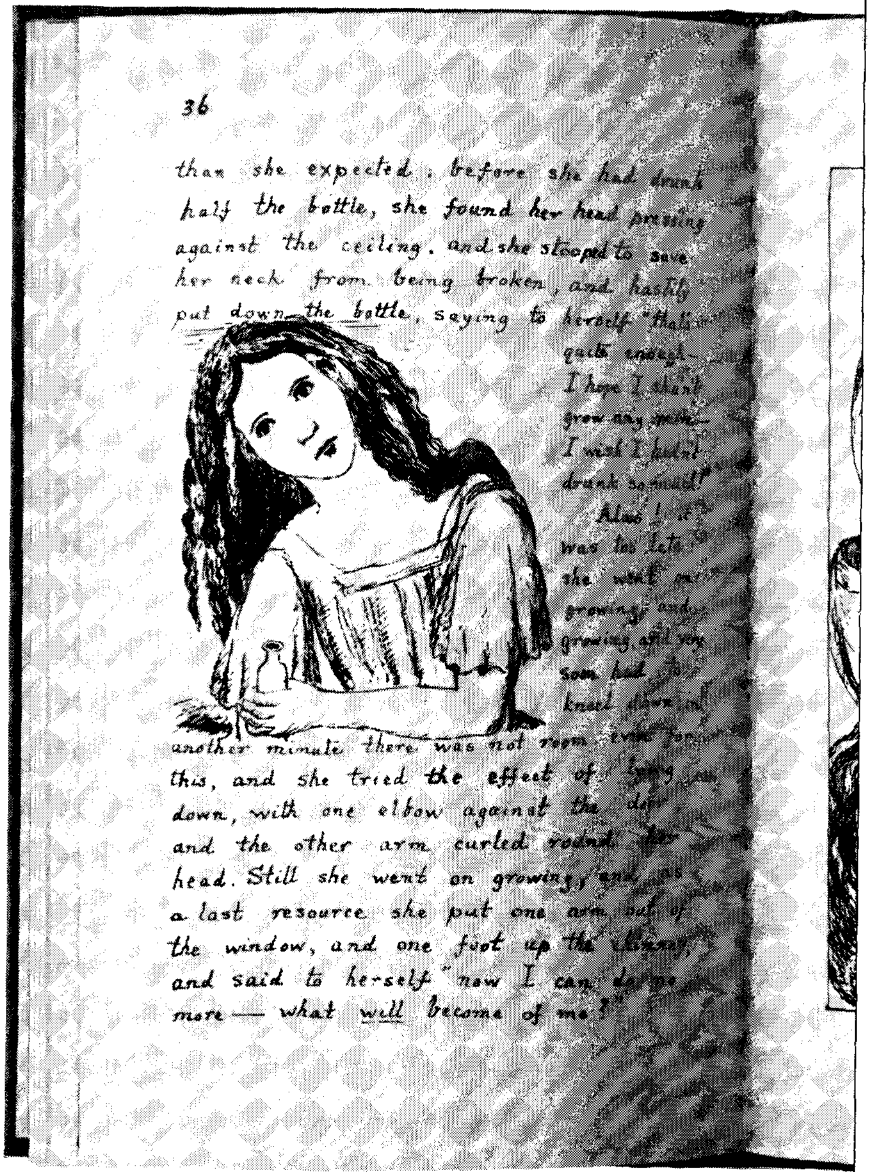

36

than she expected: before she had drunk
half the bottle, she found her head pressing
against the ceiling, and she stooped to save
her neck from being broken, and hastily
put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's
quite enough—
I hope I shan't
grow any more—
I wish I hadn't
drunk so much!"
Alas! it
was too late:
she went on
growing and
growing, and very
soon had to
kneel down: in
another minute there was not room even for
this, and she tried the effect of lying
down, with one elbow against the door,
and the other arm curled round her
head. Still she went on growing, and as
a last resource she put one arm out of
the window, and one foot up the chimney,
and said to herself "now I can do no
more — what will become of me?"

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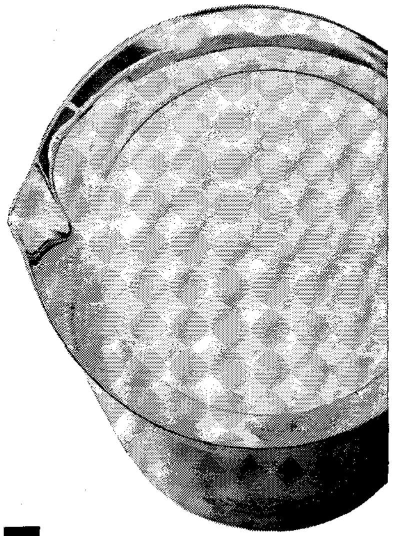

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I ROSE at a little after seven the next morning, to the steady, throbbing sound of the sawmill. When Mrs. Pruden asked if I wanted an egg for breakfast, without thinking I said yes. She had already cracked it into the pan before I remembered that eggs had to be brought all the way from Montreal and were, along with liquor, beef, and green vegetables, carefully rationed luxuries. At eight-thirty, Pruden went to his office to use the radio, and, repeating everything twice through heavy static, asked a mechanic from Chimo, who was then in Port Burwell repairing a boat, to come and fix the freezer motor and the tractor. When he had signed off, he said to me, "If we ever get that tractor started, we'll leave it going night and day. Now let's have a look at the freezer. It's about an hour from here by outboard canoe."

We started down the hill toward the river. Then, at the entrance to the nearest Eskimo tent, we met Willi Imudluk, who explained to me that the tent was his summer home. Its walls consisted of spruce logs set upright in the ground, and above these was a slanting canvas roof, through

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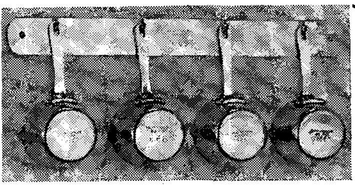

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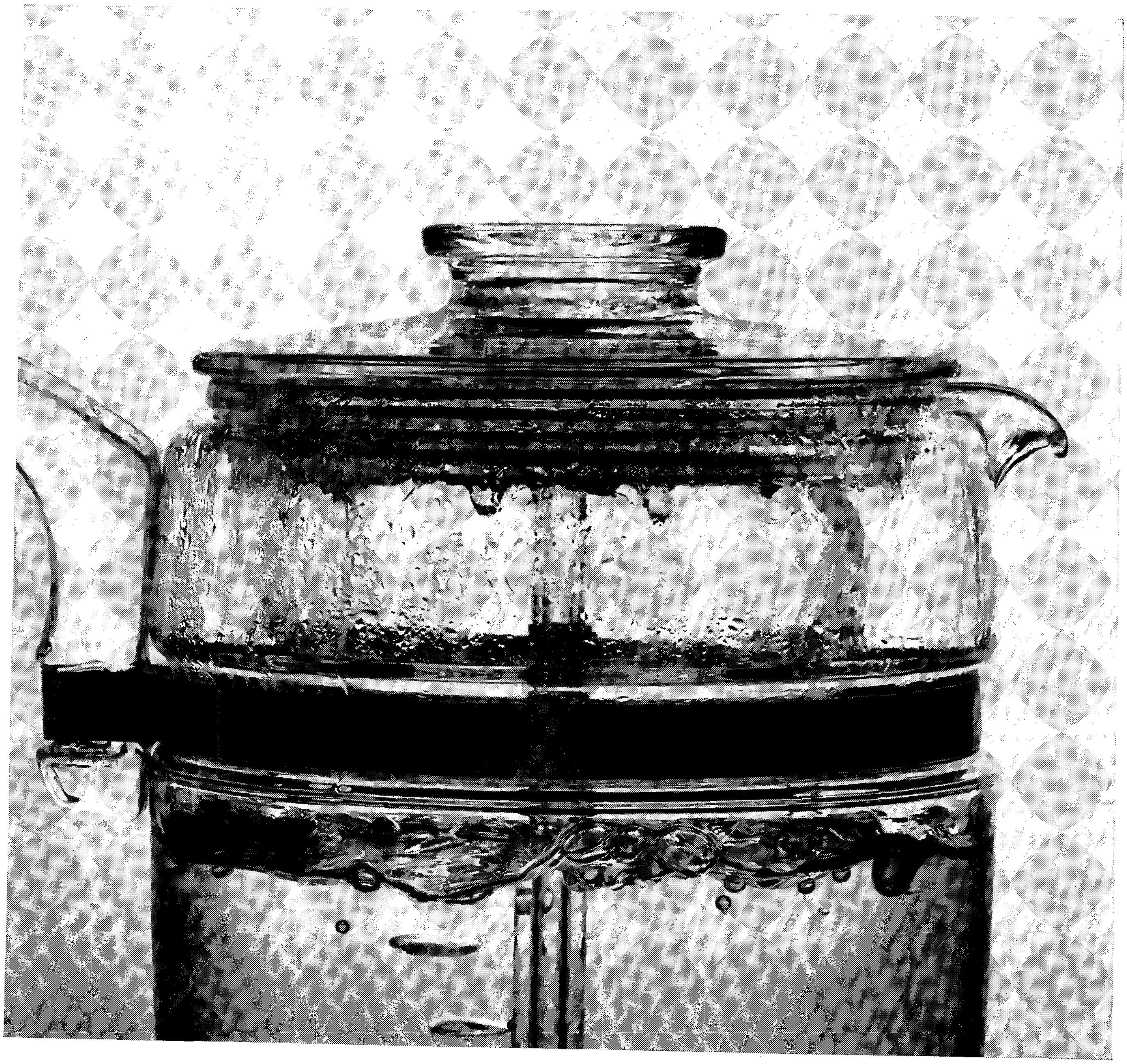

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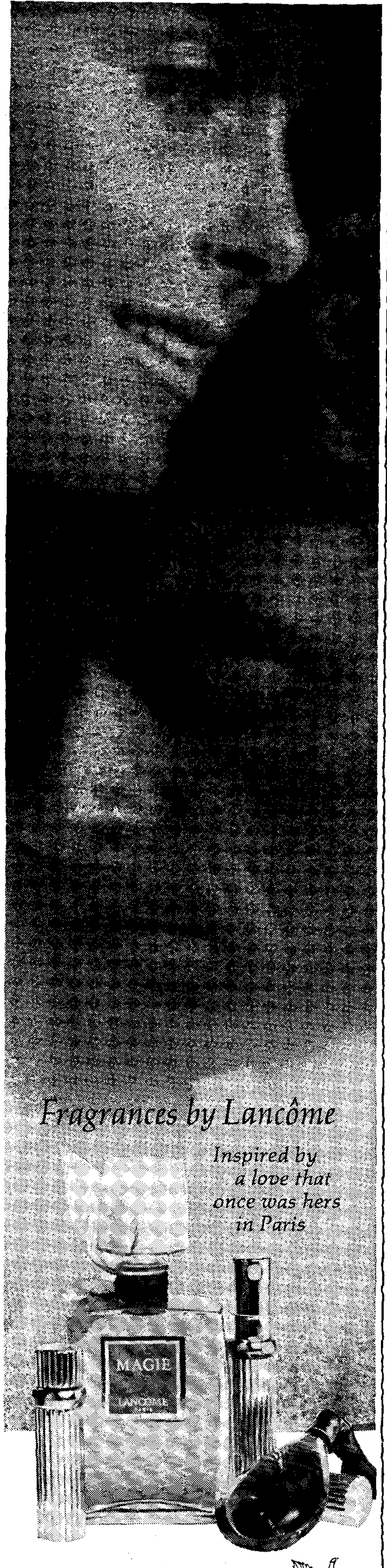

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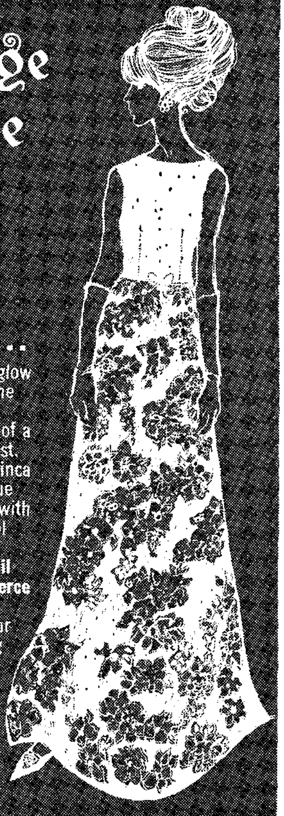
which a black stovepipe emerged. Directly behind the tent was a new frame house, which, Willi told me, also belonged to him. He invited us into the tent, and we bent down to pass through its small red door. His old mother was sitting on an iron bed that I had seen her sitting on three years earlier, at the Hudson's Bay outpost, and she was smoking a cigarette, as she had been then, and looking just as bright-eyed. In addition to Willi's pretty young wife, Selima, and a daughter by a first wife who had died, there were two little girls, one of them a baby, playing on the floor with a blue plastic toy telephone. Children's drawings on manila paper were tacked to the log walls, and a Hohner accordion, a camera in a leather case, and a mirror hung from hooks. Besides the iron bed, the furniture consisted of two wooden bunk beds, a trunk, two wooden chairs, and a small iron stove. Pruden told Selima that I still had the sealskin boots she had made me. She smiled and, reaching under a bunk, brought out a beautiful sealskin parka on which she was working, and which Pruden was buying for himself. After we had admired it, Willi asked us to visit his winter home. The new house had a large living room and, behind a partition, a small bedroom. Like Pruden's house, it was equipped with a chemical toilet and an oil heater, and Willi had bought himself a cookstove and a semi-automatic washing machine. A half-finished stone sculpture of a caribou stood on a shelf, and Willi said that it was his work. I asked how long it took to make such a piece. Willi thought for a moment, and replied, "If I start early in the morning and work all day late into the night, two days."

By now, it was after ten, and the tide was running out, so we hurried down the hill to the river, where we had to walk for perhaps a mile through mud flats, slipping and sliding, to reach Pruden's canoe. We were plagued by black flies, whose presence Pruden explained by saying, "When the permafrost—the permanently frozen ground that lies about three feet below the surface, even in summer—warms up, it makes little potholes that are ideal insect breeding grounds." As we picked our way around large stones on what was at other times the river bottom, Pruden told me that the tides in the Ungava area are among the highest in the world. They are officially measured at thirty-four feet, he said, and at nearby Leaf Bay he had seen them reach more than sixty feet. At eight that morning, the tide at George River

the village store



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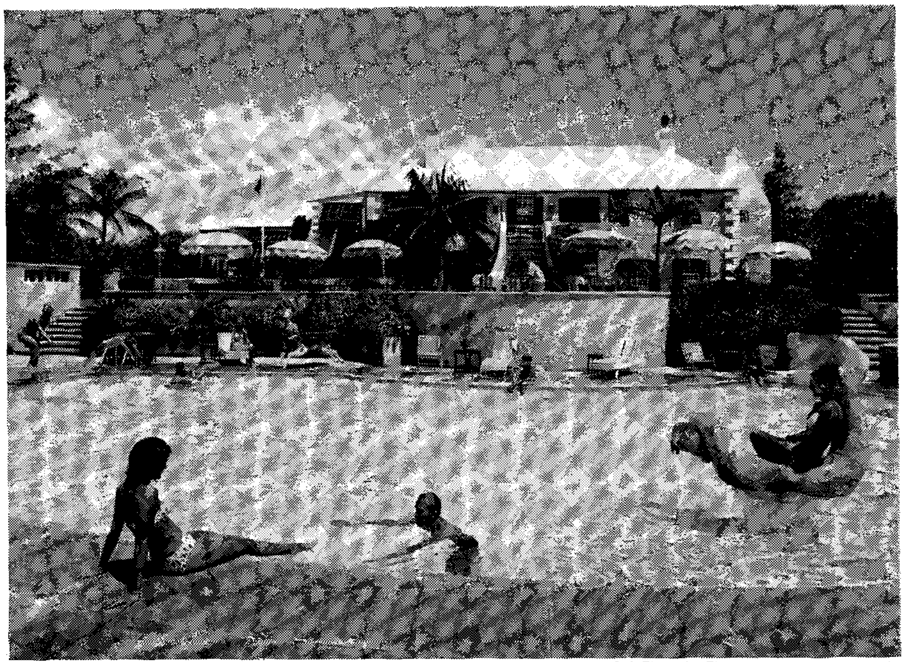
had covered the dock, but by now it was so high above the river's exposed bottom that it looked like an engineering mistake.

In the canoe, we found a young Eskimo boy sitting waiting for us. There were two outboard motors hooked to the stern, and Pruden started first one and then the other. With this double power, we sped down the river. It was a beautiful day, crisp and clear, and the hills had changed from mauve to slate color. The water was royal blue, reflecting a sky that had only a few white clouds, which seemed fixed in their places. Pruden and the boy were wearing red knitted hats with long tassels, which were distinctive to the Ungava area, as were the parkas, with pointed hoods, that were made here and at Chimo. Pruden zipped up his parka and I pulled up the hood on mine as we swept along, making our own chilly breeze. I asked how fast we were going, and Pruden shouted, "Thirty-nine miles an hour!" The canoe, he went on to tell me, was twenty-two feet long and could hold six thousand pounds. After three-quarters of an hour, the river broadened considerably, and we passed an Eskimo fishing camp, consisting of two tents at the foot of some high, bare rocks. Ungava Bay lay directly ahead, and Pruden made a sharp left turn into a small cove. As he did so, I realized that at last I was to see the George River fish freezer, which I had heard so much about at the earlier meeting that the words had a special ring for me—the freezer, the keystone of a daring experiment, a modern appliance of the most delicate kind, constructed on this rocky, barren coast with colossal effort, and somehow, miraculously, a success. What I saw was a small silver-gray metal building—a tired rectangle at the far end of a narrow beach—a curiously brave structure, all the more poignant for its weather-beaten shabbiness.

Pruden shut off the motors and tied our mooring line around a large stone. Several Eskimo dogs came down and stared at us and then went away again as we waded through a foot of water to the beach, where sandpipers and snipe were seeking food among the pebbles. A slatted platform led to the freezer, and as I hurried along this behind Pruden I caught my boot and fell flat on my face. I hastily got up and looked around to see if anyone had observed my clumsiness. The boy had stayed near the canoe, and was fishing unconcernedly. In a tent several hundred yards away, some Eskimo children and a woman were staring at me, but



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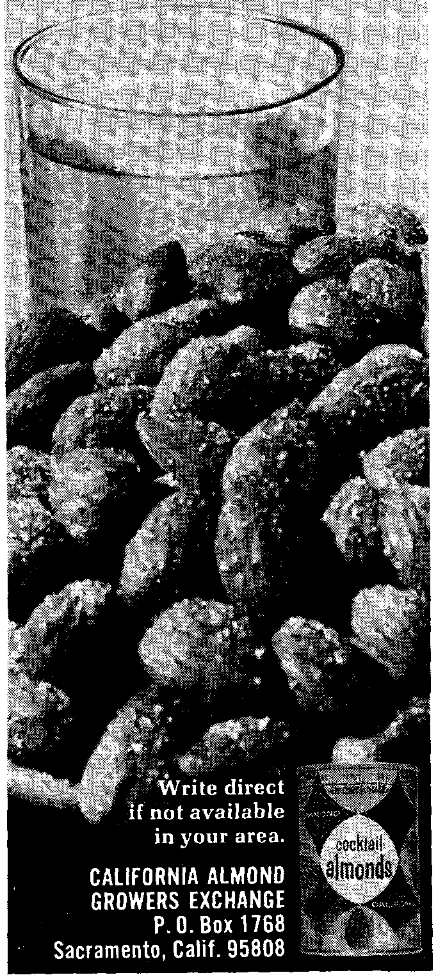

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they quickly vanished. I followed the sound of a noisy motor into a wooden shed attached to one side of the freezer building and found Pruden on his knees examining a silent motor, while Mark and Sandy, in greasy overalls, looked on. Then Pruden smiled and said, "It's not as bad as I thought—just got dirty. I'm going to try to start it up, but when the mechanic comes I'll have him strip it down and clean it."

I went outside to wait. I gazed at the blue emptiness of Ungava Bay for a while, and then I went around the side of the freezer to have a look at some wooden tables where fish were dressed and weighed before they were frozen. I tried to visualize the furious activity here when the fishing boats came in, but the place was too peaceful and calm now. After a time, I heard the faulty motor start, and Pruden came out and unlocked the heavy door of the freezer to show me metal shelves crammed with silvery frozen char. "I'm going to move this freezer upriver to the community," Pruden said, slamming the door shut and locking it. "And I'm going to get rid of these diesel motors and run it from our own electric power plant."

We had been at the freezer for an hour, and by now the tide had come in and the canoe was in deeper water. After we reached it, the Eskimo boy started the motors and Pruden set our course up the George River. I had expressed a desire to visit an Eskimo fishing camp, so Pruden stopped at the tents we had seen on our way down. Here we found Thomas Annanack, a brother of Stanley and Mark, with his family. In the Annanacks' tent, which was small, living had been reduced to its simplest elements. The bed was a large quilt laid over rocks and skins, and the only other furnishings were a trunk, several wooden crates, and a small kerosene stove, on which a teapot stood. Several large char, silver green above and pinkish below, were drying on the ground. Thomas said he had caught them that morning in a net, and added that for the past week the family had eaten nothing but fish and bannock, the unleavened Eskimo bread. His wife, Elizabeth, he told us, had just returned from two years in a southern hospital, where she had been treated for tuberculosis. Against her knee leaned their small son. Thomas patted the boy's head and said, "We are glad to have her back, and she is through with all that sickness now." On my way out, I noticed a child's plaid schoolbag lying on the

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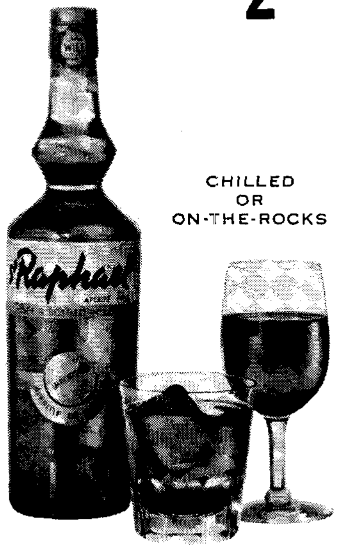

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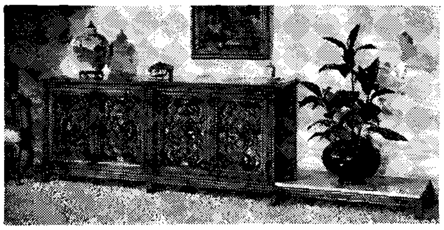

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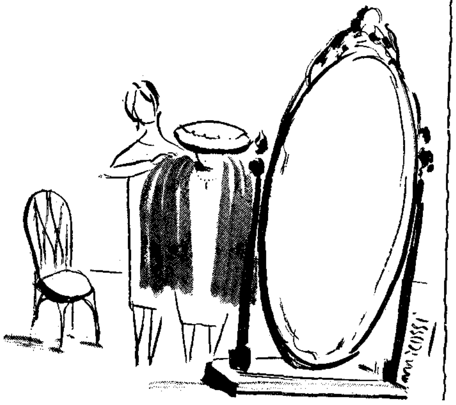
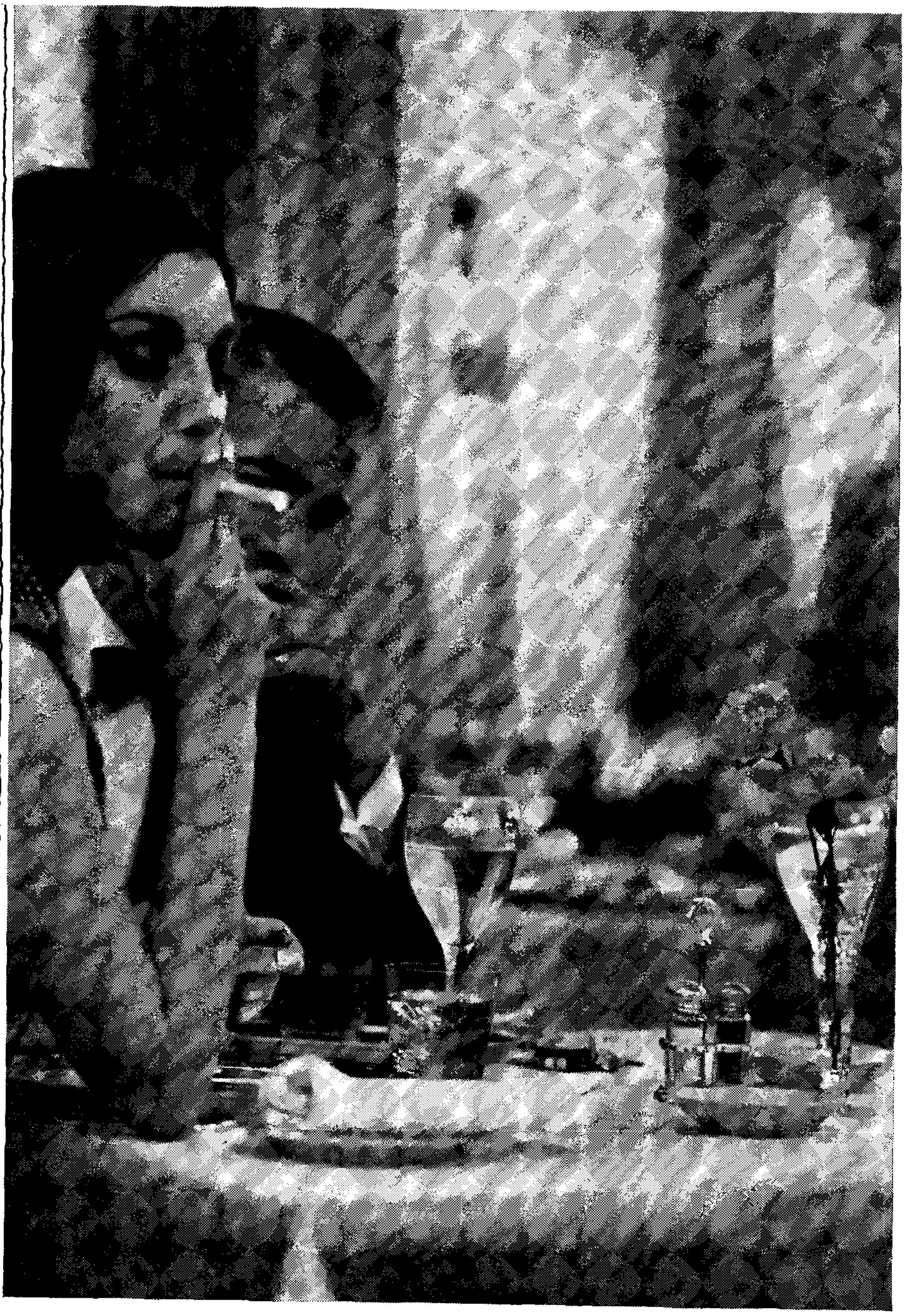
bare ground just inside the tent, partly covering a pink-cheeked, golden-haired doll dressed in a tartan kilt and white lace blouse—doubtless the property of a small Annanack girl who had stared at us when we arrived and then had run off shyly. Lying beside the doll was the sharp pointed head of a harpoon. Pruden picked up the deadly-looking piece of iron and showed me how it turns over when it is plunged into a seal, so that it cannot slip out. Otherwise, he explained, the captured seal would sink or escape before it could be shot.

We embarked again, and a short way upriver Pruden brought the canoe in to the bank again, and we scrambled up some rocks to a spot where he began preparing lunch. As we sat there high above the river, with no sounds or movements except our own, it seemed to me that no meal had ever tasted better. Over tea and bannock with jam on it, which was our dessert, we talked about the settlement. Pruden, half crouching on his heels, Eskimo fashion, said as he stirred sugar into his tea, "I have one aim at George River. I want to get every Eskimo there into a house. I won't leave for a year, at least, and before I go I intend to get rid of those shacks you saw at the settlement and finish the ten houses that are still to be built. I owe this to the people here, and I owe it to Don Snowden." I knew that Snowden had left the Department of Northern Affairs several months earlier, and I also knew that he was particularly attached to the George River people and to the project there, because it was the first of its kind.

"When Snowden first came, he had a dream about the settlement—the houses, the logging, the boatbuilding, and so on," Pruden continued. "The Eskimos' name for Snowden is Sielapalik—which means 'the man with the parka with the flat hood'—because the hood of the parka he wore was rounded, rather than pointed, like theirs. They quite often talk about when Sielapalik first came, in 1958. He told them that





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the government wanted to help them to make their lives better, and they believed him. Snowden himself believed that if these people could make their own way and hold out against the growing tendency in the north toward a welfare society, the Arctic might serve as a proving ground for the treatment of other underdeveloped areas."

Pruden poured himself another cup of tea. "Now I want to clean things up, so the settlement looks the way a settlement *should* look—levelled off and landscaped. We'll ultimately have a boatbuilding shop and a church, and everything will be painted up, with fences—maybe even little white ones—around the houses and along the pathways. It looks rough now, but when the tents and shacks and other temporary buildings are gone it will be different. We organized an Eskimo council here two years ago, and I'm encouraging it to pass a rule stipulating that all buildings must meet with its approval before they go up, so the kind of shacks that make Chimo and other places look like hell won't be allowed at George River."

Pruden shook the last drops of tea from his cup. As we descended the rocks to the canoe, I said that the craft provided one of the pleasantest means of travel I knew of.

He laughed. "Don't fool yourself," he said. "In bad weather, with the bow chopping up and down and water coming into the boat, there is nothing more cold and wet and miserable than an Eskimo canoe."

I HAD no chance to test the truth of this statement, for the weather remained glorious. That evening, a couple of hours after we had returned to the settlement, I went out in another canoe with some of the Eskimos to watch them pick up the day's catch of salmon and char from nets in the river. I was late in leaving the Prudens' house to meet them, and I ran headlong down the incline to the riverbank. As I settled myself in the canoe, I heaved a great sigh and immediately swallowed a large black fly. I clapped my hand to my mouth, and everyone laughed. The owner of the canoe, who tended the motor, was Johnny George, a small, solemn man, and with him were a little chubby bright-eyed son of his, an older boy, and, in the bow, a man whose thin face was wrapped, as if he had a toothache, with a flowered blue kerchief passed under his chin and tied above his cap. The water, glistening in the yellow-gold rays of the sun, was motionless except for the ripples made

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by our canoe. The man in the bow was peering into the water, and after a few minutes he held up his hand and we stopped. He reached down into the river and lifted a length of wide-meshed black net high enough for us to see that it was empty.

Johnny George turned the canoe toward the shore and brought it up on a beach, where, I could see, there was another net at the water's edge, supported by a string of cork floats. There were no fish here, either. At this point, the motor stopped, and after Johnny had made a couple of futile attempts to start it he said something to the others and everyone got out of the canoe. I hadn't the faintest idea what was happening, but I assumed that since the motor didn't work we were disembarking to wait until someone came along and gave us a tow. Now Johnny and the two boys started climbing a rather high hill in front of us, while the other man sat down by the canoe. Johnny looked back at me, and I started hesitantly after him, whereupon he nodded and began climbing more rapidly. On a lofty ridge, he stopped and sat down on a rock, and I sank down not far away, breathless. The older boy had disappeared over the top of the hill, and the younger one began picking blueberries, which were all around us on the gray tundra, their leaves smooth and green in the spongy undergrowth. The boy interspersed his berrypicking with some kind of wonderful imaginary game, shouting and running joyfully from patch to patch, oblivious of his father and me. Johnny was gazing with rapt concentration at the scene spread at our feet. The cove where the settlement lay was on our right, and we were looking straight down the George River. The sun cast a reddish light on the blue water, and all the colors of the northern summer world—the soft greens and yellows, the lavenders, browns, and muted blacks—were splashed across the gently rounded hills. The heavens were washed in gold and the river flowed to infinity. I thought that if there was a secret to the pull that the north had for some people, I had found it here, in the wild and peaceful beauty of this place.

We stayed on the ridge for perhaps half an hour. Then, at some signal from Johnny, the older boy reappeared and the younger one stopped his game. Descending the hill, we took our places in the canoe. Johnny struggled with the motor, it began chugging again, and we slowly crossed into the cove, stopping occasionally to lift nets. At one, Johnny exclaimed, "*Ilkalu!*" (the Eskimo word for "char"), and, looking over the

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side of the canoe, I beheld two large fish caught in the meshes. Johnny quickly pulled them out and dropped them into the boat; they weighed about six pounds each. A little farther along, we found a third. By then, we were almost at the settlement, and when we came in a crowd of children at the beach followed us up the hill, chattering. It was dusk, and the street lights went on, but the sawmill was still grinding out its rasping tune. Willi was kneeling at the entrance of his store, planing the edges of a door. Pruden, who had come partway down to meet us, called out a question to Willi, whose reply made him laugh. "I asked Willi *what he was doing, and what do you think he answered?*" Pruden said to me. "He said he was making the door low enough so that a tall white man would hit his head."

As we walked along, Pruden went on, "Willi is overhauling the whole store himself. He's being paid seventy-five dollars a month while things are getting started, but later he'll make twenty-six hundred dollars a year. Two Eskimo government employees—the powerhouse operator and the school janitor—earn four thousand apiece, but Willi is the richest man here in material things. He has a house, two canoes, two outboard motors, the three buildings he bought from the Hudson's Bay Company, a good team of dogs, and an Autoboggan, which is something like a Ski-Doo, and this winter he's also buying a Ski-Doo." Then Pruden asked how I liked the fishing expedition.

"Very much," I replied. "But I was mystified by a stop we made to climb a hill."

"Oh, that was just to show you the view," Pruden said. "Johnny George told me he was afraid that you would be disappointed because he'd found no fish in his nets."

For our evening meal, we had caribou steak, which tasted like delicious beefsteak with a slight gamy tang. Afterward, when we had settled down with our coffee cups in the living room, Mrs. Pruden told me that Johnny George had lost his wife in childbirth the previous winter. "Every woman in the settlement has had trouble bearing children," she said. "When anyone is ill, we consult by radio with the health station at Chimo, and Don administers the necessary drugs—or I do, when he's away. A plane is sent for anyone who is too sick to be treated here. Both of us were Outside at official conferences when Johnny's wife, a big woman who had already had five children, began to have trouble. Willi Imudluk

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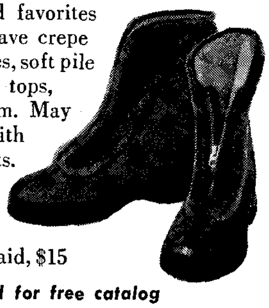

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radioed for a plane, but the people at Chimo have had some experience of Eskimos' exaggerating and asking for aircraft when nothing is wrong, so no plane was sent. She died, but the baby lived. Johnny and his wife were very close. The other day, I was explaining to Johnny about putting people to sleep with needles, because we have an emotionally disturbed child here who might have to be given sedation this way to treat an injured eye from which he is suffering, and Johnny said, 'I would like to have a needle to put me to sleep, because my heart is hurting so much.' "

Mrs. Pruden went on to say that there was a lot of inbreeding at George River. Johnny's wife had been his first cousin, and among the dozen or so families many other close relatives had married. "Sometimes an illegitimate child is adopted without the real father's being named, and there is a good chance that this child will grow up to marry a half brother or sister," she said. "Quite a few of my students are slow learners. The people are only now beginning to realize how serious inbreeding is. So far, the only new blood is Willi's wife, Selima, who comes from Chimo, but fathers shopping for husbands for their daughters now want to go to Burwell to look. By and large, though, it's a happy and productive community. I doubt if any of the children will want to leave."

Pruden had shut his eyes, and I thought he had fallen asleep, but now he suddenly spoke up. "I love it here, too," he said. "I'm lucky. It's seldom you get a job you are really happy with. Even so, I'd like to go to another new settlement pretty soon. I like having a hand in drastic changes—especially changing the bloody life these people have been living. In 1959, the average annual income in this area was three hundred and twenty-five dollars, and everyone was on relief. Last year, it was seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, and only two people were on relief. When the average income hits two thousand, people here will be pretty well off. These Eskimos seem to regard money only as a means to an end. A man with a good hunting outfit—boats, motors, rifles, dog team, and Ski-Doo—can live off the country without much money. All this equipment tends to create a vicious circle, though, because once you have a motor, for instance, you have to have gasoline, and for that you need cash. So inevitably the old patterns of Eskimo life are being upset. Because of school, the boys can no longer accompany their fathers on the hunt, nor can the women accompany their hus-

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bands, except in summer. Also, men who are working for cash wages have less time to hunt, and their families aren't as well nourished by store food as they would be by seal, char, and caribou. A medical party that made a survey of the Ungava Bay population last spring reported that George River was the only place around the bay where there was malnutrition among the children, and I feel that this is directly due to the lack of fresh natural food. By the time a hunter returns to the settlement, his kill has usually been eaten by his dogs. That's why I'm starting organized hunting and trapping expeditions to areas outside the range of dog teams. I wouldn't be surprised if within five or six years the co-ops of this bay bought their own aircraft, hired a white pilot, and used planes in hunting and hauling game. Meanwhile, we want to can a good supply of dog food during the summer months, and lay in canned seal and whale meat for human consumption. These will be sold in the co-op store during slack hunting periods, to augment the usual diet of bannock and tea. You ask for trouble when Eskimos from remote inland areas come into a settlement like this and don't get an adequate diet, because they're also exposed to new germs."

Pruden poured himself a fresh cup of coffee. "I'm hoping that we'll achieve some degree of self-government here through the Eskimo council," he said, "but so far the meetings have invariably turned into discussions of coöperative business. There's no real leader yet, although old George Annanack sits in the prominent spot at meetings and does a lot of the talking. He's quite wise, as you know. We have our meetings in the schoolroom, and on other nights there we show movies sent in by the government, and those bring out everyone who can walk or crawl. They make lots of comments when they see a movie on coöperative development, logging, or fishing."

I asked about the community's water and sewage facilities, and Pruden explained that the winter water supply came from ice melted in heated tanks, while in summer water from a nearby spring was distributed through the community by aboveground plastic pipes. The permanently frozen ground made the laying of conventional water and sewer pipes impossible. Sewage, he went on, was collected in large tins and left on the tidal flats, where they ultimately rusted away. I also inquired about the measures that were being taken to control the dogs. Pruden said that compounds for them had proved im-

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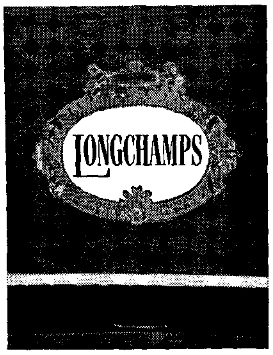

practical, because drifting snow in winter made it easy for the animals to get over the fences, and that in summer the Eskimos took most of their dogs to remote fishing camps. "To tell you the truth, the problem of controlling dogs hasn't been solved anywhere in the Arctic," he concluded. "Their owners don't like to tie them or pen them, so we have to rely on persuasion and education."

THE next morning, Mrs. Pruden, knowing that I wasn't due to leave for several hours, suggested that I visit the summer-school classes she was conducting. "I started teaching in a tent when we first came," she said as we set out for the school. "When David was born, I was going to stop teaching, but there was no one to take my place, and I couldn't let these children down. We're hoping that the full-time school principal will arrive before fall. By then, we're supposed to get a second classroom, so I'll probably go on teaching in that."

Besides the classroom, which was light and modern, with movable desks, maps, and two green slate boards, the schoolhouse contained a coatroom, a book-and-supply room, two bathrooms, a modern kitchen, a hot-air oil furnace, and a large ice-melting tank. Mrs. Pruden had dressed for school in high-heeled shoes and a tailored skirt and blouse, with a pearl necklace and earrings. She told me that there would be only two small classes this morning—a group of girls and one boy, fourteen to seventeen years old, and six men who were taking an adult-education course she was trying out. We had reached the classroom a few minutes early, and we sat down at two desks to talk. "I want you to see this," Mrs. Pruden said, opening a small book she had in her hand. "It's the school attendance book. On various days in December, for instance, the attendance record was ninety-eight per cent. Let's see—ninety-eight, ninety-eight, ninety-four—that's the lowest. The only times a healthy child misses school are when he is needed at home to help with other children or to get water and wood. It's inspiring to a teacher to see the Eskimos come out of the dark, with so much working against them—with no knowledge of what the rest of the world is like."

She closed the book. "The principal subject I'm teaching is English, and, as you'll see, things are working out quite well, even though I don't speak Eskimo. The Eskimos are reluctant to use English at first, but they grasp new ideas very quickly. We have three

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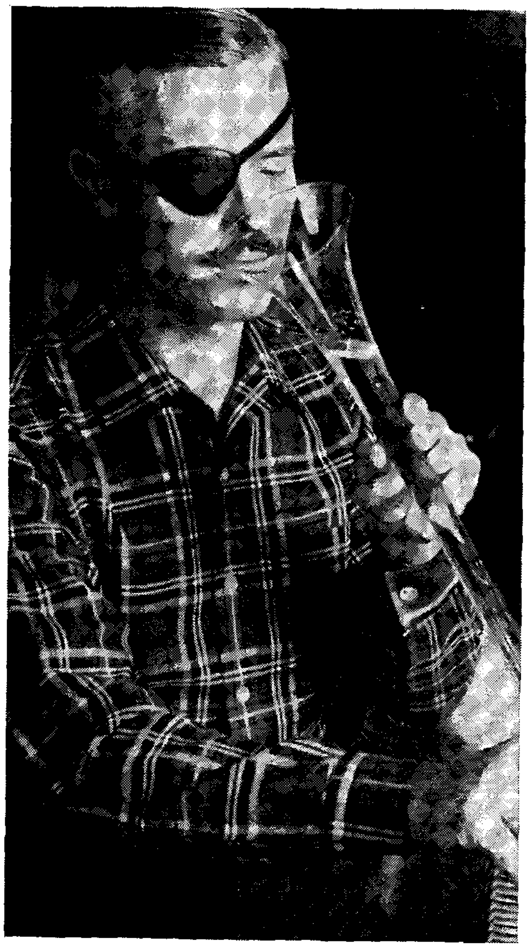

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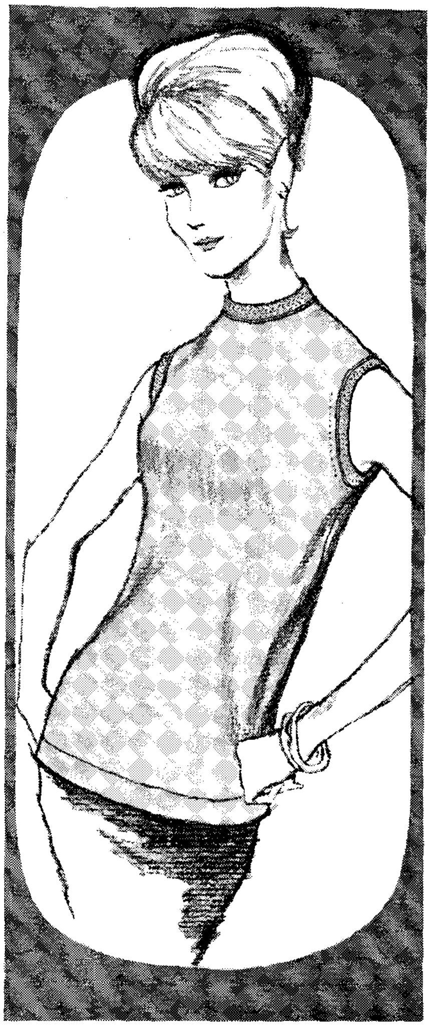

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grades now, pretty well grouped according to age, with students from fourteen to seventeen in the highest grade. I find the children quite similar to those I used to teach in the south. In each grade I have a bright group and a slow group. Some of the children are untidy, and some are full of mischief, but I have hardly any real behavior problems—very little of that business of seeing how far you can go with the teacher. On Parents' Day, I mentioned that some of the children had been fighting, and said that if they continued I would keep them after school. All the parents backed me up, and even suggested that it would be all right with them if I spanked the children. I was amazed. You always hear that Eskimos don't discipline their children, and you *never* see them spanking a child. I think their attitudes may be changing because the people are living so close together here. They have had to adopt a lot more rules and 'don'ts,' like ours."

Mrs. Pruden got up, went over to some bookcases below the windows, and began to select books for the day's lessons. Through the window I could see children playing on the swings in the schoolyard, and a group of girls in summer dresses were standing by the door. "I have one deaf boy in my regular classes," Mrs. Pruden said. "He had a year at a special school in Montreal, where he was taught to lip-read, but then his parents didn't want him to go back. At first, I wouldn't take him, because I didn't think I could cope with him. I had my hands full with seven new six-year-olds, who weren't really ready for school. Finally, I did let the deaf boy come to school, and I was surprised at how well he fitted in. He's very quick at visual things, like arithmetic. I remembered reading somewhere that if you put a deaf child's hand on your throat it might help him learn to speak. He hadn't made a sound before, but as soon as I did that, he started making sounds, very softly. I think his parents are going to send him back to Montreal. They talked to me about him on Parents' Day, and said that if he went south he would probably stay there and would understand only English. I agreed, and told them, 'It's a decision you will have to make.' "

I asked about the adult class, and she said, "The adults here have never had any opportunity to attend school, and some of them, like Willi, in the store, and Johnny George, who is the school janitor, have a lot of responsibility. I asked those two if they would be interested in learning English, and they

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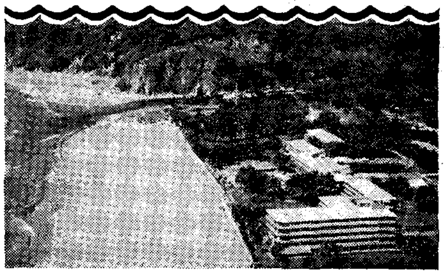

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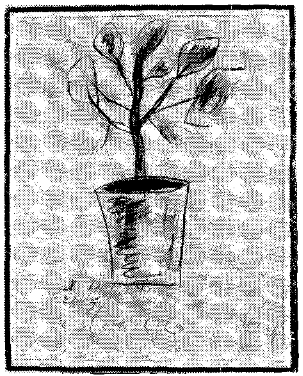

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said yes, so I went down to the sawmill and announced that I was starting an English course for adults and that anyone who liked could come. Don was interpreting for me, and he told the Eskimos that they shouldn't be afraid they were too old to learn English and shouldn't be ashamed if they found it difficult, because it had taken him lots of time to learn Eskimo, too. Six men, including Willi and Johnny George, came the first day—a month ago—for an hour and a half. They don't all show up every day, because of their jobs. I had no training in teaching adults, and had no idea what to do. Radio reception was terrible then, so I couldn't talk over my problems by radio with other teachers, which is what I often do. I just started with things around the room that they had been using every day, and with a paperback book, 'English Through Pictures.' One of my difficulties is that I have no special books for teaching Eskimos. I use southern books—the 'Dick and Jane' books of the Curriculum Foundation Series, which are about farms and automobiles and buses, apartment living in a city, the milkman and the mailman. It may be a good thing for the Eskimos to learn about all this, but at the beginning it's very confusing for them. They read how Jane is helping Mother set the table and Dick is working with Father in the garden, when it should be something about hunting seals or caribou."

Mrs. Pruden looked at her watch, then picked up a large bell and went to the door of the schoolhouse to ring it. I moved to a seat in the rear, and four girls, wearing pretty cotton dresses, and a teen-age boy came in and sat down at the desks by the windows. A minute or two later, three men came in and shyly settled themselves at the center desks. They were Johnny George, a cheerful-looking youth known as Jobie—who, Mrs. Pruden had told me, was suffering from a muscular disease, and who was limping badly and holding his useless left arm in his right hand—and an older man whom I didn't recognize.

Mrs. Pruden wasted no time in getting started. She wrote the date and the day of the week on a slate board and said, very slowly, "Good morning! What is the day today?" One of the Eskimo girls gave it, correctly, whereupon the teacher asked, "What is the weather like today?" Another girl replied, with a little help from Mrs. Pruden, "It . . . is . . . good." Mrs. Pruden held up a cardboard clock face and, moving the hands around, asked each

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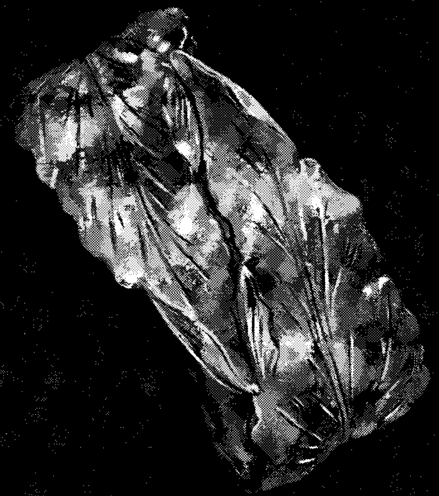

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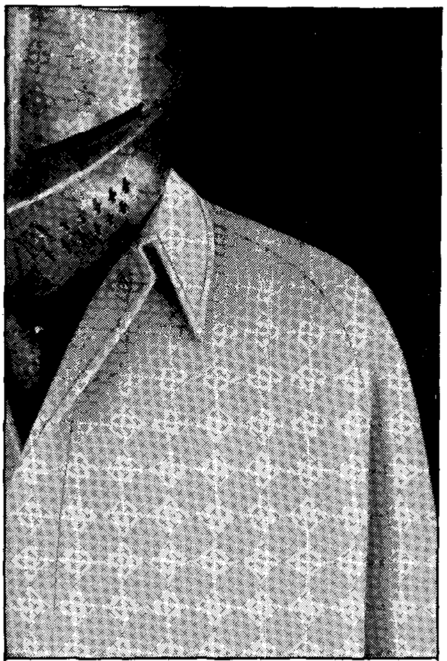
pupil in turn what time the clock said. Next, she asked everyone to count with her to one hundred by fives. After she had assigned the younger group a lesson in some simple arithmetic workbooks, she had the three men take chairs at the front of the room. She produced a set of colored picture cards with English words on them and held up the first one, which depicted a white woman in a pink dress holding a bunch of flowers, and asked Jobie to read the caption. "Mo-ther," he said, so softly that you could hardly hear him. He had trouble with the "th" sound, so she tried again, with a card that showed a white man holding a baseball bat. "Fa-ther," he read, more easily. Then she handed each of the men a "Look and See" book, in which there were more pictures of "Mother" and "Father," and asked Johnny to tell her the color of Mother's dress. "Blue," he said. Then she asked him to read. In a voice scarcely more than a whisper, Johnny read, slowly, painfully, and with much prompting, "Look . . . at . . . Sally . . . and . . . Jane. They . . . are . . . standing . . . on . . . their . . . heads." Everyone laughed. "What is Spot doing?" Mrs. Pruden asked the older man, pointing to a picture of a dog. "Spot . . . is . . . sitting . . . up," he read, pausing for a long time before each word. After the pupils had worked their way painstakingly through several pages of the book, Mrs. Pruden told them to take out their workbooks, and with these they tackled the task of matching pictures of a needle and a thimble, a hammer and some nails, a can of paint and a brush, and so on.

While the adults were occupied with this, Mrs. Pruden called the girls and the boy to the front of the room, went over their workbooks, and then, seating them in a semicircle before her, launched into a brief and rather laborious English discussion of their summer activities. A short session in arithmetic followed, and after that she began pointing to cutouts of the alphabet above the board and calling on the students individually to pronounce the letters, and then just the vowels, going faster and faster. Finally, she wrote a large "G" on the board and asked, "Can anyone tell me a name that begins with 'G'?" Nobody answered, and Mrs. Pruden smiled and said, "Oh, come on. Somebody say it." Jobie raised his good hand. "George," he said. Mrs. Pruden said, "Let's put down the name of our settlement," and she wrote "GEORGE RIVER" in block letters. Writing a small "g" beneath this, she asked for a word beginning



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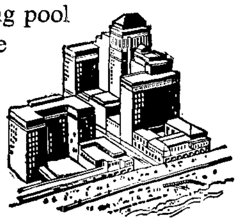

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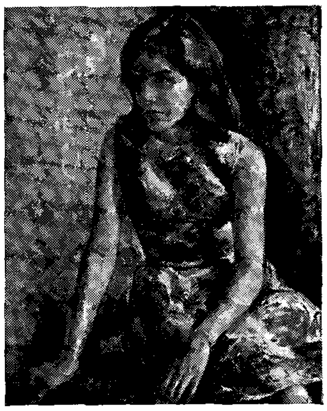

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with the letter "g," and one of the girls said, "Go." Mrs. Pruden then asked for a color, and Jobie instantly said, "Green."

At noon, class was over. "Put . . . your . . . books . . . in . . . your . . . desks. Put . . . your . . . books . . . in . . . your . . . desks," Mrs. Pruden said slowly and carefully.

The eight students complied, and departed instantly.

As we walked back to the Prudens' house, Mrs. Pruden said, "You know, my own children don't have the relationship with the Eskimo children that I'd hoped for. I think mine consider themselves a little bit better. Certainly they're quite bossy, both with children and with adults. Brian and Debra ask the Eskimo children for their toys or order them off a swing they want to get on, and the Eskimo children won't fight back. Our children were used to children in the south who fought back and didn't give in easily, and this has really been worse for them than for the Eskimos. I've told the Eskimo parents that their children are to fight back when necessary, but they just aren't firm enough. The Eskimo girls who work for us also give the children anything they want. Even Willi Imudluk has a little of this attitude. If I go into his store, he ignores all of his other customers to attend to me. If I say I'll wait, it upsets him very much."

After a lunch of fresh salmon, which one of the Eskimos had brought over as a treat for me, we chatted awhile, and then it was time for me to leave George River. I said goodbye to Mrs. Pruden and the children, and when I left their house with Pruden, who was carrying a sack of mail for the plane, old George Annanack appeared and shook my hand. "*Aukchunie*," he said, and then, in English, slowly, "Goodbye." Pruden and I started down the path to the river. The air had a slight chill, even though the day was sunny, and all the men were wearing jackets. The sawmill, a giant pulse that never seemed to stop beating, was at work, and as we passed the store Willi Imudluk was bent over hammering on a new set of steps. His old mother, wrapped in a green plaid shawl and with a blue kerchief over her head, was sitting on an upturned box not far away, smoking. Willi stopped working when he saw us, and we sat down beside him on a new step. With Pruden acting as interpreter, I told Willi that I knew that in the summer of 1958, when the government men first came to Ungava Bay and made an economic survey of the area, they had met with him and

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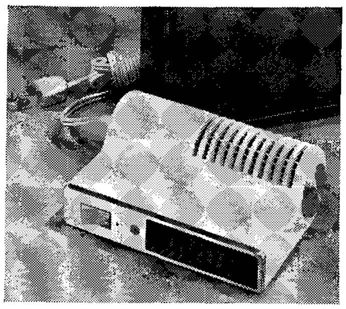

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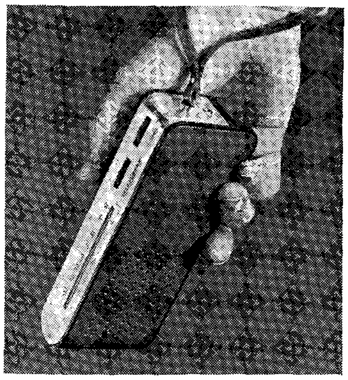

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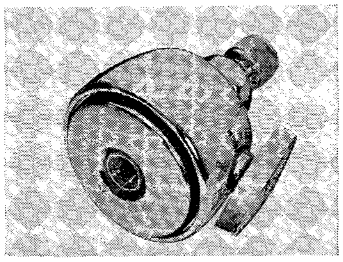

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several other George River men. The Eskimos had been thinking of moving away from the George River area to avoid starvation, and the government men had talked with them about possible ways in which the people could make a living if they stayed on their own land. This had been the very beginning of the George River settlement, I reminded him, and I wondered what he thought had been accomplished since then, and how he felt about George River now.

There was silence for several minutes. Willi sat with his elbows on his knees, turning an unlighted cigarette around and around between his fingers; his head was bent, and he was staring at the ground. Suddenly he began talking fast, stopping only to nod brusquely at Pruden, to indicate that he should translate what had been said so far, and resuming as soon as Pruden stopped. Willi said, "At the first contact we ever had, at Fort Chimo, Don Snowden outlined the plans for the George River settlement and said everything. It didn't turn out quite the same, but when I look back to before he came, we had many hard times when we were very hungry and used to have to go to Chimo to get government relief. Now the plans are working out every year, and getting better and better as they go along." He paused to light his cigarette and continued, "At the very first meeting, I got such a good idea of what was planned that I became a supporter of the co-op idea. Don Snowden asked me to come back and tell the people here what the new ideas were and get people ready to understand. Some of the Eskimos didn't really think anyone would come and help them. The white men had made promises before and the things never happened. But everything that has happened so far is good—the store, the sawmill, the freezer, the houses, the school. We aren't making much money, but that's going to get better, and the handicrafts aren't very good yet, but they will get better, too, as time goes on. Not everything Don promised has happened yet." He pointed to each of his eyes in turn. "But I can see now that it's all coming."

Willi stopped as abruptly as he had started. "*Aukchunie*," he said, holding out his hand to me with a warm smile.

"Goodbye," I said.

Pruden picked up my sleeping bag and knapsack, and then gave me the mailbag, to be handed to my pilot when I boarded the plane. We resumed our walk to the river. The tide was out again, so we had to walk a considerable

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distance before we came to Pruden's canoe. Two Eskimo men were sitting in it, and one of them started the motors and steered us out to the center of the river. There he turned off the motors and we waited for the plane that was to take me away.

It was the end of a beautiful afternoon, bright and clear—blue sky and blue water, with the northern sun still high overhead. I heard the hum of an engine, and then I saw the Cessna, a small red line in the sky, before it began to descend. It landed on the river, taxied toward our canoe, and came alongside. The pilot stepped out on the pontoon and transferred an Eskimo woman and child to the canoe. Then my sleeping bag and knapsack and the mailbag were handed over, and I stood up, ready to leave.

"*Aukchunie*," the two Eskimos said to me, one after the other, and shook my hand.

"Do you know what '*aukchunie*' means literally?" Pruden asked as he shook my hand. "It means 'you are going.' "

I climbed into the aircraft. I could hear the outboard motors being started, and by the time I had sat down and looked out the plane window the canoe was halfway back to the settlement. We taxied down the river, took off, and circled once around the George River, and I saw Pruden again, walking up from the shore with the two Eskimo men, the woman, and the child. Our plane was headed west now, and they were out of sight, but I knew that in a moment they would be passing the noisy sawmill and climbing to where Willi was still working at the door of the coöperative store. Soon, I knew, the gathering dark would be broken by the brightness of the street lights, outlining the settlement. —EDITH IGLAUER

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THE RACE TRACK

Big Little Brother

ROMAN BROTHER may be little, but oh my! What a show he made of the six other runners in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct last Saturday! At the end of the two miles, he passed the post the easiest of winners, five lengths ahead of Berenjenal, a big horse from the Argentine. Brave Lad was third, four lengths behind. Burned Up, a fugitive from claiming races, was the first out of the starting gate, and set a lively pace for about six furlongs—at one point he was in front by three lengths—but then he ran completely out of speed and was eased up. Approaching the mile mark, Roman Brother took the lead, with Munden Point hot on his heels, and for the next five furlongs they gave the crowd something to shout about. Roman Brother, ridden by Baeza with assurance that was almost contemptuous, always dominated the scene, though, and on the turn for home he seemed to glide away as Berenjenal and Brave Lad passed the tiring Munden Point. Polar Sea ran out of wind and, like Burned Up, failed to finish. Knightly Manner was officially last.

As had been expected, Roman Brother was the odds-on choice, paying $2.40 straight, $2.40 to place, and $2.20 to show. Seldom has there been such betting on one horse to the exclusion of the others. Altogether, $601,867 went into the tote on the Gold Cup, and $466,899 of it was on Roman Brother. The smart money certainly poured it in on him to show; the show pool totalled $278,961, of which $262,525 was on Roman Brother and $16,436 on all the others. It cost the New York Racing Association $55,012.35 to make up the minimum payment of $2.20 on each of the first three horses. The mutuel handle on the nine races was $4,293,500, of which the track got five per cent, but since it had to pay all the purses and other expenses, as well as the minus pool, out of that, it wasn't a very profitable afternoon for the Big A.

Roman Brother is no bigger than a good-sized pony and weighs only a little more than nine hundred pounds,

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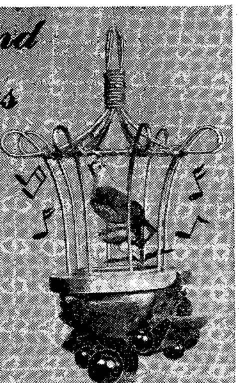
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but he is a game one, and has done all right for his owner, Louis Wolfson, who gave $23,500 for him as a yearling in 1962; his victory in the Gold Cup brought his earnings to $920,203. Needless to say, he is riding the crest of the wave toward Horse-of-the-Year honors. Winning the Gold Cup seems to set the seal on a racer's efforts—or at least it has for half a dozen years. As matters stand, Roman Brother's next start will be in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans' Day. I, for one, have doubts about how well he'll run in that. The race is over the turf course, and he ran poorly in his first try on grass—in the Bernard Baruch Handicap at Saratoga in August. Still, he may rise to the occasion.

THESE old eyes have seen many jumpers in action, and good ones, too, but never have they seen a more remarkable performance than that of Bon Nouvel in the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase Handicap, which was the main event of the two-day meeting of the United Hunts at Aqueduct last week. Carrying 170 pounds and leading from the start, he bounced over the nineteen fences of the three-mile course to win by thirty lengths from Lucentaur, to whom he gave thirty-six pounds, and he set a track record of 5:33⅘. It's true he made several bobbles that brought gasps from the aficionados, but in the circumstances they can be overlooked. Too bad we haven't a few more like him, even though he also makes minus pools. The one he made in the Gwathmey cost the management $15,078.

I SUPPOSE Moccasin will be a very short price in the Gardenia Stakes at Garden State Park this weekend, for probably no more than six two-year-old fillies will try to match strides with her, and Priceless Gem will not be among them. That shin trouble of hers didn't respond to treatment, so Hirsch Jacobs retired her temporarily. She will, however, run at Santa Anita this winter. By the way, Flag Raiser obviously isn't as good at middle distances as he was when Jacobs brought him out last spring. After leading by half a dozen lengths in the Benjamin Franklin Handicap in Jersey last Saturday, he weakened and finished down the course. The winner was Bold Bidder, and it was his fourth straight. . . . It's Ladies Handicap Day at the Big A this weekend, and that should be a good show.

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THE WOMAN WHO STAYED WHERE SHE WAS

FOR a long while afterward, I often found myself wondering what had happened to the woman, and if what I had done to help her had made any difference in the end. Since there seemed to be little likelihood of my ever finding out for certain, however, I had let the matter rest lightly on my conscience. That's where it was when, during a vacation trip I made to Belgium years later, I set out from Brussels in a rented car one morning and headed in the direction of Luxembourg. I reached Namur around noon and, while having lunch in a restaurant, fell to thinking of what this city had been like during the war, of the maps I had been sent there to get on a cold Christmas Day, and, inevitably, of the woman herself. By the time I finished my wine and coffee, I had decided to postpone the trip to Luxembourg, and instead of continuing southeast when I got back in the car I drove directly south along the Meuse, hoping I'd be able to find the same road and the same house—perhaps even the same woman standing outside the door.

IT was December, 1944. After three months of training in England, the artillery battalion I was with had landed in Cherbourg, en route to points farther south, just one day after the surprise Nazi counterattack in the Ardennes. We knew nothing of the breakthrough at the time, and we still didn't know what was happening when we were ordered to move east as quickly as possible. We arrived at the French town of Laon toward evening on the day before Christmas Eve, and after settling ourselves in an empty military barrack, were looking forward to spending the holiday in relative comfort. Then, shortly after midnight, we were aroused and told to be ready to move into combat a few hours later. The development was as sudden as it was unexpected. We had no maps—something unheard of in an artillery unit—or even any written orders, so there was considerable confusion when we pulled out of Laon just before dawn. On our way to the Belgian border, we learned about the Ardennes breakthrough and the battle taking place at Bastogne, and we went into bivouac that night near the Meuse, not many miles from the besieged town, feeling properly alert and apprehensive. By the time we bedded down, word had spread that Nazi paratroopers were already swarming everywhere behind us—laying mines, cutting lines of communication, ambushing guards and patrols. The uncertainty of that night was almost tangible.

We still had no maps on the following morning, and since I was in charge of map procurement for the battalion, I offered to drive by jeep to get some at a supply depot at Namur, nearly fifty miles northwest of our position. I had no desire to go—the idea of leaving one uncertainty to plunge into an even greater one didn't appeal to me—and the weather offered nothing in the way of consolation. When I started out, an hour or so before noon, it was the kind of gray, icy day that made the sky itself look frozen. The wan sun seemed no sun at all, the countryside was glazed white with a hard crust of freshly fallen snow, and the air was so cold it hurt to breathe. And the German eighty-eights that had begun firing from the other side of the river sounded uncomfortably close. At first, the road I drove along was virtually empty. Then I began to pass family after family trudging by with their belongings—old men, women, and children, all grimly silent, carrying bundles of clothing on their backs, pushing trunks in wheelbarrows, pulling little wagons loaded down with household possessions. Everyone in the path of the German advance was clearing out in a hurry. Watching the evacuees only made the wind seem colder, and I decided to get down to the main road along the river as quickly as possible. Only then would I have any degree of certainty about where I was.

When I reached the next road that I thought might lead to the Meuse, I swung off onto it, and within a few minutes was bumping along two deep ruts that carts had made in the snow. One or two families straggled by, headed in the direction I had come from; then for a long stretch I saw no one. Worried, I turned off onto another dirt road, and followed its twists and turns for about five miles. Nowhere in all this distance did I see any people, and the scattered houses I passed looked cold and empty. A heavy silence had fallen over the countryside

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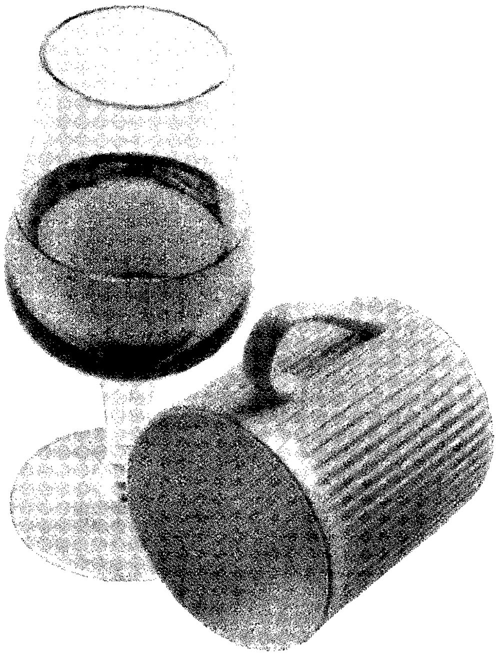

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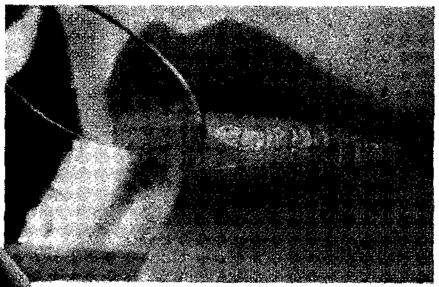

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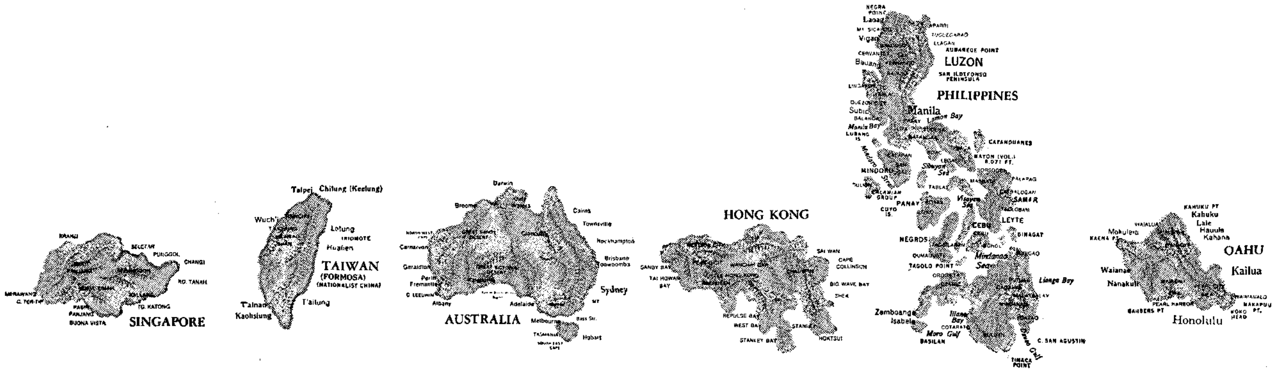
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itself. I recognized it for what it was—the stillness of abandonment—and an eerie feeling that I was the only person in the whole area took hold of me. Filled with apprehension, I debated with myself about what to do: head back to where I had turned off and strike out in another direction, or continue along the road I was on, hoping it would eventually lead to something recognizable or reassuring. While I debated, a hard knot of fear began to tighten in my stomach. I glanced upward, intending to use the pale sun as a guide, but the sky had turned a sullen, neutral gray with no sign of light anywhere; on the horizon, the line of demarcation between sky and snow was barely discernible. Without thinking, I stopped the jeep, turned off the ignition, and stood up to look around the white-crusted fields. The posts of a barbed-wire fence in the distance for a moment appeared to be a line of advancing infantrymen. The German guns boomed again, from straight ahead or from the right—it was hard to tell. Immediately afterward, I thought I could hear a machine gun's staccato burst farther down the road ahead of me. Then the icy stillness pressed in again from all sides, more menacing than it had been before. On the edge of panic, benumbed by the cold air, I sat down and started up the jeep, anxious to have the noise of the motor for company. I pushed ahead, driving cautiously for another few miles, hunched over the steering wheel, expecting at any minute to hear the sharp crack of a rifle. The landscape continued to be devoid of life, and I had just convinced myself that it was best to turn around and go back to the road I had left when a house came into view—a plain, red brick building in the middle of a field. A wisp of smoke curled from the chimney, and a faint light wavered in one of the windows. With a feeling of immense relief, I unhesitatingly swung off the road and into the yard.

As soon as I brought the jeep to a stop, the door of the house opened and a woman, dressed sombrely in black and wrapped in a blue woollen shawl, stepped out. Closing the door behind her, she took a position a few feet in front of it, watching me warily. She was about sixty years old, small, thin, and very erect, with a mass of gray hair piled on top of her head. Her face was the color of white marble, faintly streaked with tiny blue and pink veins, and there was a bright red spot on each cheekbone. Her gray eyes were wide with alarm. "*Bonjour*," she said, in a

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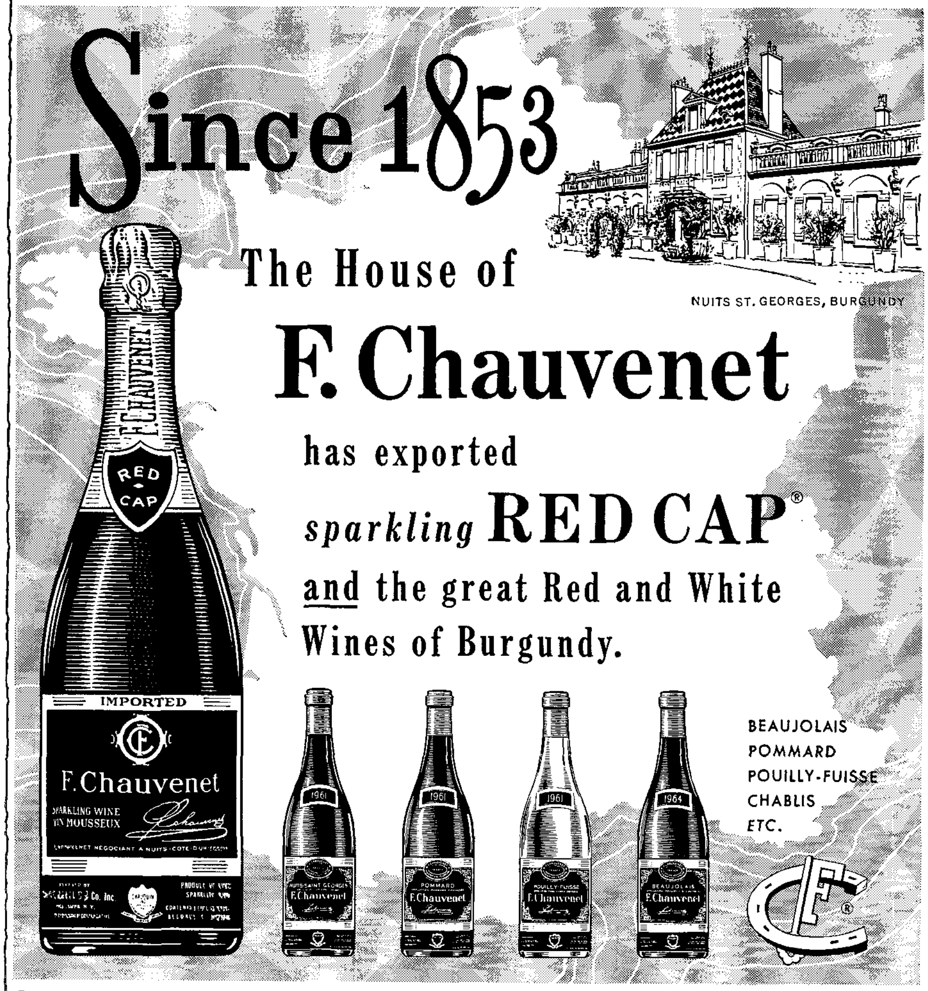

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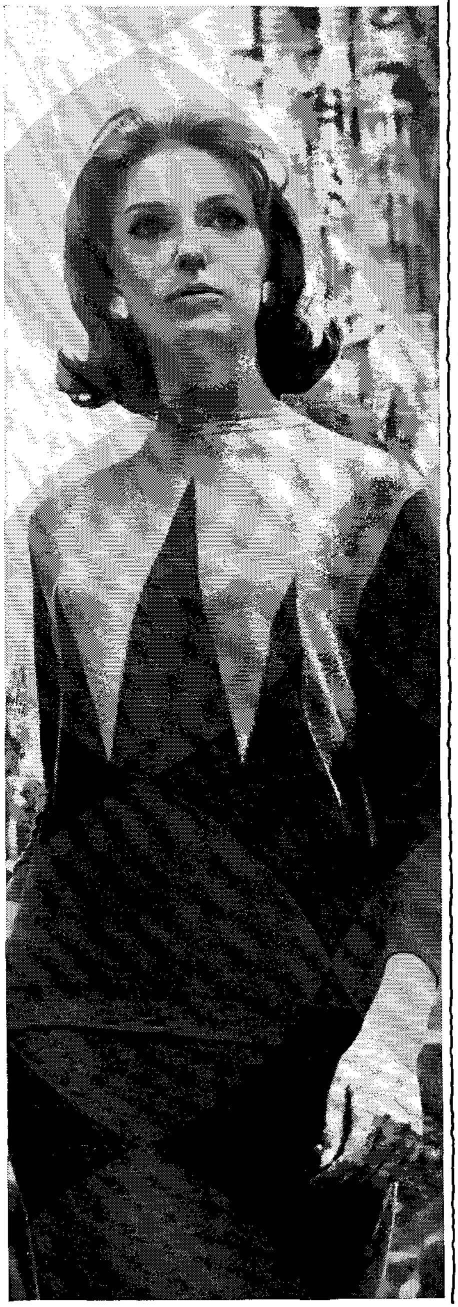

voice that was a mixture of politeness and defiance.

"Will this road take me to Namur?" I asked, speaking in English.

The tautness on the woman's face dissolved when she heard me. "You are American?" she cried, speaking now in English. Hearing that I was, she smiled warmly and stepped forward. "Namur is that way," she said, and pointed down the road in the direction I had been going. "There is a hill around the bend which goes down to the river. There you must turn to the left. That road will take you to Namur." After I thanked her, she drew her shawl more tightly around her shoulders and said, "It is so very cold. Would you like some hot coffee?"

There was nothing I wanted more at that point. "I certainly would," I said.

She gestured toward the door, and I climbed out of the jeep and followed her into the house. The room we entered was illuminated only by the light from three small windows and the yellow flames in a fireplace at one side, where a few small logs and brambles were burning. There was a table in front of the fireplace, with two straight-backed chairs pulled up to it; otherwise, the room was almost bare. In one corner, there was a pile of bundles and suitcases. A doorway opposite the fireplace opened on a bedroom; I could see the end of a bed and the legs of someone lying in it under a quilted blanket. A lamp or candle I couldn't see threw flickering shadows on a wall.

The woman pointed to the pile of belongings in the corner. "We heard the guns and had everything ready to go," she said. "Then my mother became ill, and we decided to wait. We were very frightened, because there is no one else left on this road." She heaved a vast, contented sigh. "And now, instead of the Germans again, it is the Americans who have come. It is good we waited."

Smiling happily, she took a large, blackened coffeepot from a shelf inside the fireplace and brought it to the table. "We moved when the Germans came five years ago," she resumed. "Then we came back last year when they left. Perhaps it is better that we stay this time. To move about so much is not right." She took two cups from a cupboard and set them beside the coffeepot. "Please sit down."

I pulled out one of the chairs and sat at the table. After pouring a cup of coffee for me, the woman filled a cup for herself and sat down in the other chair.

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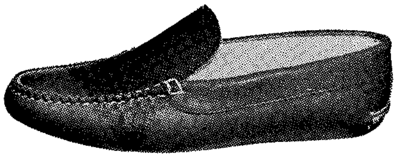

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"Is it just the two of you who live here?" I asked, lowering my voice almost to a whisper.

The woman nodded reassuringly. "It is all right. *Maman* is deaf. She will not hear you."

"You and your mother live here alone?" I said more loudly.

"Yes," said the woman. "My husband died before the war. More than ten years ago. It was his father who built this house. I was teaching at a school in Namur—that is where I learned to speak English—when my husband and I met. After his parents died, we came to live here." She was silent for a moment as she looked about the room. "The house was not always so quiet. We had two sons and a daughter. One son—the oldest—was killed in the first year of the war, when the Germans came. The other disappeared one day—vanished, like that—and we have never heard from him. I think he has joined the Army. He was too young, but still I think he has joined. And my daughter—she was married and lived in Marseille. Now"—the woman shrugged—"my mother says she is in a concentration camp. Perhaps. I do not know. It is a year since she has written, and my letters to her are returned. I hope she is still alive." The sentences came from her lips mechanically, as though they had been spoken many times before. I had the impression that she, too, had been fearful and tense, hungering for the sight of another human being.

"The coffee tastes good," I said.

"I am sorry there is no sugar."

"It's fine the way it is," I said.

It did taste good. Swallowing it, I could feel all the numbness from the cold ride ebbing away, along with the near panic that had gripped me. And after driving by myself in an abandoned world it was good to have someone to listen to.

"Perhaps you would like something to eat," the woman said. Without waiting for me to speak, she got up from the table, went over to the fireplace, and came back with a small casserole containing several pieces of baked chicken. "It is not as good as it should be," she said, placing the dish before me. "The chickens we have now are so thin you would laugh to see them."

I took a piece of chicken and began to eat it.

"This one, I am sure, is better off dead," the woman said, nodding at the dish and beginning to laugh. "I think it was living on air." She put her hands to her face. "You must pay no attention to me. I laugh because I need to

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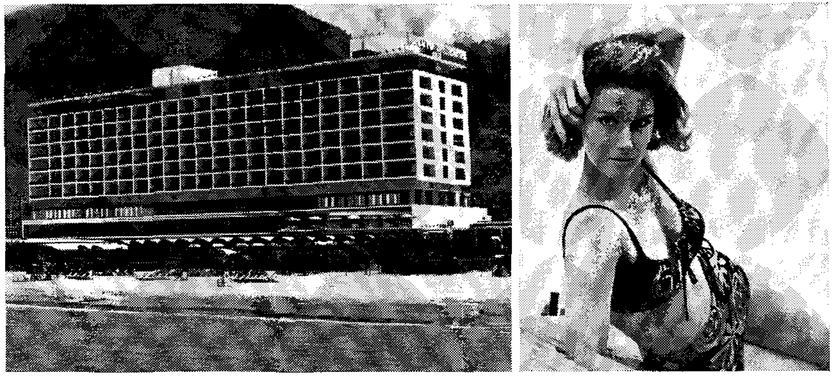

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laugh. It is not amusing. I will get you some bread."

Solemn-faced now, she got up again, and returned from the cupboard with half a loaf of dark bread and a plate. She cut a thick slice for me, then sat down and watched while I went on eating hungrily. The chicken was lean and tough, but it tasted better than any I had ever eaten.

"I am sorry I have no wine for you," the woman said, after taking a sip of coffee. "The Germans took what we had when they left."

"The chicken is very good," I said.

"Please, finish what is there," said the woman. "*Maman* and I do not eat much, and we never have guests." She paused, smiling. "You should have seen this house in the old days at Christmas. So much food, so many people—and so much work to do. But it was pleasant. Very pleasant."

We sat in silence for a while. Outside, across the river, the guns boomed again. They sounded loud and threatening in the stillness, and the woman's eyes widened as she listened. "The guns are closer, I think," she said, turning to me as though puzzled that this should be so.

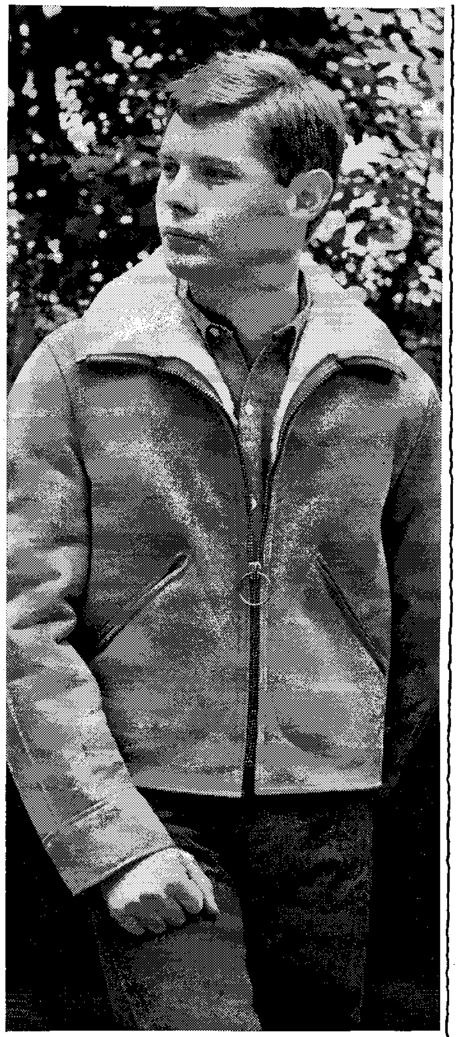
It was only then that I realized what I should have realized before—that she had assumed from my arrival that the Germans had already been pushed back, that I was but one of many American soldiers in the immediate vicinity. Should I tell her the truth? I wondered. Should I tell her that, so far as I knew, there were no American troops close by, that her own position might be extremely dangerous? Instead, I found myself saying casually, "Eighty-eight-millimetre guns. They're a long way off."

"That is good," the woman said, nodding in relief. "I am glad the Americans came before the Germans. To be uprooted once is enough."

As she finished speaking, there was a thin, small cry from the bedroom. "Excuse me," she said. "It is *Maman*." Getting up from the table, she hurried into the other room. I could hear her then, speaking softly and urgently in French, and the mother talking in a voice so faint it was barely audible.

Again the guns broke the stillness outside. The woman was right: they were getting closer—much closer—and the intervals between firing were shorter. I'd better tell her to clear out as soon as possible. I was thinking that I could even take her and her mother somewhere in the jeep with me, when the woman came back from the bedroom.

"*Maman* couldn't hear you," she



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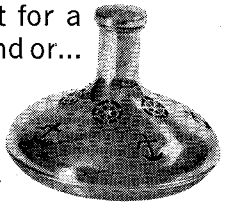

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said, smiling, "but she knew someone was here, all the same. At first, she thought the Germans had come back again. She was happy to know that you are American. Now she will go back to sleep."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Nearly ninety."

"Is she able to travel?"

"Travel!" The woman eyed me incredulously. "It is not possible! She is too sick, and each day she grows weaker. That is why I am glad the Germans will not be here. She would not be able to go through such a thing again. Why did you ask that?"

"I was only wondering," I said. "It isn't really important." There was no point now in suggesting that I take them with me when I left; under the circumstances, it was out of the question. All I could do now was try to make her feel secure in the face of what she would have to accept.

"You are the first American soldier I have seen," the woman said. "Are there others with you?"

I nodded, not wanting to tell an outright lie.

"And will they be coming this way?" she asked.

"By tonight, perhaps," I said. "By tomorrow at the latest." The dish in front of me was empty. "I should be going," I said. "We need maps, and I have to bring them back from Namur before dark." I got up from the table and walked to the door.

"Yes," she said. "It is pleasant to talk, but I must not keep you from your journey. It is not far now. Another hour and you will be there. It is a good road." She pulled the woollen shawl around her shoulders, then opened the door and stepped outside with me. "Maps are a strange thing to be looking for on Christmas Day," she said. "I hope you will find all you need at Namur."

She walked over to the jeep and watched as I climbed in behind the steering wheel. Then her face became more anxious than I had seen it before; she leaned toward me. "Please," she said. "You must not be afraid to tell me the truth. Do you think the Germans will—" She stopped, knowing it wasn't necessary to finish, and we both listened gravely to the sound of the guns coming from the other side of the river.

"Don't worry," I said briskly. "I don't think the Germans will be coming any closer. The best thing for you to do is to stay right where you are."

She stared at me intently, saying nothing; then her face lighted up with a glow of pleasure. "I was hoping you

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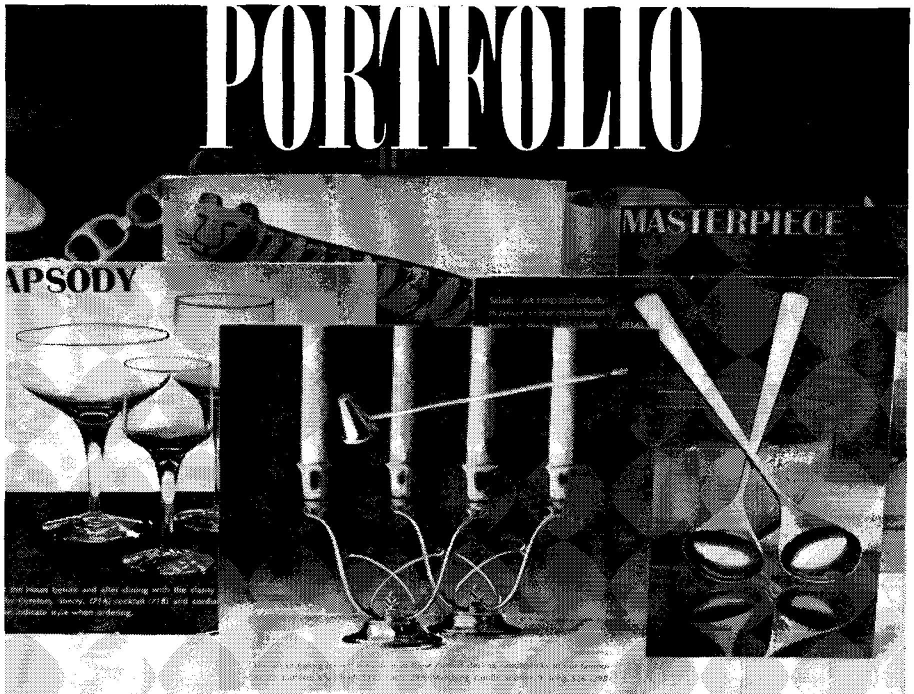

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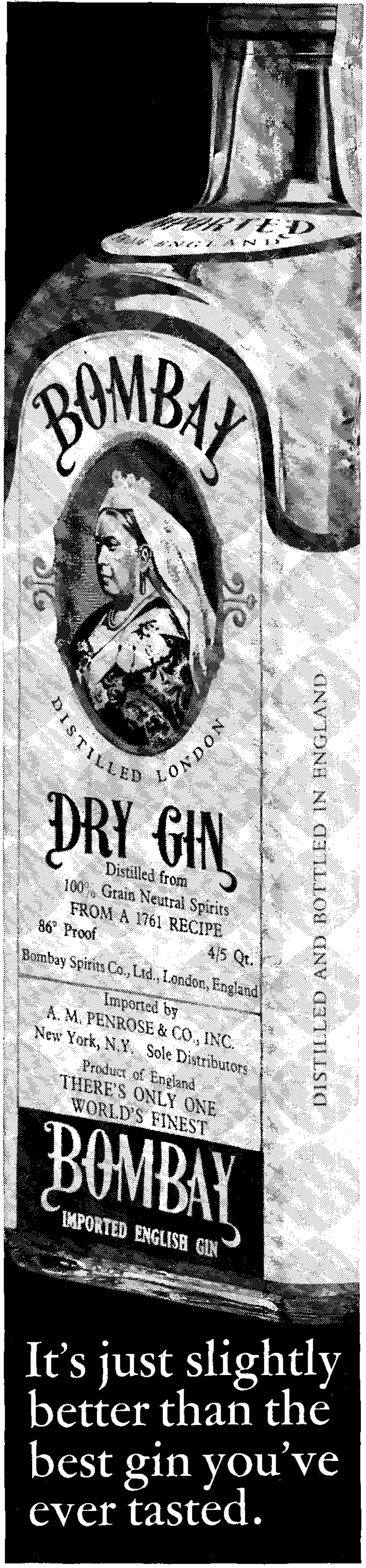
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would tell me that," she said. "We stay because we must, of course, but I know now that everything will go well."

Her voice was so full of conviction that any misgivings I had about leaving her were swept away, and what lay ahead on the road to Namur no longer seemed so frightening. I started up the jeep. "Thank you for the dinner," I shouted over the noise of the motor.

"It was nothing," the woman called back. "*Bonne chance.*"

I put the jeep in gear and drove out to the road. The woman waved, and I waved back; then she turned and walked toward the house. When I last saw her, she was standing in the doorway, gazing calmly down the road.

I WAS recalling that last glimpse of her when the house suddenly loomed up before me—the same plain, red brick building standing by itself in the middle of a field. The roof had been newly repaired, and there was a small orchard behind the house I didn't remember, but otherwise everything appeared to be exactly the same. And walking from the house toward the road was a woman—for a moment, I thought, the very same woman, until I realized that it couldn't possibly be, because the years would have changed her appearance.

Pulling the car to one side, I brought it to a stop and got out just as the woman reached the road. She was small and thin and erect, and had the same gray hair and faintly veined, white marble skin. I had no trouble talking with her—she spoke English with only a trace of an accent—and she kept nodding happily as I told her about my visit to the house during the war.

"You must be the daughter she mentioned," I said, after finishing my story. "For a minute I thought it was your mother."

"Yes, she told me about you. Each Christmas she would remember how it was that day during the war, with everybody gone and the German guns so close, and how she gave dinner to an American soldier who was lost." The woman paused. "Did you get the maps you wanted?"

"Yes, I got them."

"And you brought them back?"

"Yes."

"She wondered about it many times."

"And I wondered many times if she stayed here."

"Yes, she stayed—even after the death of *Grand'maman*, a few weeks after Christmas. She stayed until she

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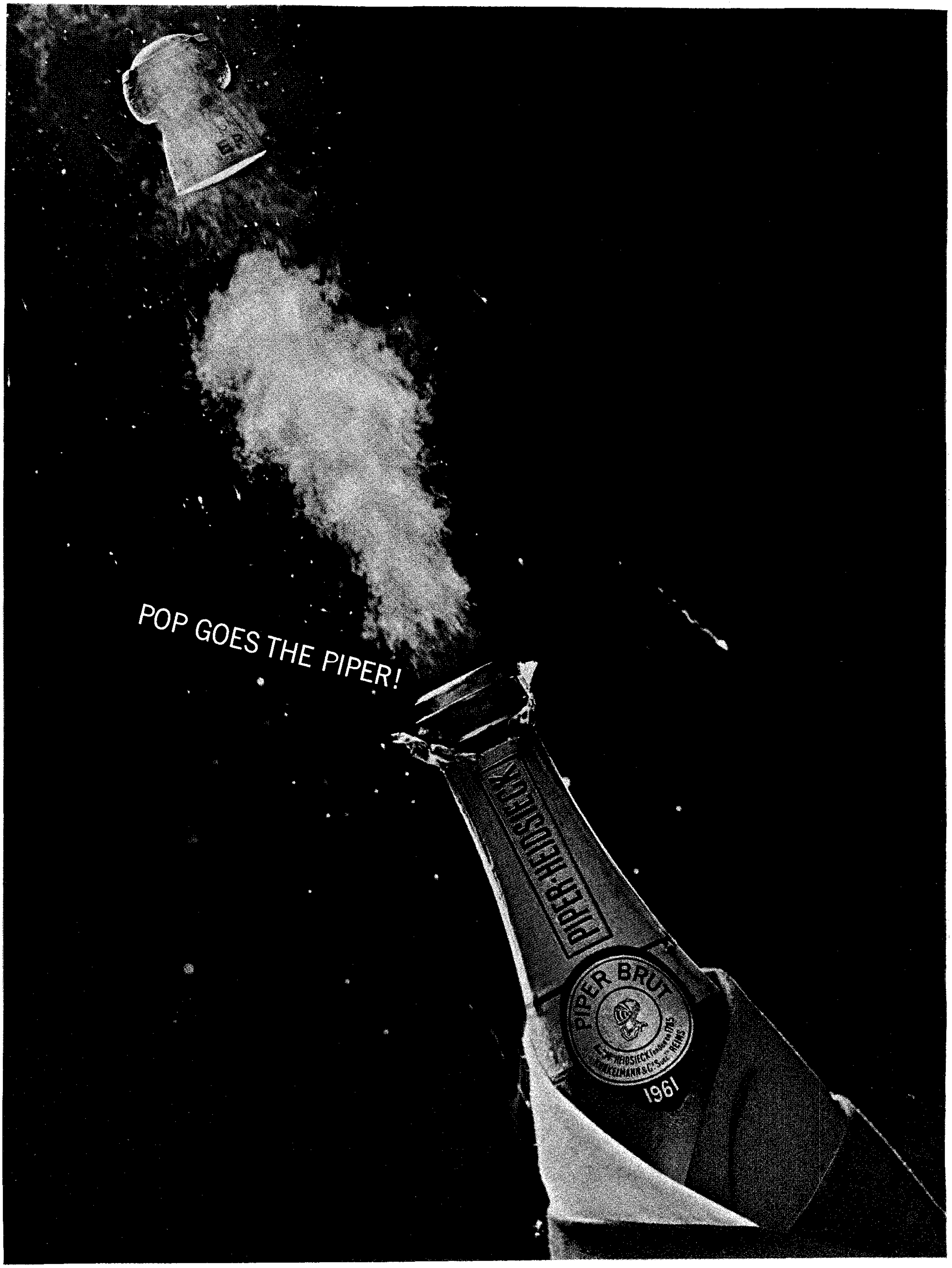

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died, two years ago. My husband and I live in the house now."

"I'm glad to hear that nothing happened to her because I told her to stay," I said. "I was never sure that what I did was right, but I thought it would help. I didn't want her to worry."

The daughter smiled and nodded. "Yes, she knew this. She told me that she pretended to believe what you said because she thought it would make it easier for you to go to Namur."

I recalled once more the calm expression on the woman's face as I drove off that Christmas Day. We had done no more than exchange assurances—assurances that had no substance. Was that what I had come back to find out after all these years?

"Well, anyway," I said, "it turned out all right, in the end. The Germans didn't come."

"Yes, yes. That is true. And you got your maps." The daughter regarded me pensively for a moment, then gave a polite shrug and laughed. "Yes," she said firmly. "In the end, what both of you did was right."

—FREDERICK L. KEEFE

•

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Beseech the great horned toad
To turn that jewelled head;
If beckonings won't prevail
Or voices from the dead,
Try memory's seditious brew
And turn he may to answer you.

Honey-gold the Great Bear's eye,
The spiral of the tripod's smoke,
Turn he must to answer you,
In time's true-false silences,
All that wishing may evoke
Under a catafalque of stars:
Hushed the marbles, choked the vase.

Once the python always spoke,
Now he lacks interpreters,
Withers in his laurelled fires
All the bitter rock inters,
All the bitter grave inspires;
Still within those jewelled eyes
Tells you only what you know,
Know, but dare not realize.

—LAWRENCE DURRELL

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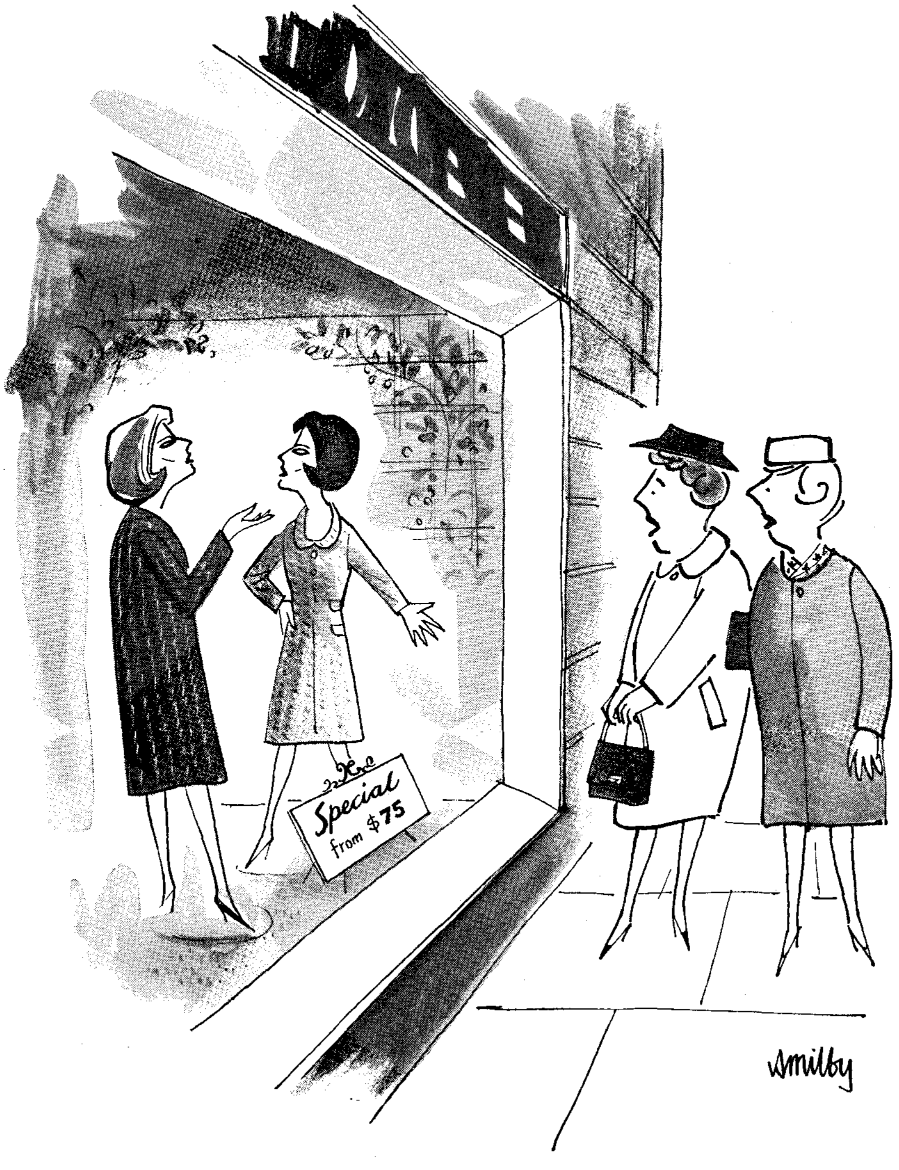
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

MY own experience with fauna has been loving—a pet baby black bear I found wandering in the Maine woods back when I was just learning to read and write. Someone, I suppose, had shot its mother, and I know that when I brought it home my mother was ready to shoot *me.* Well, bears, I also suppose, can be dangerous, and I am told that the Somali leopard is dangerous as well—to the natives of his part of Africa. That is, if the safari hunters, who are simply looking for trophies, and the natives, who are, secondarily, looking for a living (one good leopard skin can, in the market, maintain a family for a year), have left anything of him alive. For the Somali leopard appears to be on his way to extinction, and it may be that the dazzler of a coat that Ben Kahn made for Jacqueline Kennedy will be the brilliant last of its kind. Mr. K. deposes that it would take three or four years to assemble a set of skins that could barely approximate hers. For my part, if I could have my druthers, I'druther have jaguar (the best has a tawny ground, while the best Somali is nearly white) with big black splotches on it. Esther Dorothy does a band-collared thing of beauty with it, the skins wide and worked diagonally. It really—and in every way—swings. Revillon (it's now domiciled at Saks Fifth Avenue) treats jaguar with a square of black buttons high on the chest of a coat that owns a turnover collar and is piped in black leather. But if anyone wishes furs spotted as Nature never did them, there is Bergdorf Goodman, where Emeric Partos is up to pranks that are unusual even for him. The biggest of these tricks is insets, an inch and a half across, of one fur in a contrasting other fur—tourmaline making blobs on ranch mink, or vice versa, or whatever. Manic, likewise, is the stunt of appliquéd zebra stripes of white India lamb on the black broadtail of a slim dress with wide, short shoulder straps. (The custom furriers are earning their keep this season.) Over it goes a bulky coat of white fox, huddled in front and shorter there than it is in back. To achieve a silhouette that means a lot to him, Partos postulates a very skinny dress, often of a smooth, lightweight fur, like kid, and stencilled with the patterns of wild-animal furs—a dress that looks even slimmer because of the vast, enveloping coat over it. (Some versions of the dress weigh but fifteen to eighteen ounces.) I especially admired a huddly coat of horizontally manipulated Russian lynx bellies, this to be worn with a long overblouse and a skirt that are both of kid with ocelot stencilling. Partos indulges in other fancies, such as (and this is in the surprise-surprise category) combining civet cat and white mink for a coat. The mink makes the pointed collar and a buttoned band down the front. Or else the same coat in beige river otter, now with the band of beige leather, which also does the piping. This one is on the conservative side. Among the rest of the Partos prizes is a dance-length coat of white Russian ermine; six iridescent pearl buttons troop in double-breasted formation down the prow, the last two of them just above the knees. Prize 2 is a costume that can be worn back-to-front—Russian ermine or black Russian broadtail, with a turtle collar that becomes cowl when it is buttoned in back. No. 3, for evening, begins with an enormous shawl of black mink lined by puckered black wool with Lurex interwoven here and there, and edged by black mink tails; no one has dared do this since Queen Victoria. The dress beneath is of the wool, and it has wide, short shoulder straps. Dear me, we now come to sable that Mr. P. likes to call *canary*—not really yellow, but much lighter and younger than the traditional hue. It can be a short-sleeved coat all by itself, or it can be worn as the



"I can't afford 'up to,' let alone 'from.'"

Mr. Cooper is shown gloating over
two perfectly mated midnight blue star sapphires.
They must never be separated.

The exotic F. J. Cooper twin star sapphires – appearing below actual size for your approval – are as near to being identical as nature chose to make them.

They are a rare find indeed.

To have them lead separate lives, says Douglas Cooper, would be unthinkable. He has, therefore, devised several interesting ideas to avoid such a tragedy.

Interesting idea #1: Grandparents with two grandchildren could give one to each. If there are three grandchildren, leaving the summer place to the third might possibly soothe any hurt feelings. (If there are more than three grandchildren, you're on your own.)

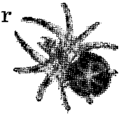
Interesting idea #2: The gems might be fashioned into a magnificent pair of earrings. The lady would then be devastating no matter which way she turned.

Interesting idea #3: A man's ring and a lady's ring could be designed. The ultimate gesture as far as his-and-hers gifts are concerned, we think.

Other suggestions are certainly welcome. The pair, twenty thousand dollars.

The little spider down below is making his second appearance with us by popular demand. His debut, to put it mildly, was an utter triumph. Spider's body is a black star sapphire. As a brooch in 14 karat gold with a spiral back, $18. As a tie tac, $18.

P.S. Spider is shown actual size. He is guaranteed not to bite. (Mail address: 1406 Chestnut Street. Please add 5 per cent for delivery in Pennsylvania.



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lining of a poplin raincoat, and there is a flaring panel front and back. All this is but a tiny portion of the Partos collection.

AT Ben Kahn's there are truly beautiful sports dresses, one of them in natural calf, which is silvery taupe; its neck is deep and oblong, and this décolletage tapers a bit toward the bottom. A turtleneck dickey of Creole mink fills in the oblong, and there are four buttons down the front. More calf, now cognac, does a three-quarter-length coat with a yoke under the arms; the buttons down *this* front, four of them, are bone, and the pocket flaps at the sides do not cover pockets, for the pockets are in the side seams, since we mustn't be hippy, must we? Swakara, the sculptured, rippling Southwest African lamb that was so prevalent in my dispatch of last week, turns—in the hands of Kahn—into a really Mondrian brand of coat (one sleeve black and one sleeve white, and a black oblong over one shoulder and another down low on the opposite side). It is this sort of thing that makes me wish that Yves St. Laurent, who started the whole deal, had never been born. Except that I will admit that this particular coat is kind of what I may have to call cute. Swakara in its natural brown manages a wonderful double-breasted coat, with flap pockets starting at the hipline on both sides and slanting down, plus a panel going outward in the back of the skirt. For more informal, even supermarket moods is ranch mink in a sausage coat, with a turnover collar and jet buttons (in front, naturally) that are just off center. The A. & P. will also adore you in a walking coat of Empress chinchilla (charcoal to milky white) with fat lapels, the skins vertical through the body and horizontal on the sleeves. Six buttons on this one, double-breasted and placed very low. For grandeur, note the Kahn combination of Russian broadtail and Russian ermine—a slender coat of broadtail with ermine inserts within the inverted pleats that appear well down on the skirt. The effect is curious and Oriental. Russian broadtail all by itself makes a perfectly straight coat with a square of buttons far south and a wide V neckline surrounded by revers. These furs meet again in a costume that is formal in length—a round-necked cardigan of Russian ermine with ten little rhinestone buttons below the collarless neck, and a long skirt of Russian broadtail. Three little jewelled buttons ascend each sleeve of the cardigan. Creole mink turns into a sort of poncho—two wide oblong panels hanging, one in front and one in

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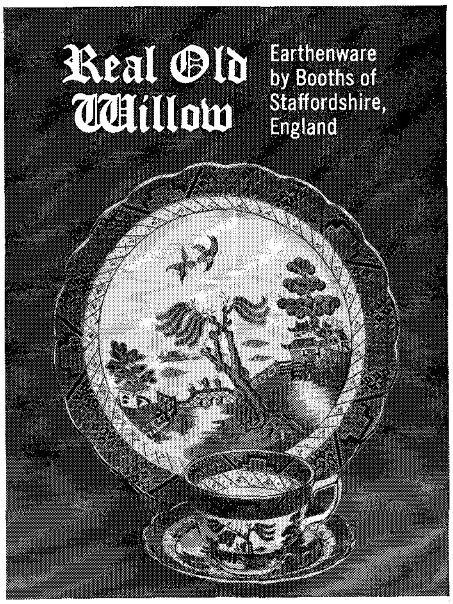

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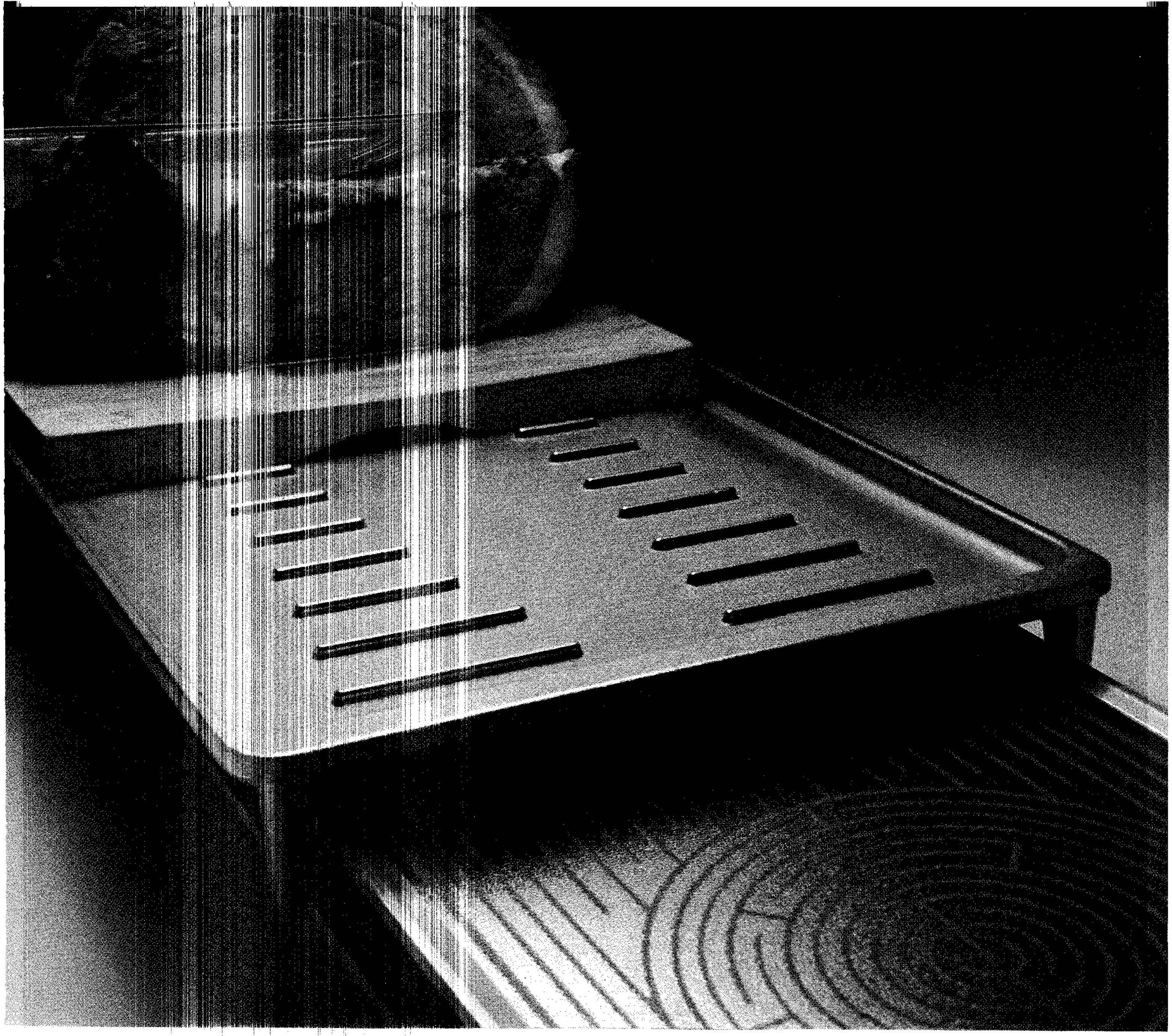

This new carving board will keep meat hot before you slice it, as you slice it, after you slice it, so you can come back for seconds that taste like firsts.

The best carving board in the world—up to now—has had a fatal flaw to it. It allowed the meat to cool off.

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Now, who's for seconds on the *hot* roast beef?

The Salton Hotray 'Hot-Slice' Carving Board is $9.95. It fits Hotray Models H-110,120,125. Hotray electric food warmers from $5.95 to $59.50. For catalogue & Gourmet recipe booklet write Salton, Inc., 513B E. 72 St., N.Y. 21.

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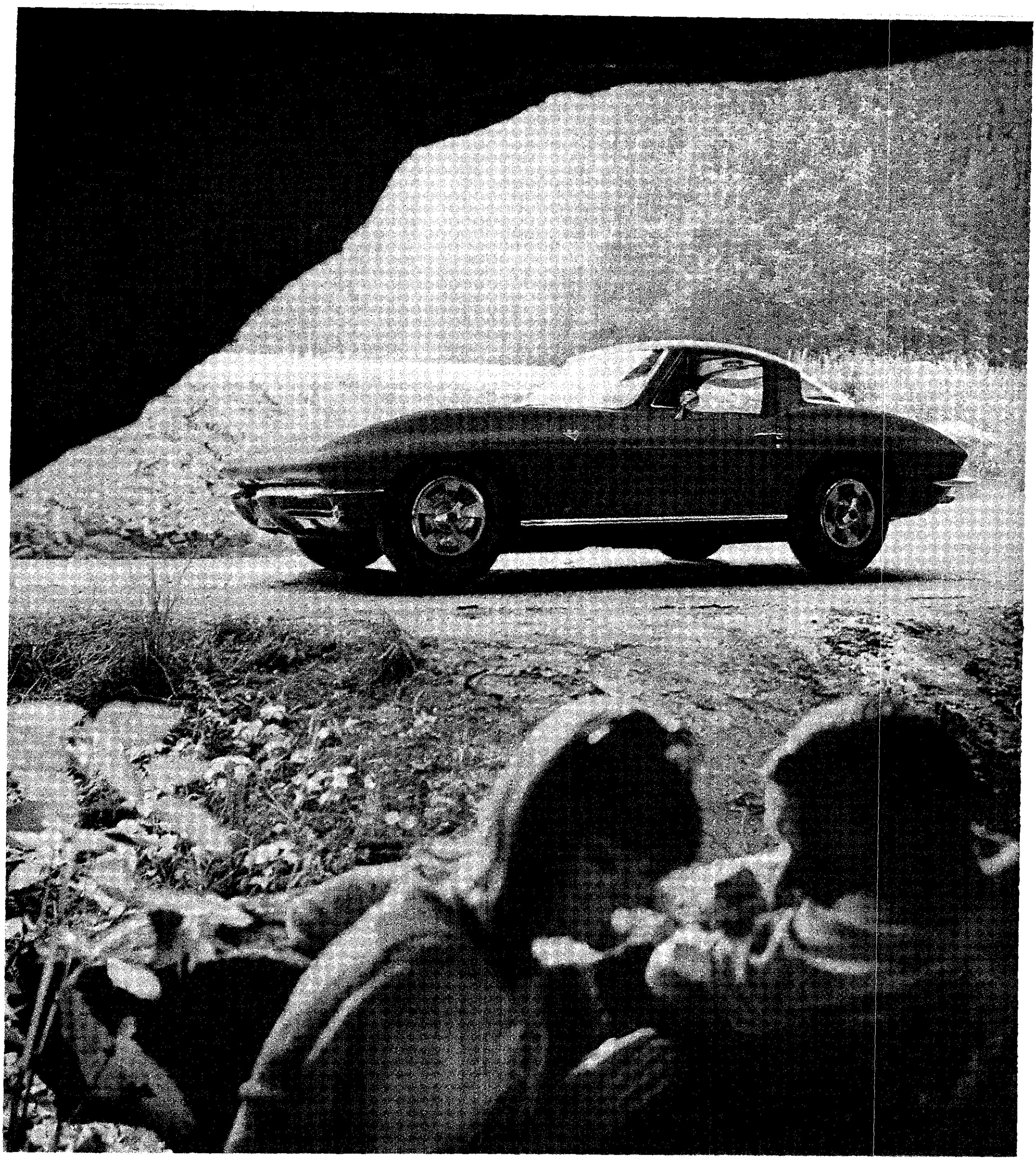

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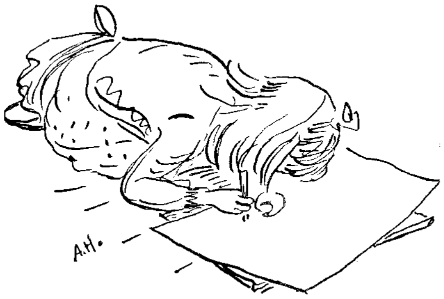
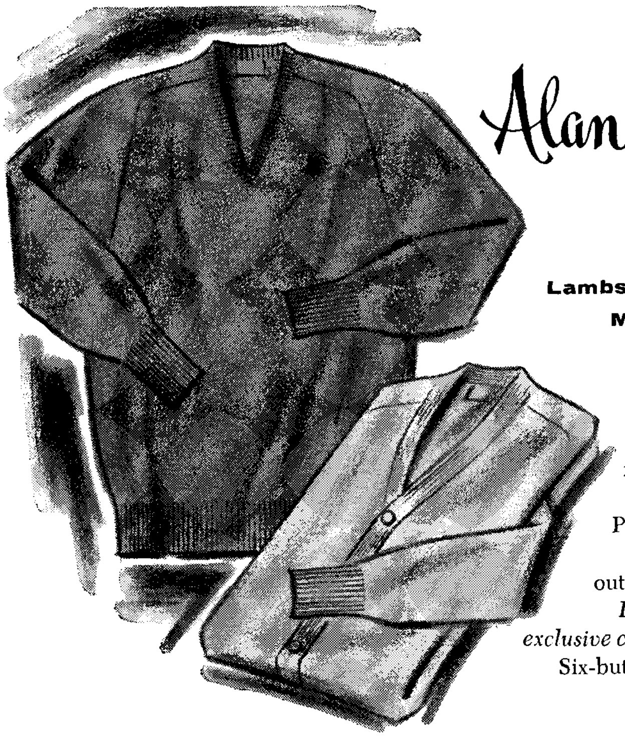
'66 CORVETTE BY CHEVROLET

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

back—with a thong belt. Through necromancy, the thing can be taken apart and put together again as an enormous stole; I don't understand how, because I never took Manual Training. (Come to think of it, it's the only stole I have seen in my tour of duty among the custom furs this fall. Stoles have finally reached the dowager stage, I guess.) As for formal evening coats, Kahn has every kind. I expect of him such devices as the sable job whose bottom four skins zip off when you need a day-length travelling coat, but I didn't expect such monkeyshines as a coat of (to be sure) monkey worked upside down to make it feathery; it simply *drips*. The neck is round and plain; a Puritan collar of ermine may be added, but I think that would spoil everything.

BEFORE I finish with monkey, I am in Esther Dorothy's emporium, where the customers, I am informed, want whole suits of furs. Very well, they may have them all of monkey, the jacket waist length, with the fur dribbling over the backs of the hands and the skirt extremely straight. In a less whoop-de-doo vein are the suits of cheetah, the jackets waist length and collarless, with French cuffs, and rather bellhop, three-button style, and the skirts gored in a sort of A-line, which doesn't belong with any bellhop *I* know of. And there are suits of American broadtail, the skirts unusually flat in back but with inverted pleats at each side in front to accomplish that practically universal A-line. I saw these in black, with double-breasted jackets that have buttons and bindings of black satin, or with tunics that are longer and have four satin frogs down the front. This is by no means the extent of the inventive performances in the Dorothy salon. Example: A coat of black Alaska seal with narrow bands of black satin, six inches apart, around it—a good sixteen years away from the dowager classification. Example: A coat of black seal with a coil, of ranch mink and seal interwoven like a very large telephone extension cord, down the front closing and around the collar. Diagonal lines are always a Dorothy standard, and





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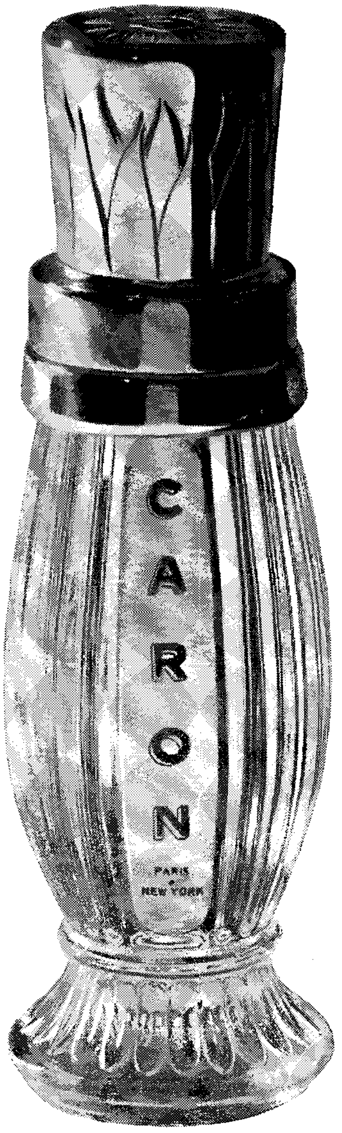

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they are spectacular when they happen on a reversible dolman cape of black Russian broadtail and pink mink—that is, Dorothy says it's pink, but I find only the faintest roseate tinge. Diagonal is the treatment, too, of a coat of India broadtail that is dyed this or that hue, such as brilliant yellow or a new blueberry blue. It is deeply slit up the sides, with real buttons and buttonholes down to the waist and phony ones below ("Who wants to bother with buttons all the way down?" Dorothy would like to know). With this goes a matching three-button vestee that shoots out in sharp Vs onto the shoulders. The Dorothy capes are splendid, especially to throw over the suits of those who travel. One of brown mink, mainly in horizontal stripes, wears a high portrait collar in back—a touch she loves. A wide band of mink descends the front and then curves outward, three skins deep, at the knees. Another cape, of black seal and somewhat below suit length, is topped by a sable collar to the rear that is backed with seal. It, too, is a swinger, and the swinginess is emphasized by the braid cord seven inches above the hem.

A WEEK ago, I was pointing out that contrasting furs now have a wayward impulse to appear at hems, wrists, and such, but it has taken Revillon (at Saks Fifth Avenue, as I was saying) to dream up the idea of contrasting sleeves. Let me cite the decisively rounded sleeves of ranch mink on a double-breasted coat of matara seal. Revillon is pretty good at seal in general, in fact. To diagram this, I will further cite Alaska seal that has been dyed black. Seal was once sedate, but it is not when it becomes a full-length coat piped everywhere (even on the wide sash) with white leather not quite an inch broad. Younger than springtime, this. And I will cite a coat of black seal with fine black silk fringe instead of the universal piping. The dolman sleeves and the casually looped-over sash make this one almost as youthful. Some of the black-and-white minglings are more majestic, even though they are slender indeed, as in the straight coat of black mink with a V décolletage of white mink and a band of the same mink, strewn with black buttons, going down in front to the hem. A ranch mink has the skins arranged vertically, with the hair standing on end; what appear to be pocket flaps down on the sides are really the beginnings of a back belt. For sports, Revillon chooses smooth, even slippery furs. Witness the use of brown

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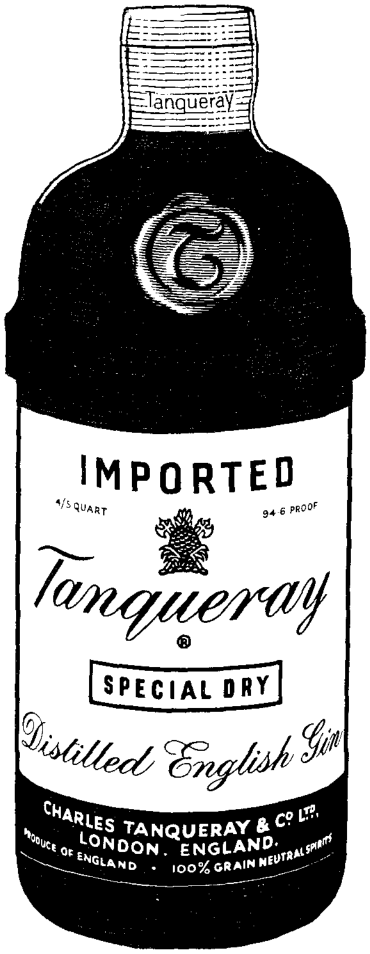
Lakoda, a very shiny sheared seal, for a trouser suit whose jacket has sleeves and a collar of definitely contrasting brown opossum. (We won't mention, though, the trouser suit with a hip-length chinchilla jacket and chinchilla boots, will we?) River otter (mine sheds water) in pale beige is cut into a coat with high lapels and eight twisty double-breasted buttons, to say nothing of a broad-panelled back. As for downright formality, Revillon does a short coat dress of white India broadtail that is perfectly lithe and simple except for the great boa of white coq feathers around the neck. A coat that is entirely of vertical oblongs of chinchilla shading from charcoal to white has wide, rounded lapels and big sleeves that are gathered into broad band cuffs. For any time of day there is white mink, for a coat on which the skins are vertical but with sleeves on which they are horizontal. This is nipped in by a sash of white suède. Revillon, always acclaimed for its handiwork with that beautiful vermin, ermine, can still be acclaimed—this year's favorite coat in the genre falls straight below a little rolled band collar, and there is shirring under the back yoke.

THE customers of Alfred Rainer do not make Grand Entrances, so there is nothing here that is startling, unless good manners in fur are now a rarity. Rather, there are many fur jackets for women who do their travelling in tailored suits of hip length or a bit more. And, as elsewhere, fur edging appears on the coats. One of dark-brown matara seal with more than a hint of princesse in the cut gets a two-inch band of ranch mink around the neck, down the sides, and along the slightly circular hem; on one of black Russian broadtail, black mink is the substance of the four-inch hem and the ascot. Oh, there is one Grand Entrance trick, but a quiet one—a reversible raincoat of ranch mink on one façade and brown mohair on the other. When the mink is outside, the mohair makes a turnover collar as well as a wide band down the front; when it rains, all you see is mohair with five trim link buttons up front. There's an evening raincoat, too (for when the doorman's umbrella blows inside out, I suppose), of black ciré matelassé (quilted inside for warmth) with white mink trimming the revers and accomplishing the facing of the front closing. Rainer is a specialist at designing for small women. (The more successful a man, the more petite he wants his wife to be, I have been informed by someone who knows the



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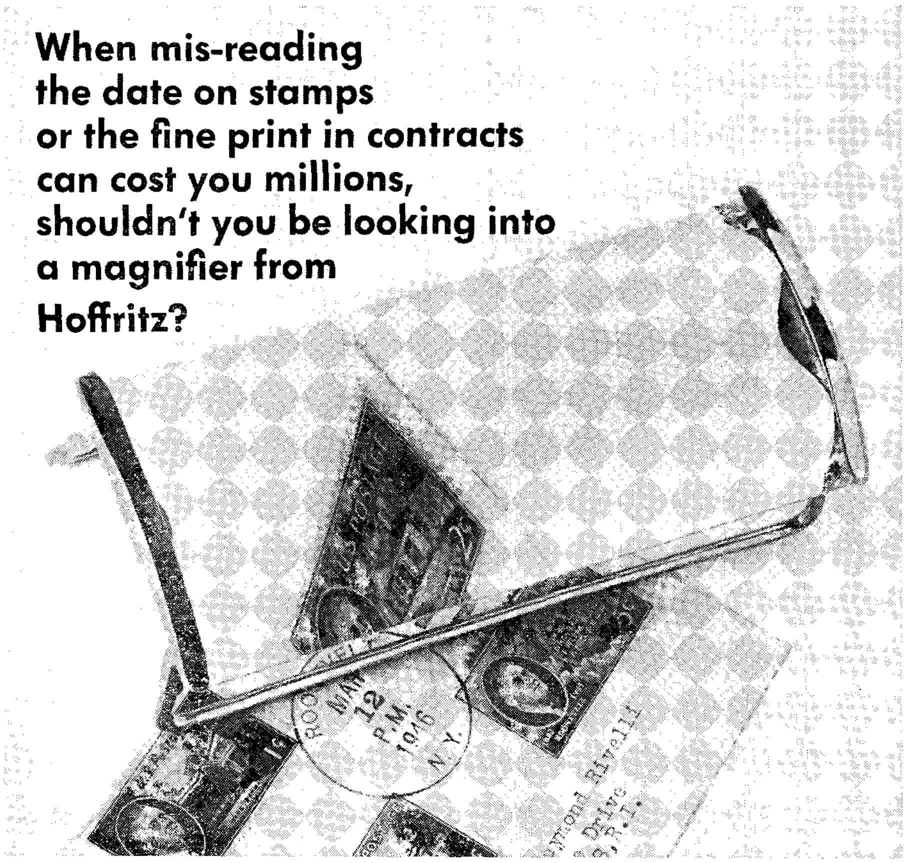

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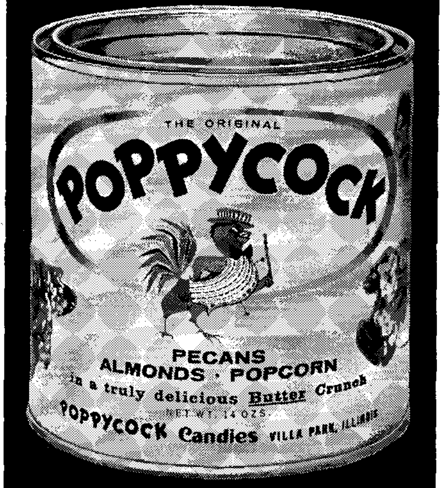
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It started out to be caramel corn with a few nuts in it—to sell for about eighty-seven cents a can. But something happened in the kitchen. We suspect that Mae, the cook, fell in love with the dairy man, because accidentally one day she slipped an extra couple of crocks of butter into the caramelizing pot. The popcorn just couldn't absorb it all. So to cover up her mistake, she shoveled in scoopful after scoopful of whole pecans and almonds. "Heavenly day, Mae" we said, "we can't afford to sell this gorgeous stuff for eighty-seven cents a can." She said "Oh Poppycock! Charge $2.00." And that's how our product came by its name, its price, and its delicious distinction. Poppycock is sold mostly in the fancier food and department stores.

world better than I do.) So, we have a delightful little mink with a high, crossed shawl collar and tiny leather buttons, five to a side, as fastenings. Calm grandeur is produced by pearl mink, the skins worked up and down, that goes all the way to the floor and is closed at one side by buttons in pale gold.

THE Christian Dior furs are down at 345 Seventh Avenue, at 30th Street (hmm), but just the same they are custom, often under the supervision of Murray Mayer, who used to head up the fur salon of Hattie Carnegie. Short evening jackets are in favor here, particularly the one that is called The Frog, which comes in every shade of mink and has a wide, rolled collar that stands well away from the neck. Four frogs handle the side closing. Quite diminutive is a bolero of white Jasmine mink that stops right under the bust. Its sleeves end at that level, too. This likewise is equipped with a rolled standaway collar, and two rhinestone buttons show up below. That pink mink (still not more than a maiden's blush to me, though) is in this establishment, and treated mighty casually, in trenchcoat style, with rounded revers above and bulging pockets below amidships at the sides. The skins are vertical on this one, and on a formal-length coat of white Jasmine mink with a cape collar that curves down to the waist in back. Empress chinchilla is treated with the respect that is its due (at least, that's what chinchilla thinks, though I seldom like it, myself). It is cut to cup under the buttocks, but it can be floor length, if you like. I much prefer a coat dress of black Russian broadtail, of wide skins horizontally worked, with a small bolster collar, plus a six-inch flounce at the bottom.

My eyes still clear, if mildly dazed by all the de-luxury I've seen, I can hardly wait for Indian summer to get lost so that real fur weather can come to town. —LOIS LONG

•

"Some people are deceived into thinking that the world is being swept by faith in God, but it is simply not true and daily newspaper headlines bear out the godlessness of our people," Dr. Graham said.

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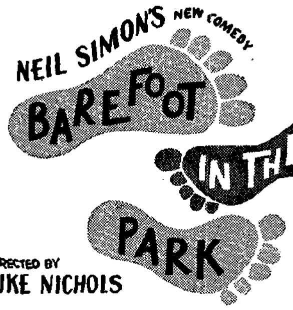

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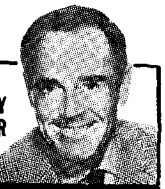

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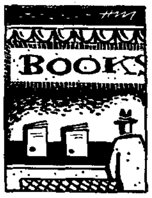
BOOKS

The Discovery of History



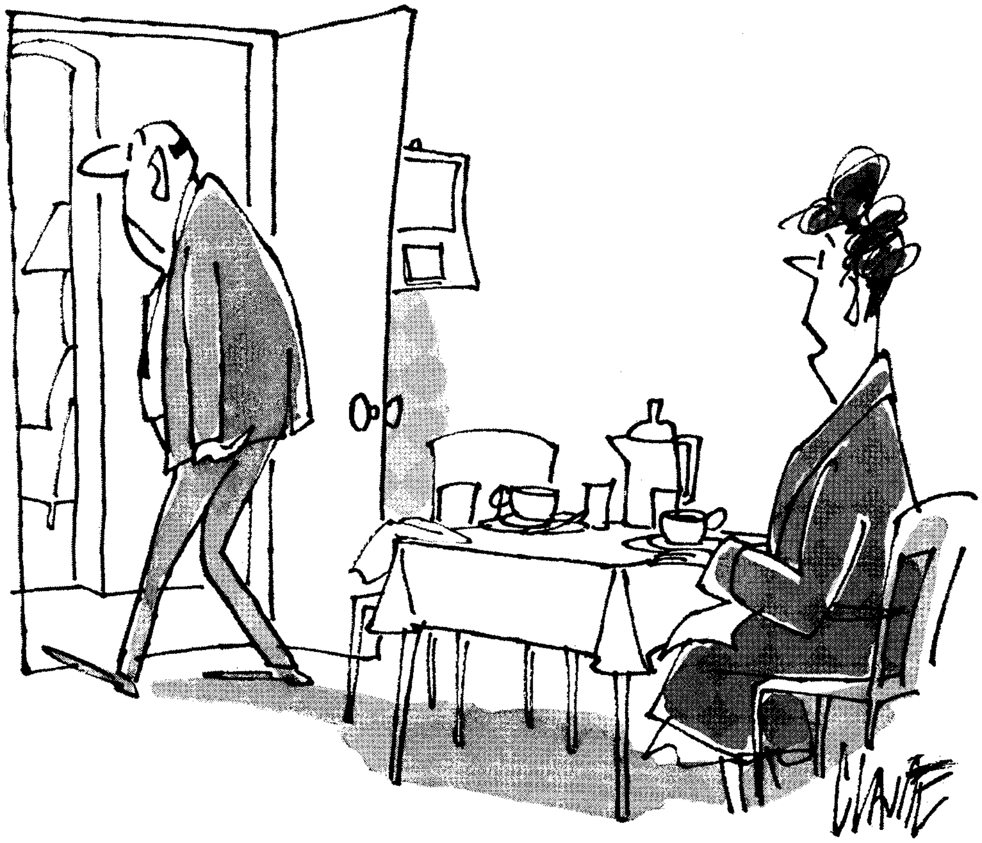
A WONDERFUL story that involves the late Morris Cohen, who taught philosophy and philosophy of science at City College, illustrates the elusive, almost absurd quality many of the most profound philosophical questions seem to have. During one of his lectures a student raised his hand and asked, rather belligerently, "Professor Cohen, how do I know that I exist?" Cohen replied, "And who is asking?" In "The Discovery of Time," an absorbing study (Harper & Row) of the history and philosophy of science, the British historian of science Stephen Toulmin and his wife, June Goodfield, consider a philosophical question that at first sight seems equally absurd: How can we be sure that the world has had a history? And what elements of our present experience impel us to conclude that certain phenomena reflect events from the distant past? And how did the human race come to discover its place in time?

The Toulmins underline the logical issue involved:

> Let us merely suppose (to borrow an argument from Bertrand Russell) that the whole universe was created five minutes before the present moment, with all the things it contains—our memories included—in their present places and conditions; then every belief about past events remoter than five minutes would be mistaken. If our present evidence is taken in isolation, this may in fact be the case. Our beliefs about Queen Victoria, Julius Caesar, Neanderthal Man, and the Ice Ages may be deeply rooted but, compared with our beliefs about present and immediate events, their basis in experience is slender and indirect. Stated in this form, the moral of Russell's skeptical argument may appear somewhat trite; yet his point is surely made. Our knowledge of happenings in the distant past, especially from prehistoric times, is certainly *inferential.* We were not there ourselves, nor do we have the testimony of eyewitnesses. Our beliefs come to us, rather, as the conclusions of reasoned arguments—chains of inference linking data in the present back to the epochs and events in question.

Once one begins to think about it, one realizes that the simplest of such inferences, inferences that we take almost for granted, are reflections of scientific and philosophical points of view that have been acquired over centuries. The very nature of historical discovery changes with the development of science. An obvious example is the use of the lifetimes of radioactive isotopes to date ancient objects—a process inconceivable until these isotopes were analyzed, rather recently, by physicists and chemists. An even more striking example is astronomy, which became a historical science the instant it was realized that it takes a small but nevertheless non-zero amount of time for light to travel between even the closest two points. Thus the observation of distant astronomical objects is in a sense the observation of events in the remote past. These are examples of how scientific discovery can enlarge historical awareness. The best way to untangle the ideas that have gone into the making of historical deduction is to trace the steps that led to their eventual acceptance as common belief. This is what the Toulmins attempt to do. They restrict themselves to the consideration of Western civilization, and it would be fascinating to have a companion book about the development of the Oriental sense of time and history, which was certainly completely different, since Oriental science developed in such a different way. The Toulmins deal with the major steps that led to Darwinian evolution (biological history), the study of the earth for clues to the past (geological history), and the development of cosmology (astronomical history). "The Discovery of Time" is not a large book—some three hundred pages—and specialists in various fields will no doubt disagree about the selection and interpretation of the material in it. But it is in my opinion a brilliant conception, remarkably well realized in view of the massive amount of material in the many fields it deals with.

The Toulmins begin their study with the Greeks and certain pre-Greeks. In reading early Greek science, one is at once taken by the modernity of the questions raised and by the fantastic naïveté, in so many instances, of the answers. The Greeks believed that the complexity of the observable universe could be explained if one assumed that there existed a substratum of physical phenomena, not directly observable, which obeyed simple laws and from which the behavior of the observed phenomena could be deduced. This is the fundamental idea of the Greek atomistic philosophy attributed to Democritus. Everything is made up



"Oh, Fred! It's Sunday,
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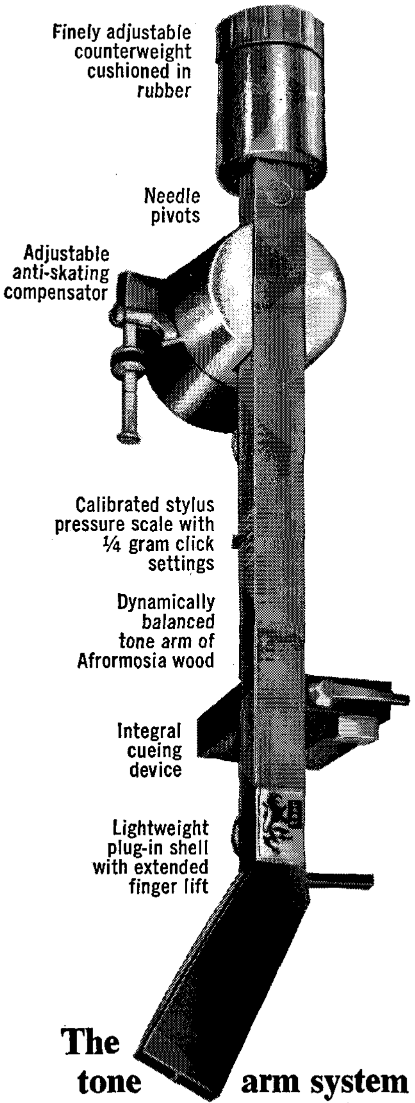
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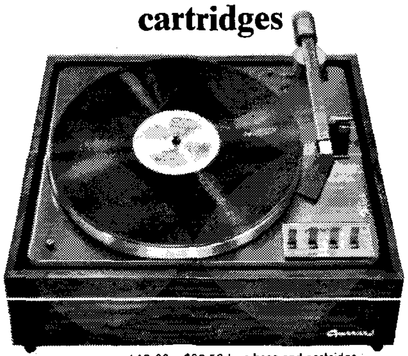

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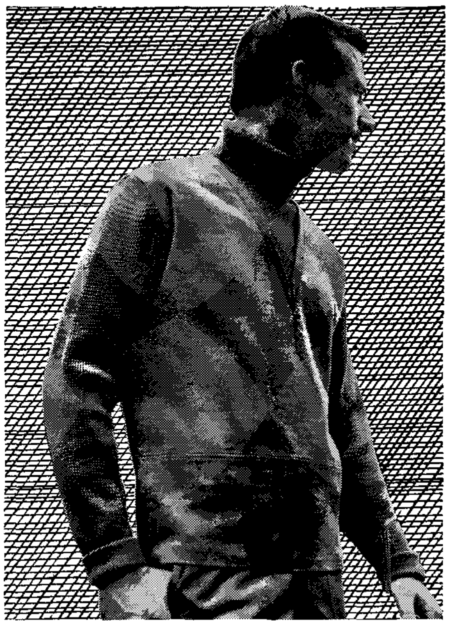
out of basic, indivisible units—atoms—which obey simple laws. But the atoms of Democritus, which were presumed to have specific shapes (bitter substances were, for example, supposedly composed of jagged atoms) and other tangible properties, have nothing in common with the atoms of modern physics, which cannot be properly described at all in nontechnical language. (They have no shape in the conventional sense and, unlike the Greek ones, *are* divisible.) Yet the underlying philosophical motivation of his atomic theory and our own is the same. The Greeks felt that the living beings and creatures they observed must have had a historical origin. But their notion of what it was seems completely naïve. Anaximander, who lived in Miletos in the sixth century B.C., believed that life originated in the water. (Miletos was on the Ionian coast, and its life was dominated by the sea.) This is a not unreasonable notion, and, in fact, modern biologists hold a similar one. But here is what he wrote about it:

> The first animals were generated in the moisture, and were enclosed within spiny barks. As they grew older, they migrated onto the drier land; and, once their bark was split and shed, they survived for a short time in the new mode of existence. Man to begin with was generated from living things of another kind, since, whereas others can quickly hunt for their own food, men alone require prolonged nursing. If he had been like that in the beginning he would never have survived. . . . Thus men were formed within these [fishlike] creatures and remained within them like embryos until they had reached maturity. Then at last the creatures burst open, and out of them came men and women who were already able to fend for themselves.

In Anaximander and the later Greek writers on evolution one detects a keen awareness of what needed to be explained, and often—as in Aristotle—a marvellous precision of observation of biological phenomena. What is missing is any detailed account of the mechanism that, step by step, brought about *the evolution of a species.* The Toulmins point out that the Greeks were surrounded by many of the phenomena that we now realize are hints about the way in which the evolutionary process unfolds. But in the absence of a detailed conceptual scheme, a fossil embedded in a rock can easily be interpreted as something from the recent past instead of as a clue to the state of the world eons earlier.

The Old Testament attempts to provide an evolutionary timetable, and the mechanism of it is an omnipotent God, who has created the world in six days.



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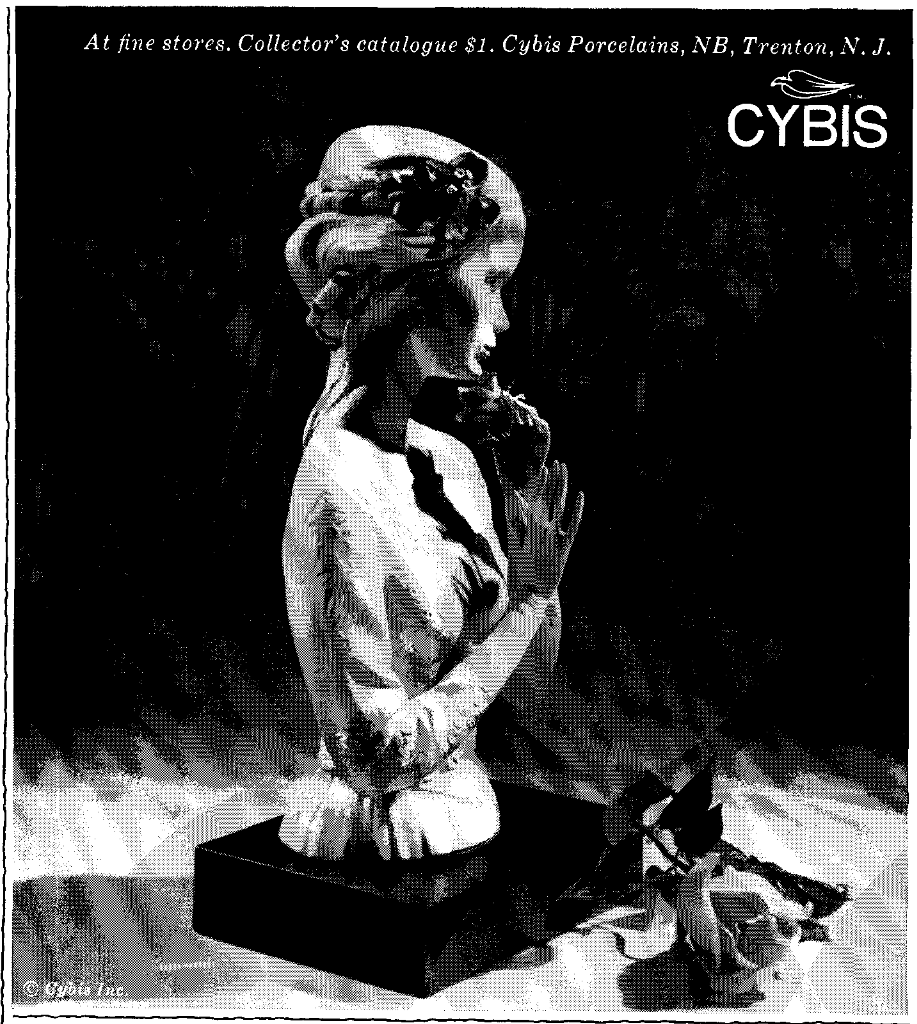
Even the most devout readers of the Bible are now in the main willing to agree that this timetable is allegorical. Indeed, by the time Christ was born, students of the Biblical version of the Creation were already emphasizing its allegorical character. The Toulmins quote the writings of Philo, an Alexandrian Jew born about 20 B.C., who made an extremely subtle investigation of the Biblical allegory:

> "And on the sixth day God finished his work which he had made." It would be a mark of great naïvety to think that the World was created either in six days, or indeed in Time at all; for Time is nothing but the sequence of days and nights, and these things are necessarily connected with the motion of the Sun above and below the Earth. But the Sun is part of the heavens, so that Time must be recognized as something posterior to the World. So it would be correct to say not that the World was created in Time, but that Time owed its existence to the World. For it is the motion of the heavens that determines the nature of Time.

As Christianity spread, the allegory came to be interpreted in terms that were more and more precise, and the Bible was scrutinized for specific indications of the timetable of Creation. The Toulmins trace the origins of the notion, almost universally accepted in Europe well into the seventeenth century, that the Creation took place in 4000 B.C. (4004 B.C., according to Archbishop Ussher). In the fourth century A.D., Eusebius made a count of the number of generations from Adam to the Flood and from the Flood to Abraham, and his figures sum up to, respectively, 1656 years and 292 years. A verse from the Psalms—"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday"—was interpreted to mean that the "six days of Creation" implied that the life span of the world was six thousand years. Luther, who fixed the date of Creation at 4000 B.C., declared that the moral state of the world had decayed to such an extent that it would not survive even to the year 2000. It was commonly accepted, in the seventeenth century, that the end of the world was in sight. In about 1630, Sir Thomas Browne wrote, "The World grows near its End. . . . The last and general fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty," and then, "In seventy or eighty years a man may have a deep Gust of the World . . . a curt Epitome of the whole course thereof."

In the seventeenth century, the age of Newton, many of the ideas of modern science were given their present form. Newton represents the split be-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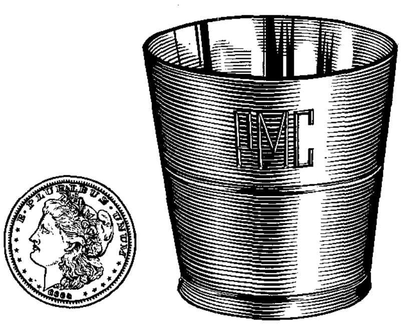
tween the scientific and religious points of view that the literal interpretation of the Bible inevitably led to. While he was publicly carrying out his investigations in physics, he was secretly working on alchemy and Biblical chronology. In fact, the Toulmins point out, he attempted, since he believed that the earth had once been molten, to estimate how long it would take a ball of molten iron the size of the earth to cool, and concluded that fifty thousand years would be required to cool it to the temperature of the earth, but he decided that he could not accept this figure because it contradicted the Scriptural timetable. Descartes had already devised an explanation of how the planets could have originated without Divine implementation; he suggested that the earth might have originally been a small star that cooled and drifted into an orbit around the sun. He never made completely unambiguous what his attitude toward his speculations was, probably because he feared censure, but he certainly encouraged the idea that a more precise account of the evolutionary process than the Bible offered was possible. And, needless to say, scientists who came after Newton made use of Newtonian mechanics in their accounts of the phenomenon even though they might conflict with religious doctrines.

By the seventeenth century, both the earth and the stars were being studied for historical evidence. It was known that stars appeared and disappeared; novae and supernovae had burst into view and then faded. These observations cast doubt on the common belief, inherited from the Greeks, that the stars were immutable. Bernard de Fontenelle, a follower of Descartes, wrote an immensely popular cosmology that dealt with stellar evolution—"Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds." His "conversations," along the lines of the great dialogues of Galileo, were held with an imaginary marquise, as they walked up and down in her gardens. He told her that there were an indefinite number of stars and thus an indefinite number of planetary systems. Finally, they discussed the creation and destruction of the stars:

"What!" cried she, "are Suns extinguished?"

"Yes, without doubt," answered I. "The Ancients saw in the Heavens certain Stars which have disappeared, and never been seen since." . . .

"You make me tremble," said the Marquise. "Now that I know the consequences that may happen from the Sun's paleness, I believe, that instead of going in the morning to see in my



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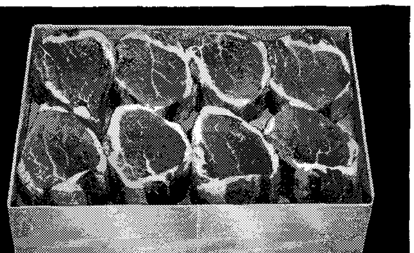

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glass, whether I am pale or not, I shall go and look in the Heavens to see if the Sun is pale."

"Ah! Madam," answered I, "be assured, it will require a long time to ruin a World."

"But it may in the end," replied she. "It only requires time."

The seventeenth-century English scientist Robert Hooke and the Danish scientist Steno, or Niels Stensen, both came to the correct conclusion that the fossil remains often found far inland represent animal life from ancient vanished seas. Hooke, saying that "a great part of the Surface of the Earth hath been since the Creation transformed and made of another Nature; namely, many Parts which have been Sea are now Land; and diverse other Parts are now Sea which were once a firm Land; Mountains have been turned into Plains and Plains into Mountains and the like," reconciled his discoveries with the Biblical account by deciding that these great transformations were a product of the Flood. But by the eighteenth century there had accumulated so much evidence that the cosmos had a history extending beyond the allotted six thousand years that many cosmologists gave up trying to reconcile their ideas with a strict interpretation of the Scriptures, although any scientific discovery could be reconciled with the Bible by postulating an indefinite number of Divine interventions or "accidents." The acceptance of "accidents" was, however, contrary to the mechanistic attitude that science had acquired since Newton, who was not a mechanist in this sense, since he was quite willing to admit the intervention of God as the explanation of the incompletenesses that he felt were inherent in his physics. The reigning mechanistic attitude was later characterized by the French mathematical physicist Laplace, who claimed that if he were given the positions and momenta of all the particles in the universe at a certain time he could, by applying Newton's mechanics, calculate the entire future evolution of the universe. Napoleon is said to have asked Laplace what the role of God was in his theory, to which Laplace responded, "Sire, I have no need of that hypothesis." The Scriptures represented the popular opinion of how the universe had evolved, but, as has happened time and again, when that opinion is no longer compatible with a new scientific discovery it is abandoned. In a few generations, the new scientific discoveries become assimilated into common thought, and the fact that their discovery brought about the often traumatic breakdown of previous-

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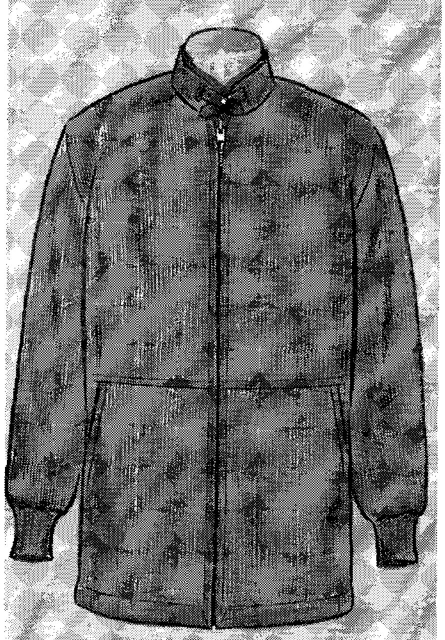

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ly accepted ideas is largely forgotten.

The Toulmins regard the German philosopher and cosmologist Immanuel Kant and the French polyhistor Georges Louis Leclerc, Comte de Buffon, as the two principal figures in the eighteenth-century change of attitude toward the Biblical timetable. Kant lived and worked in Prussia, and as long as he was under the protection of Frederick the Great he could publish his ideas without fear of censure. After Frederick's death, he was forced to retract many of his cosmological views. He is now considered primarily a philosopher, and—as anyone who has tried to read him will testify—one of the most complex and subtle philosophers. As a philosopher, he was concerned with the problem of trying to determine just how much scientific theory is derived by us from experience and how much is, in the phrase of Einstein, "free creation." If we ever establish communication with intelligent extraterrestrial beings, will we discover that they have arrived at the set of scientific laws we have, or—influenced by their environment and perhaps even a different brain structure—will they have created a completely different set of laws, which we will hardly be able to comprehend? But Kant was also a cosmologist. He guessed, correctly, that the nebular patches in the Milky Way are distant galaxies held together as a unit by the mutual gravitational attractions of the stars that compose them, and he decided that the galaxies were undergoing a constant process of evolution—a process that would take millennia. He wrote, with a great sense of poetry:

> There had perhaps flown past a series of millions of years and centuries, before the sphere of ordered Nature, in which we find ourselves, attained to the perfection which is now embodied in it; and perhaps as long a period will pass before Nature will take another step as far in chaos. But the sphere of developed Nature is incessantly engaged in extending itself. Creation is not the work of a moment. . . . Millions and whole myriads of millions of centuries will flow on, during which always new Worlds and systems of Worlds will be formed, one after another, in the distant regions away from the Centre of Nature, and will attain to perfection. . . . This infinity and the future succession of time, by which Eternity is unexhausted, will entirely animate the whole range of Space to which God is present, and will gradually put it into that regular order which is conformable to the excellence of His plan. . . . The Creation is never finished or complete. It has indeed, once begun, but it will never cease. It is always busy producing new scenes of nature, new objects, and new Worlds. The work which it brings

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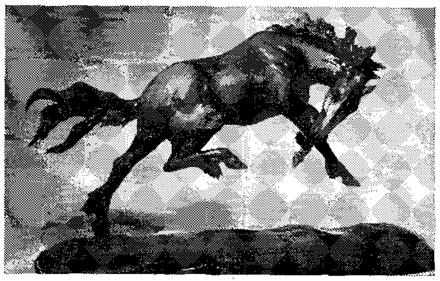

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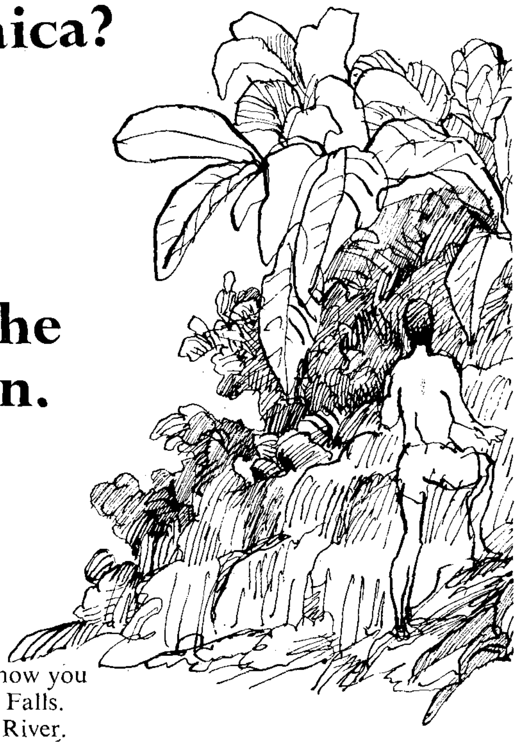
about has a relationship to the time which it extends upon it. It needs nothing less than an Eternity to animate the whole boundless range of the infinite extension of Space with Worlds, without number and without end.

In Kant there is theology, but there is, above all, a dramatic rejection of the Scriptural chronology.

Buffon was interested in all the sciences, especially as they illuminated history. He repeated Newton's effort to calculate the time required to cool the earth and concluded that it would have "cooled to the present temperature" in 74,832 years, "approximately." He felt that the geology of the earth indicated that it had once been a molten mass, that it had solidified, and that it then had been largely covered by water, which—when it receded—had bared the land out of which the present continental structures were formed, and he attempted to determine how long each of these states had lasted. His findings were published in a many-volumed "Natural History." But Buffon was mainly interested in giving an account of the origins and the development of life. His conception of "evolution" is not the present one. Yet—and this the Toulmins make clear—what he had to say was of importance in creating the climate of thought that produced Darwin's subsequent contributions to science and to history.

Evolution, as the term is used today, refers to the way in which living species transform in the course of time. Darwin's theory has now passed from speculation to common acceptance and, like many accepted dogmas, it is widely misunderstood. The usual cliché about evolution is that it concerns the descent of man from some lower form of animal life—perhaps an ape. But man has in fact "ascended," because of his increasing complexity, from his forebears. His ancestors—who were certainly not apes—were simpler versions of the present creature, as the ancestors of all the animals that exist today were simpler. It is precisely in understanding the increase in complexity of evolving species that Darwin progressed beyond his predecessors. When Buffon and his contemporaries, among them the great Swedish biologist Linnaeus, began their investigations, the general belief was that all the species, in both their simplest and their most complicated versions, had been created at once and remained linked together, immutable, in what was described as the Great Chain of Being. Buffon and Linnaeus came to reject this idea in favor of a less static although still incorrect



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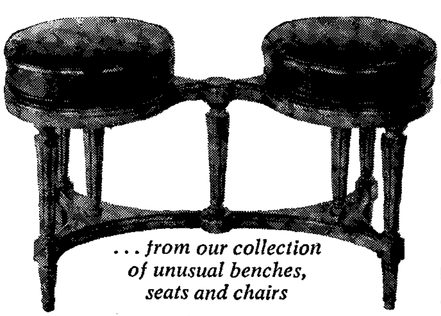

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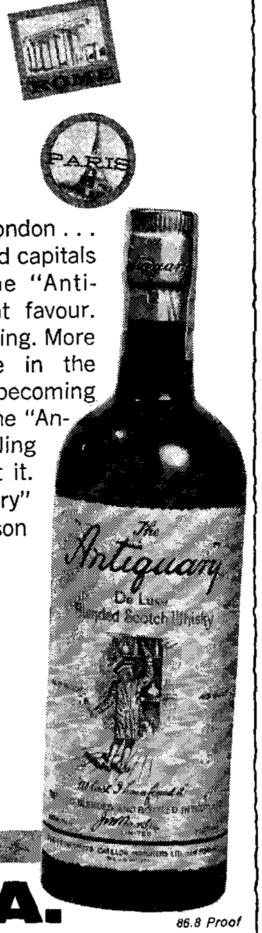

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description of species. Linnaeus observed the phenomenon of mutation in plants by which a characteristic of a species abruptly changes, yet the mechanism by which the change was brought about was beyond him. Buffon imagined that life began spontaneously at a time when the earth was much warmer, but he assumed, incorrectly, that the species we know sprang into existence in almost their present form and that the poorer strains simply died off, so that the present species arose simply by a process of subtraction from the original population. The Toulmins note, "What neither of the great eighteenth-century naturalists imagined was that a primitive stock of extremely simple organisms could give rise progressively to a later population of more complex ones." Darwin showed, in a qualitative way, how this happened, and modern genetics has revealed the quantitative mechanisms.

The Toulmins' chapter on Darwin is a delightful one. They describe his all but totally successful resistance to formal education when he was a young man (in this he closely resembles Einstein):

> Darwin began and remained, by both experience and temperament, a gentleman-naturalist. The accepted channels of entry into scientific work were twofold: mathematics, which included the physical sciences, and medicine, which embraced also physiology. Darwin mastered neither. The love of the countryside which he inherited from his mother and developed in his youth never left him; the standard classical education bored him; the dissecting theatres at Edinburgh turned his stomach. Putting aside all idea of following his father and grandfather into medicine, he inclined towards Holy Orders, and spent some years ostensibly training for the ministry. Yet, once he had got to Cambridge, *his conversations* with local naturalists and scientists distracted him from theology as effectively as they had done from medicine earlier, and much of the time that remained he passed on horseback.

Despairing of everything else, his father allowed Darwin, on the advice of a teacher, to sail, as chief naturalist, on the naval survey ship Beagle, which was making a five-year voyage to South America. Darwin took with him "Principles of Geology," by Charles Lyell, which he was advised to read "but," he later wrote, "on no account to accept the views therein advocated." Yet the book was probably the crucial element in Darwin's intellectual development. Lyell was the leading advocate, in the early nineteenth century, of the Uniformitarian view of geology, whose fundamental principle was that "all former

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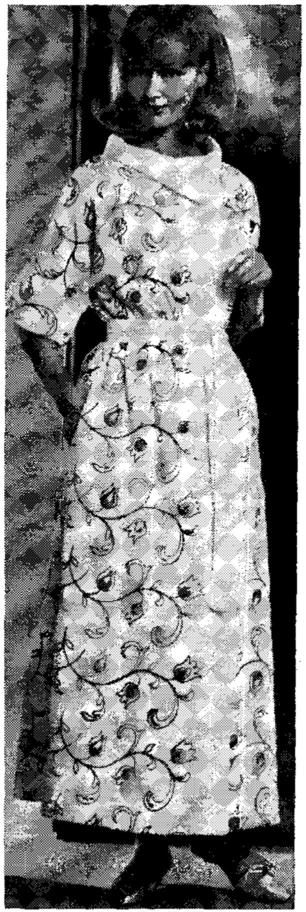

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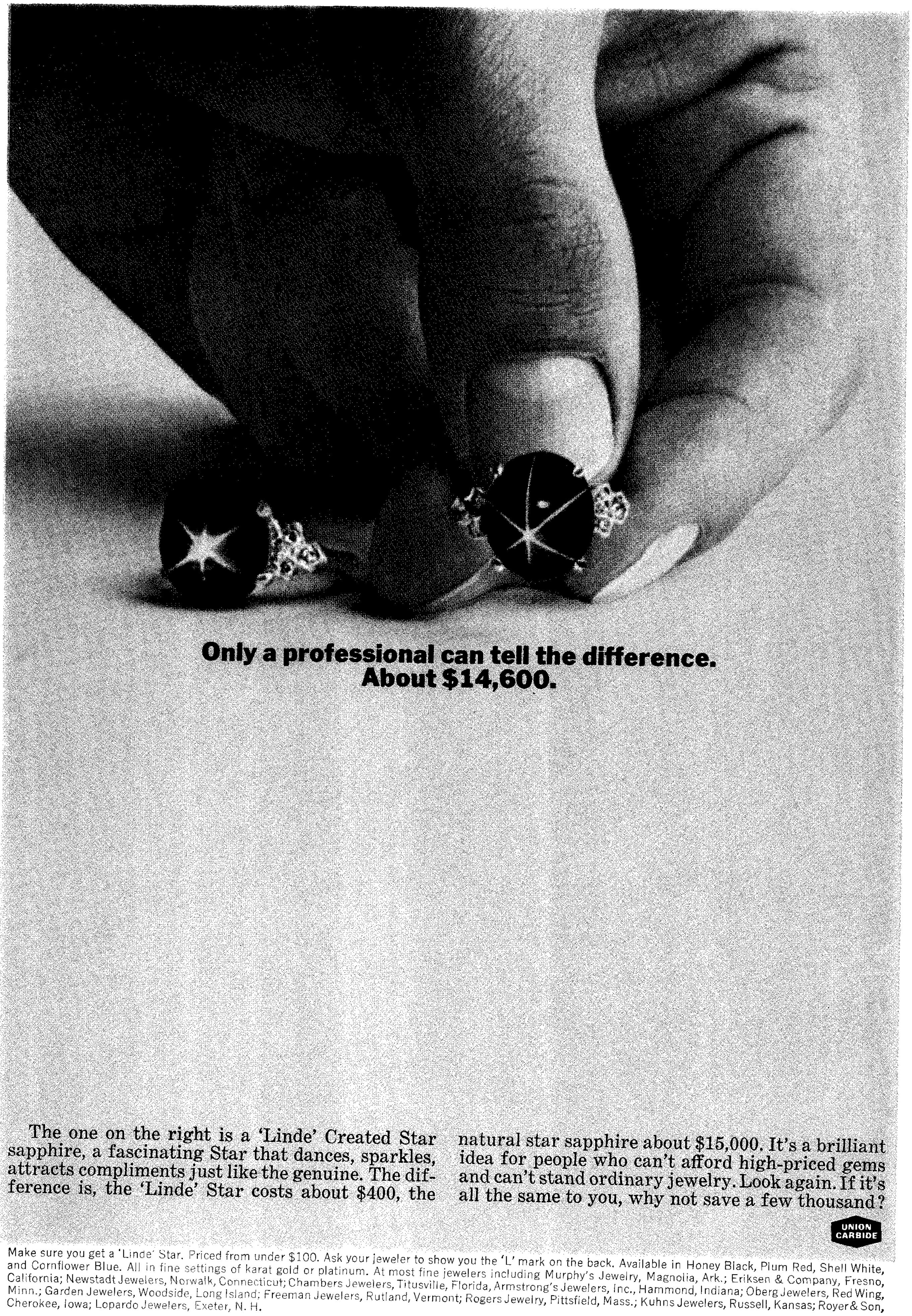

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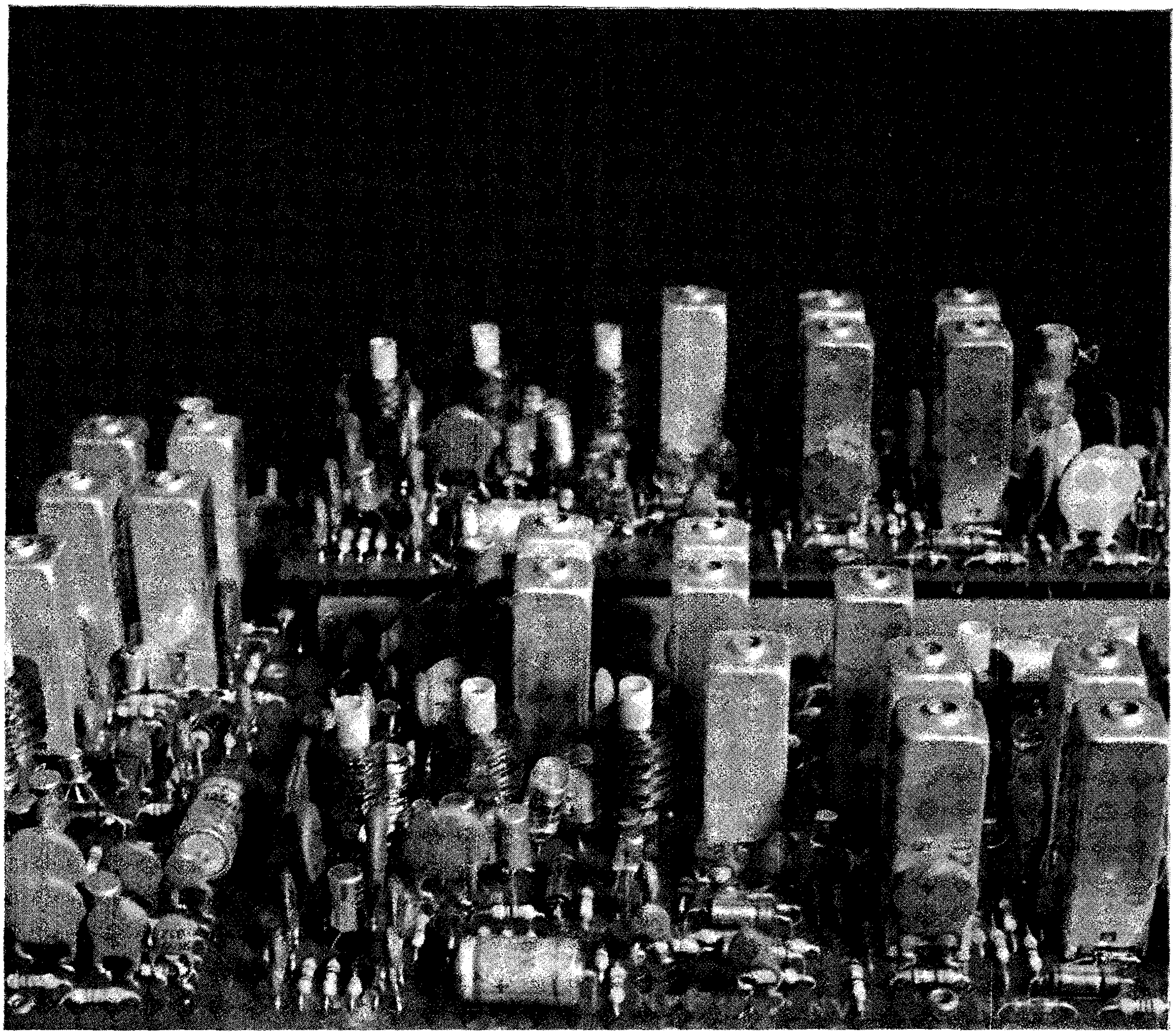

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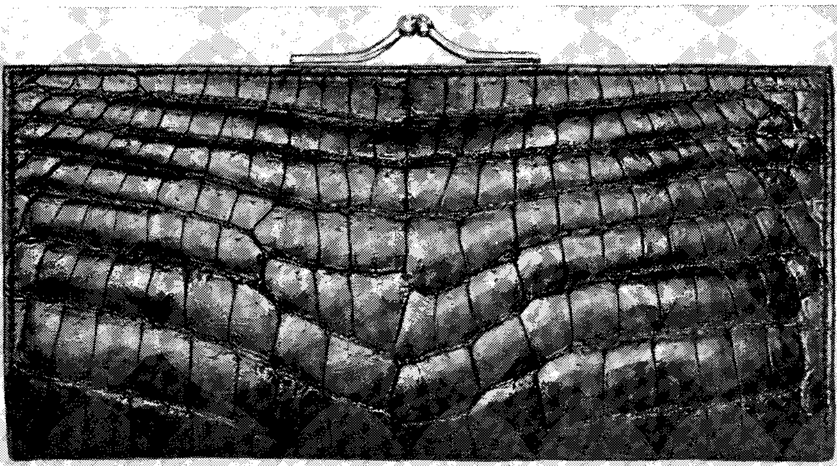
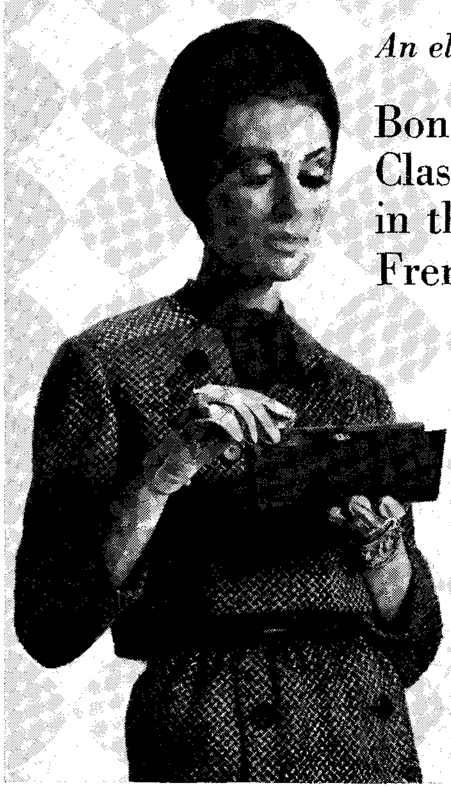
changes of the organic and inorganic creation are referable to one uninterrupted succession of physical events, governed by the laws of Nature now in operation." This was in direct opposition to the view, then held by Darwin and many geologists, that the present state of the earth could have been accomplished only by a series of violent catastrophes invoked by the will of the Divinity. Lyell believed that the world was gradually transforming because of the action of natural forces—a transformation that had gone on for eons and was still continuing. By the time the Beagle reached South America, Darwin had become a thoroughgoing Uniformitarian. Indeed, he began to search for evidence of such natural transformations in the flora and fauna of the lands he was seeing for the first time. He witnessed an earthquake in Chile, during which the foothills of the Andes were raised some dozens of feet, and he took this as evidence that mountains could be built and destroyed, without Divine aid, by the forces that were currently operating in the earth. He also noted the great ability of species to adapt to their environment. Birds had wings when it was useful for them to fly, and flippers, like the penguins, when it was not. But his greatest discovery was made in the Galapagos, a group of small, close-together islands six hundred miles off the coast of Ecuador. At first Darwin thought that the animals—mostly turtles and finches—on each of these islands were identical, but it soon became apparent to him that they were not. He was haunted by this observation. How could such a variation of species have occurred in these separated environments? He spent the rest of his life considering this question. The Beagle returned to England in 1836, and it was in October of 1838 that Darwin read, in Malthus's "Essay on the Principle of Population," the argument that anything done to improve social welfare, such as reducing infant mortality, will usually increase the reproductive ability of the population. Lyell had maintained that the struggle for existence among plants, animals, and men would kill off the weaker ones. But this was a process of winnowing away species, while Darwin was searching for a process that generated new species. Malthus supplied the hint. If, Darwin decided, by some mechanism of mutation a new species was produced whose descendants could more readily reproduce themselves, the new variety would soon dominate the population. Darwin never understood how the mutations came about, and it has been





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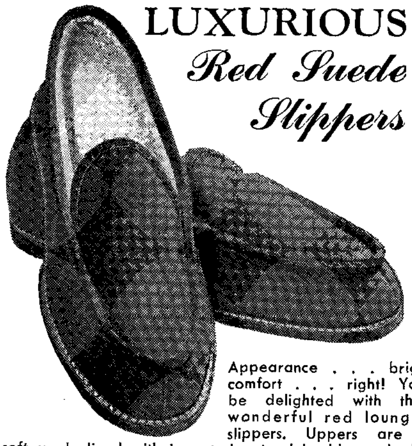

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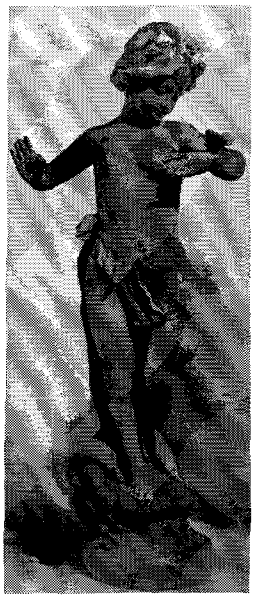

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left to modern genetics to uncover the underlying laws of heredity and mutation. But he did see that the key to the whole matter was in the production of variants that in a given environment breed more readily than their predecessors. It is "survival of the fittest," but of the fittest to reproduce.

It was not until 1859 that the first edition of "The Origin of Species" was sent to the printer. Darwin spent years gathering evidence and marshalling his arguments. He knew that they would arouse a violent reaction in religious people, who would see in his working out of evolution a denial of the force of God in determining the formation of man. (This argument is still used in the United States by fundamentalists who want to suppress the teaching of evolution to schoolchildren.) The Toulmins give an excellent summary of this reaction, and they sort out the objections that were based on pure prejudice from those that had scientific merit and that have been resolved only in the twentieth century, with the aid of scientific information unavailable to Darwin.

The Toulmins conclude their volume by noting that the process of expanding historical inference through scientific discovery is still an extremely active one, especially in astronomy. The huge astronomical telescopes—both those that detect light and those that detect radio signals—probe deeper and deeper into the remote stretches of the universe, or farther and farther back in time. Recently, new astronomical objects called quasars (quasi-stellar sources) have been found—objects that are capable of emitting energy in quantities never before observed and by mechanisms that are still not well understood. These objects, being so far away, are souvenirs from an all but unimaginably remote past, and their discovery indicates, perhaps, that the universe was completely different in the past. Some cosmologists have speculated that it began with a giant explosion and that the quasars may represent the debris. It is even possible that the universe is undergoing cyclic expansion and contraction—giant explosions, followed perhaps by a reënactment of the whole story of Creation. It is likely that these speculations will seem as naïve to future generations as the "spiny-barked" animals of Anaximander seem to us. But they raise, at least to the imagination, the prospect of the existence of future generations hidden entirely from us and unaware of our existence, working out their destinies, perhaps better than we seem to be able to work out ours, only

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to be eclipsed and forgotten by generations still farther in the future. As to the meaning of the whole evolutionary drama? One can lament, with Tennyson:

> O life as futile, then, as frail!
> O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
> What hope of answer, or redress?
> Behind the veil, behind the veil.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH, by John Moore (Lippincott). England in the early nineteen-fifties. Mr. Moore is a gifted storyteller, and his book is hard to put down even after it is finished; there is a temptation to go back and search out certain episodes in order to have the pleasure of reading them again. The Seldons are a very old Gloucestershire family, represented these days by Ferdinando, the present baronet; his wife, Janet; and their only child, Susan. Susan is seventeen in 1950, when the story begins. The Seldons' home is ancient Doddington Manor, deep in Doddington Woods, and although the world they love—the world where the old order of class and behavior holds sway—is out of date and falling apart, they are not. At least, Ferdinando and Susan are not. Janet is a kindly but unreconciled snob, mourning for the days when there were lots of servants, all of whom knew their place. Ferdinando, who has served in the Navy in two world wars, is a good man who loves his country so much that he loves its future, in which he may have no place, as much as he loves its past. Mr. Moore rambles as he writes, but it is reasonable, interesting rambling, and every page is brightened by his imaginative, generous view of life as it is and as it can be.

WALDORF, by James Goldman (Random House). In his first novel James Goldman creates one great character—an ordinary man who becomes so fed up that he runs away like a frightened rabbit from the familiar, inescapable life that has destroyed him. He is thirty-five years old. His wife despises him. His mother despises him. His job as an instructor in the history of art is a ghastly burden. He wants to paint, and he is a painter, but he hates himself even more than usual when he paints. New York, his own city, has taken on the dimensions and the aspect of Hell, and nobody cares

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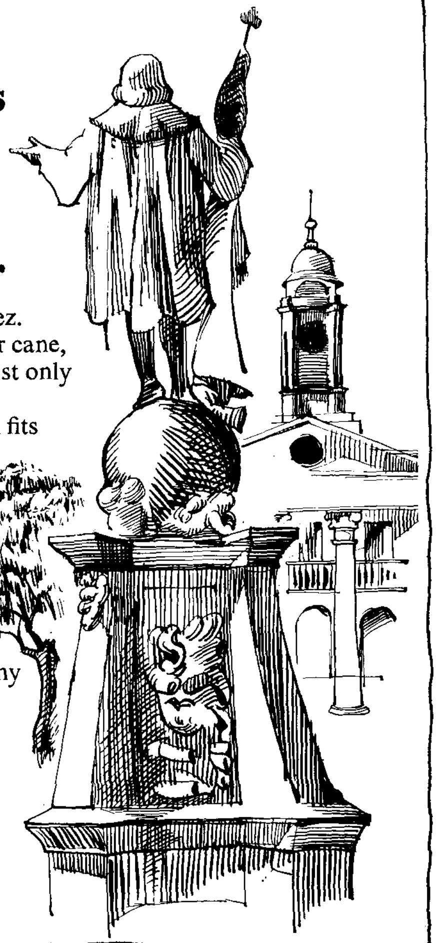

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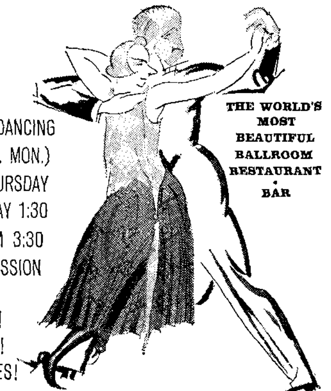

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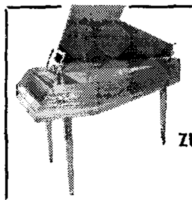

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anything at all about him. He runs away to Costa Rica on borrowed money and on courage drawn from a source he cannot name, because it is mysterious. In Costa Rica, he immediately becomes lost again. Generosity, kindness, laughter, and inhuman cruelty all seem to look at him out of the same face, and he is sent spinning from one corner of the ring to the other in a mad international free-for-all where there are no labels to identify anybody or anything. He also finds an extremely difficult and lovable girl, and it becomes important to him to save her for himself, so that they can be happy together when the storm subsides. A less skillful writer would have made a nightmare out of this tale. Mr. Goldman makes an odyssey of it—a cheerful odyssey, taken all in all. The hero's name is R. Waldorf Appleton.

THE NIGHTCLERK, by Stephen Schneck (Grove). An apparent pornographic parody, this horror—a third-rate Surrealistic novel that deals with the perversions of an aging five-hundred-pound night clerk in a run-down San Francisco hotel—is neither funny nor dirty. It is, though, the winner of the 1965 Formentor Prize.

THE GIANT DWARFS, by Gisela Elsner, translated from the German by Joel Carmichael (Grove). This novel is exceptionally tiresome, because its writer has chosen to write it in the persona of a dumb bunny of a little boy called Lothar Leinlein. The Giant Dwarfs are, of course, the grownups, and little Lothar finds everything they do very hard to understand and pretty hard to describe, so that there are pages and pages of fake-naïve stuff of this kind: "I pass my forefinger under the topmost line from left to right, the way I have observed people do when they read. The first letter after the marginal strip the length of a line after the frame consists of a half circle open at the right, from whose lower end a short horizontal strip runs into the middle of the hollow of the half circle. The second . . ." Miss Elsner's tendency is to keep on with a thing when she starts it, so little Lothar goes on with the shapes of the letters for seven full pages. "The Giant Dwarfs," naturally, won the 1964 Formentor Prize.

GENERAL

THE QUEST FOR SUMER, by Leonard Cottrell (Putnam). An introduction to the discovery (and continuing

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elucidation) of the Mesopotamian civilization of some six thousand years ago, which is the oldest civilization now known to man. The subject is an extremely interesting one, for the existence of Sumer (unlike that of ancient Egypt) was wholly unsuspected until the middle of the nineteenth century, and the fact that there had been such a civilization turned up by ironical accident in the course of pious efforts to confirm the Bible as literal truth. Mr. Cottrell describes the evolution of Sumeriology in terms of the pioneers (Claudius Rich, William Kennet Loftus, Sir Henry Layard, Paul Emile Botta), the linguists who fathomed cuneiform writing (Georg Friederich Grotefend and Sir Henry Creswicke Rawlinson), and the scientific excavators (Robert Koldewey, Hermann Vollrat Hilprecht, Sir Leonard Woolley, Seton Lloyd) whose creation it is, and he does so with an excitement and a wonder that stir and stimulate. Photographs.

George Canning, by P. J. V. Rolo (St. Martin's). This is a careful examination of the ideas and achievements of the brilliant Foreign Secretary who died in 1827 after being England's Prime Minister for a hundred days, and who wrote a famous rhyming dispatch to the Ambassador at The Hague, beginning with the couplet "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch/is offering too little and asking too much." Since such polar opposites as Disraeli and Gladstone could both claim Canning as their political and ideological mentor, his ideas take a great deal of sorting out. Mr. Rolo, the senior lecturer at the new English university of Keele, makes light work of this task, and in so doing gives a very illuminating picture of the tough politics and the complex policies of Canning's thirty-four-year political lifetime, which began in 1793. He incidentally creates a very convincing portrait of an extremely talented, charming, and exasperating man, whose ambition and whose appetite for work were alike insatiable.

High Dam at Aswan, by Tom Little (John Day). Sometime in 1968, the great cofferdam being built four miles to the south of the present Aswan Dam will become a big fact. The new dam will have behind it a lake as long as England and will have flooded the homesites of a hundred thousand Nubians, as well as monuments and artifacts of forty centuries of history. While the As-

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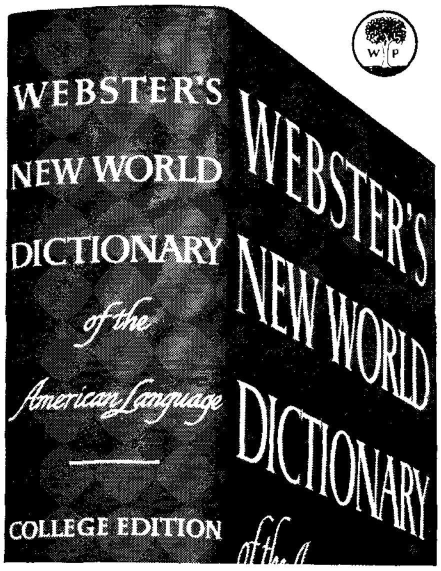

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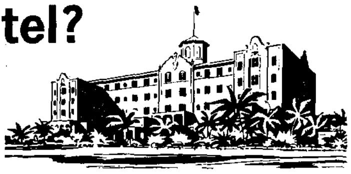

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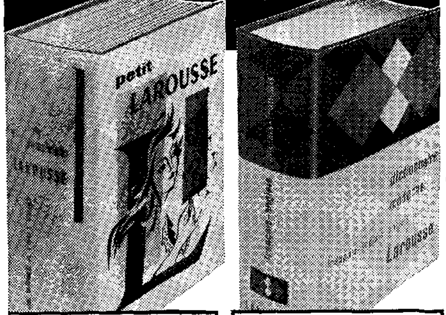

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wan High Dam will mean immense changes in the face and nature of Egypt, its historical implications are even more bemusing, for the annual flood of the Nile—a phenomenon that goes back to the beginning of man's memory and will cease forever in 1968—mothered the invention of many of the things we live by: the calendar, the sciences of mathematics and astronomy, agriculture, the techniques of making records in writing and pictures, and even the art of government. Mr. Little has explored the whole history of the Aswan High Dam, and lays before us, clearly and objectively, the story of a true wonder of the modern world.

THE GENTLE AMERICANS, by Helen Howe (Harper & Row). A memoir of the author's father, Mark A. DeWolfe Howe—who died in 1960 at the age of ninety-six—with side excursions to view his Boston contemporaries and relatives. It is a remarkable family—one year, each child published a book and their father published three—and they knew everyone, but the reader soon wearies of family piety, family trivia, family jokes, and hinted-at family secrets. There is one good new Boston story: When the author's mother became bored with houseparties and gave up attending them, her excuse, which everyone found perfectly satisfactory, was that she had lost her galoshes. Illustrated.

THE PEACEMAKERS: THE GREAT POWERS AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, by Richard B. Morris (Harper & Row). A fat, learned, and absorbing history, full of brand-new material that the author, a Columbia faculty member, has discovered in assorted European archives. The nations that supported the rebellion of the thirteen United Colonies with arms, loans, or promises were less interested in its success than in making Great Britain suffer. If Spain, for instance, could get Gibraltar from England, she did not greatly care whether the Americans became independent, or on what terms. At any moment in the early seventeen-eighties, Europe swarmed with unofficial go-betweens suggesting schemes to reconcile European enmities, usually at the expense of the United Colonies. It is possible that the spies and secret agents (most of them just now uncovered by Mr. Morris) were so multifarious that they cancelled each other out. Meanwhile, out of touch with the

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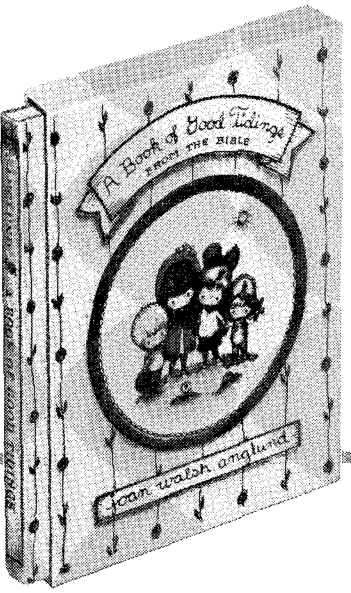
Continental Congress by a matter of months, and months behind in salary, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and John Adams managed to win recognition of American independence on decent terms in the Peace of Paris. Mr. Morris's new evidence makes it clear that this was a greater achievement than history has suspected. His own achievement is storytelling; his scholarship never interferes with his narrative.

THE DUTCH SEABORNE EMPIRE: 1600-1800, by Charles R. Boxer (Knopf). This is a volume in a new series, the History of Human Society, edited by J. H. Plumb, of Cambridge University. The author, a professor at King's College, London, describes and explains the worldwide expansion of the tiny, moist seventeenth-century Netherlands and the decay, within a century, of all its global glory. The sea skills of the poor and the frugal opportunism of the rich help explain the rise. As for the decline, Mr. Boxer finds a variety of causes—war; Dutch racism, which kept her colonies from growing; financial competition from other nations; political quarrels among the Dutch states; and a scarcity of the coal required to transform seventeenth-century Dutch handcrafts into eighteenth-century industry. Mr. Boxer's book is far more than just theories of history; he offers an astonishing amount of statistical information, and uses it to give us a sense of the quality of life in the Netherlands' golden age.

THE DECISION TO DROP THE BOMB, by Len Giovannitti and Fred Freed (Coward-McCann). One comes away from this fascinating book with a sense of the ironic disparity between the scale of the men and the scale of the events. No one was really prepared for the full implications of the bomb, and the conventional diplomatic and military formulas were inadequate to encompass them. The life and death of cities were decided by fiat. For example, the fate of the entire city of Kyoto hung in abeyance for weeks while Secretary Stimson urged that Hiroshima be substituted, to preserve Kyoto's religious shrines. The authors feel that, given the Japanese intransigence and the desire to end the war as quickly as possible, the decision to drop the bomb was inevitable; there was no other way, short of landing on Japan or burning the country to cinders with conventional weapons. The surrender was delayed because,



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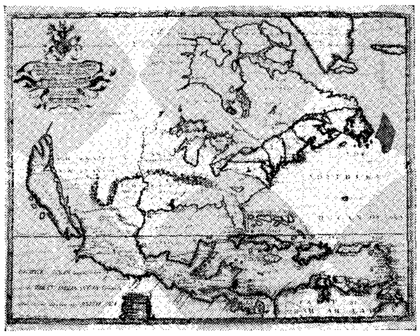
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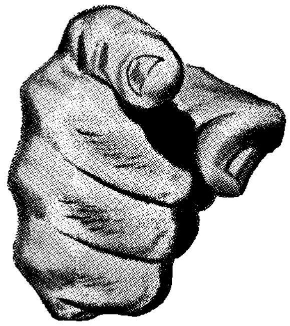

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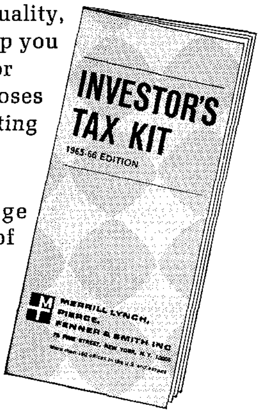

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in a certain sense, we and the Japanese were victims of our own propaganda. We insisted on unconditional surrender with no guarantees on the future of the Emperor, whom we had built up into a sinister Hitlerian figure, while the Japanese had created a warrior myth that made surrender an impossible disgrace. It was the atomic bomb, say the authors, that forced the realization on the Japanese that surrender and national suicide were indeed the only alternatives.

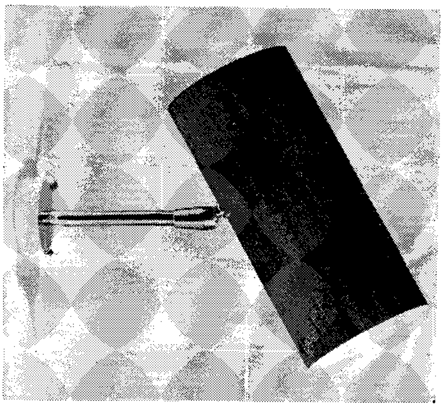
THE ITALIANS: FACE OF A NATION, by John Phillips (McGraw-Hill). An attempt by a *Life* reporter-photographer to capture the flavor of contemporary Italy. It consists of photographic portraits and brief biographies of sixty-five men and women who are either world-famous (Fellini, Ferrari, Pucci, Mastroianni, Moravia, Dolci, Loren), nationally celebrated (Robert Full, Raimondo D'Inzeo, Franco Zeffirelli, Count Rodolfo Crespi, Giovanni Borghi), or "representative" (a pizza-maker, a house painter, a restaurant apprentice, a maid, a worker family). The photographs are polished and professional, but the biographies are less than satisfactory. They are too long for captions and too short for anything more instructive, and they are largely composed of anecdotes in the gossip-columnist manner: "Not long ago the Ignis factory basketball team was celebrating a victory with such enthusiasm that the hotel manager complained to Borghi [founder and owner of Ignis] that the guests could not sleep. Borghi whipped out his checkbook. 'How much do you want for this hotel?' he roared."

NOTE: "Ascent: Of the Invention of Mountain Climbing and Its Practice," by Jeremy Bernstein, has been published by Random House. The contents of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. . . . Wesleyan University Press has published "Buckdancer's Choice," a collection of poems by James Dickey. Many of them were first printed in this magazine.

•

This is the second movie inspired by the train robbery in 1963 in which British crooks got away with more than 2.6 million pounds ($7.28 million). Richard Burton and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, are planning a similar project.—*La Crosse (Wis.) Tribune.*

But they've *got* so much money!



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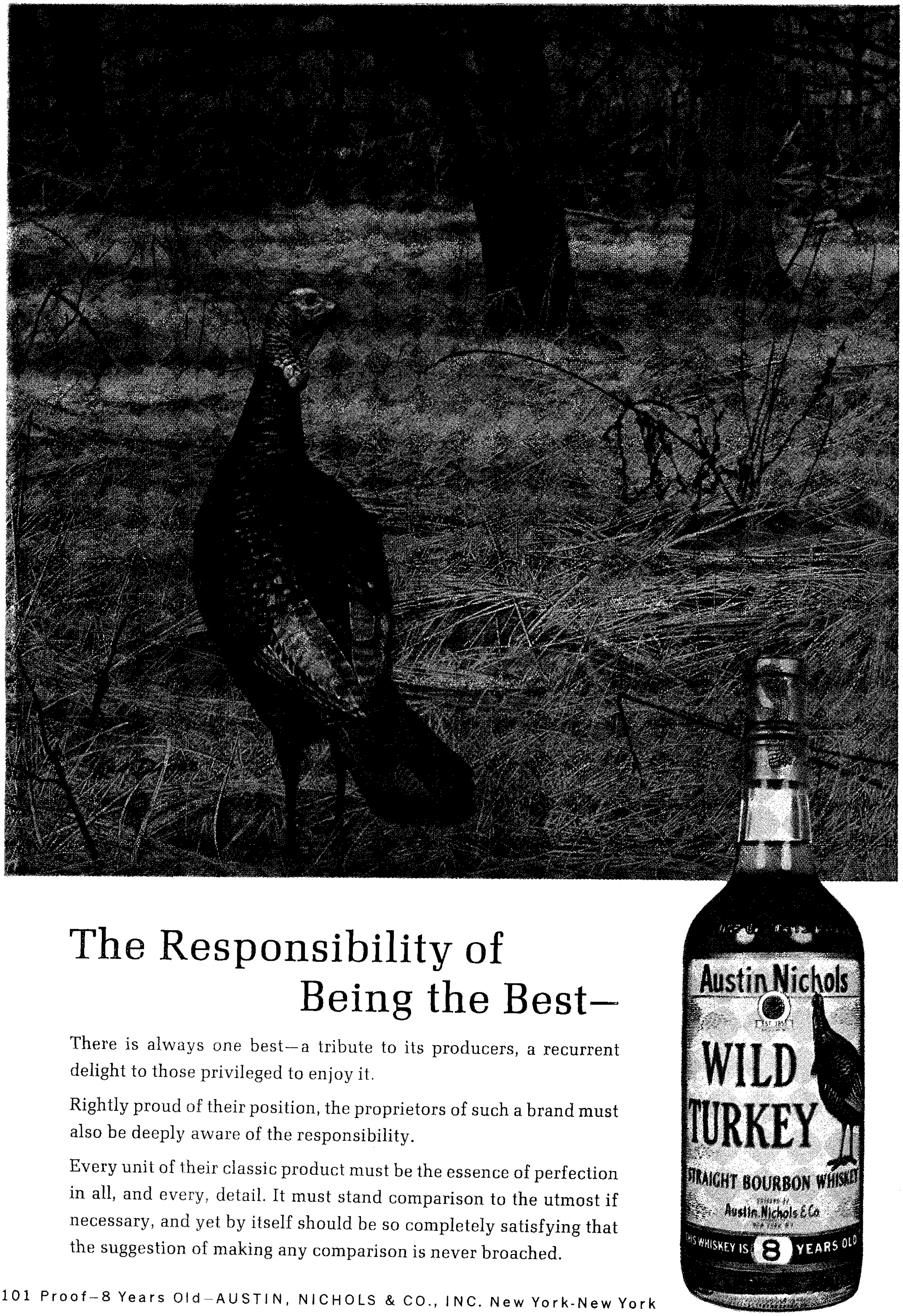
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